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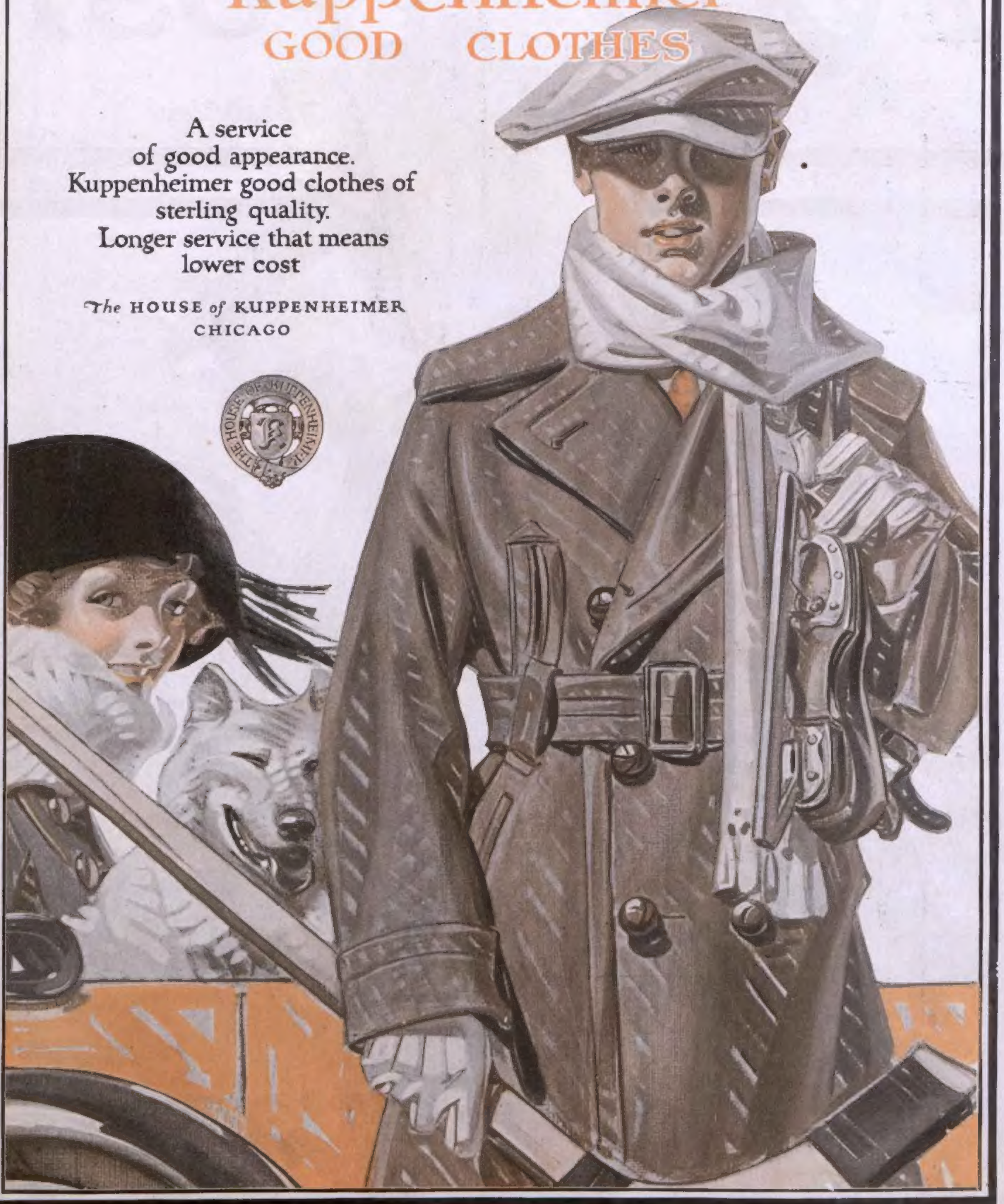

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Jingler's Number

Ingersoll Time

Jingler's Number

20,000 a Day — ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, MONTREAL — 6 Million a Year

A New Year's Greeting

By Carolyn Wells

Ingersoll Watch, you are truly a miracle!
I can assert, of my knowledge empirical;
Fain would I offer you eulogies lyrical—
Of all the timekeepers, you are top-notch.

Just to possess you makes life more enjoyable,
And your assistance is ever employable,
Also, you seem to be quite undestroyable;
I sing your praises—oh, Ingersoll Watch!

Time is the test of them,
You are the best of them,
You beat the rest of them,
French, Swiss or Scotch;

All sorts of cheer to you,
Top of the sphere to you!
Happy New Year to you,
Ingersoll Watch!

IT DIDN'T KNOW

By K. C. B.

IN A vest it was.
• • •
IN A pocket tight.
• • •
WHERE IT lay all day.
• • •
AND THEN at night.
• • •
WAS TAKEN out.
• • •
AND HUNG on a hook.
• • •
WHERE EYES might turn.
• • •
AND TAKE a look.
• • •
AND SO it ran.
• • •
IN ITS faithful way.
• • •
WITH NEVER a change.
• • •
TILL THERE was a day.
• • •
WHEN ITS master came.
• • •
AND IT heard him say.
• • •
"AN HOUR of night.
• • •
"FOR AN hour of play."
• • •
AND BEING a watch.
• • •
IT DIDN'T know.
• • •
WHEN THEY turned it ahead.
• • •
THAT IT hadn't run slow.
• • •
AND ITS little watch heart.
• • •
WAS FILLED with shame.
• • •
FOR IT felt in its works.
• • •
THAT IT was to blame.
• • •
BUT OF course it wasn't.
• • •
THE SILLY young dear.
• • •
IT RAN right on.
• • •
AND ITS tick was clear.
• • •
AND IT said to itself.
• • •
"THIS WILL never do.
• • •
"I'M AN Ingersoll.
• • •
"AND I must run true."

I THANK you.

[Courtesy of N. Y. American]

Mr. and Mrs. - - - - - by BRIGGS

JOE! WHAT TIME IS IT?
HUH?
WHY HAVE YOU GOT TO KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS? WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?
I HAVE TO GIVE BABY HIS MEDICINE AT FIVE
OW-W-WOW MY FOOT!!
IT'S HALF PAST FOUR
NEXT DAY
I WANT AN INGERSOLL RADIOLITE!
WHAT TIME IS IT JOE!?
I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME - WELL IT'S JUST TWO AND A HALF MINUTES TO FIVE! HA HA! NICE WATCH!

A Busy Man to His Mistress

By Christopher Morley

Amid the fever of my days,
Amid the tumult, long hours through,
None know the secret of my ways
And how, in stress, I turn to you.

Who guesses, in the market place,
Or what companion understands
How I am guided by your face,
Controlled by your small, slender hands?

How luminous, when we keep tryst,
You shine through darkest circumstance:
I feel you softly touch my wrist,
And read your message at a glance.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit to common sight,
You tell me what the time may be,
Unconquerable Radiolite!

It matters not with whom the date,
With Jack or Tom or Peg or Moll,
I will be there, I'll not be late—
I have my good old Ingersoll.

My Ingersoll

By Berton Braley

You mark the hours
for me, good friend.
You tell the minutes,
one and all.

Yet nothing for repairs
on you I spend,
My Ingersoll,
My Ingersoll!

Each hour exact, each second right,
Upon your face the time I mark—
Your dial with its glowing Radiolite
Tells time at dark.

Most watches shatter when they fall,
But you are never at a loss;
Whatever task is set you—Ingersoll,
You come across,
My watch,
You come across!

WALT MASON SAYS

Oh, sad and bitter was the night, when in the bed I'd loll, before I bought a Radiolite, that's made by Ingersoll. I always take three beeswax pills each hour, by night and day, to check the fever and the chills, and drive the same away. And in the silent night I'd wake in darkness dense and thick, and say "It's surely time to take those pills that heal the sick." Then I would leave my downy bed that I might see the clock, and on the wall I'd bump my head with sore and grievous knock; the hanging plant, all unawares, would bash me on the crown, and I'd fall over silly chairs and knock the pictures down. Night after night in rayless gloom, o'er furniture I'd climb, I broke my legs and wrecked the room, and had the blamedest time. But now I do not dread the night, for me it has no ills, I'm told by my good "Radiolite" just when to take my pills. I do not have to leave my couch, one glance suffices me, and morning finds me free from grouch, and full of pills and glee.

Old Sol Never Sets on Ingersoll

By C. L. Edson

The student at his midnight lamp,
The trapper in his snow-bound hut,
The husky in the lumber camp,
The grader in the railroad cut,
Each scans an Ingersoll to know
How fast the irksome moments go.

Amid the Kansas threshing scenes,
In blinding chaff and stinging grain,
An Ingersoll from sweaty jeans
Is yanked upon its leather chain,
And joy! 'tis noon. The whistles blow,
And laughing to the feast they go.

The cowboy riding with the herd,
The fisher trolling on the sea,
The chef that times the roasting bird,
The Chink that times the steeping tea,
In heat and steam, in ice and wet,
All trust this watch, without regret.

It's on the naked bush boy's arm,
It times the scout upon the trail,
And beauty wears it as a charm,
An amulet that cannot fail;
All creeds and colors know its worth—
This Ingersoll that times the Earth.

Simple Excellence

By F. P. A.

Horace: Book I, Ode 38.
"*Persicos odi*—"

No fancy foreign watch for me,
For such I have no craving;
Why blow my jack on jewelry?
I might as well be saving.

Beneath this vine, my boy, we'll loll,
Looking for words to rhyme with—
Me with my Yankee Ingersoll
That I can tell the time with.

O TEMPORA!

By Ted Robinson

My grandsire was a wealthy wight,
He had a gold Repeater;
It feigned to tell the time at night,
And yet it was a cheater!
With ringing tick, with tiny tock,
With tinkling, lying laughter,
It used to say 'twas two o'clock
When it was quarter after!

(CHORUS)

He never saw a Radiolite, that
lovely little Lady o' Light,
Whose candid spark throughout
the dark would tell
the truth exactly;
He never felt a pleasure like mine, he never had a treasure like mine
Which clocks by night and watches by light, so simply and compactly!

When I was young, down on the farm,
And labored like the dickens,
I used to have a tin Alarm
To wake me with the chickens.
I never had a watch at all,
A watch would cost like thunder—
For this was long ere Ingersoll
Produced his timely wonder—

(CHORUS)

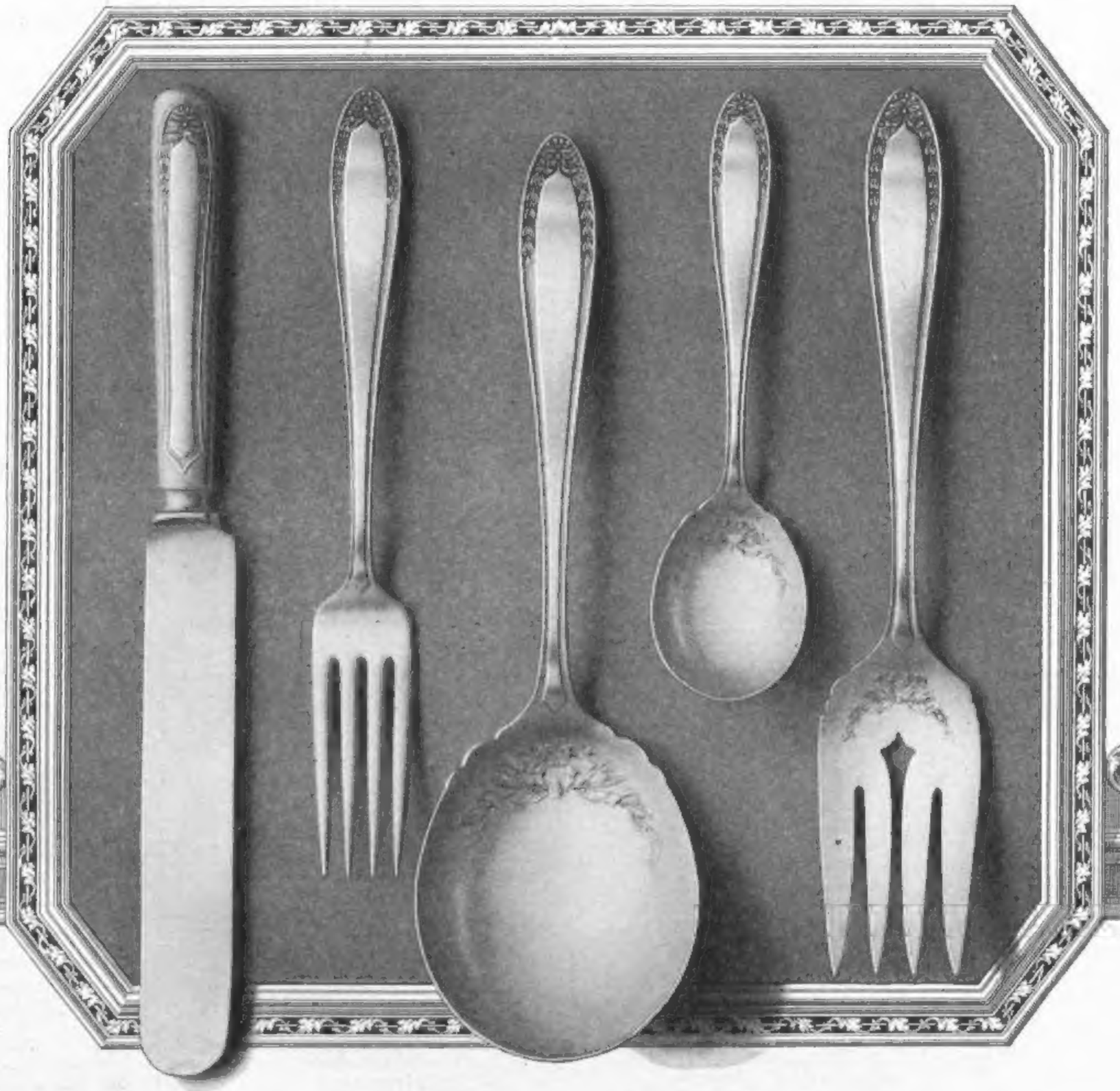
But now I have a Radiolite, my lovely little Lady o' Light!
My Two-in-One, my second-to-none, the nights and days adorning.
By her my hours are reckoned at night, she watches every second at night;
She tells me when to rise, and then goes with me in the morning!

Kites, sleds and tops, and useless toys
Like that, may do for other boys.
I like a usefuller machine
With wheels and things—know what I mean?
Of all the things that give me pleasure
My Ingersoll I call my treasure!

I love my dog, I like my cat,
And rabbits, birds, and pets like that;
But in my pocket here I keep
A friend that never goes to sleep—
It never fails, it's true and steady;
My Ingersoll is always ready.

Let other boys and girls be late—
I never have to rush, or wait.
At games, at school, at dinner, I'm
Well known for being right on time.
Don't be a Goop! No need at all—
Go get a watch—an Ingersoll!

ONEIDA COMMUNITY PAR PLATE



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Six Forks
$3.50

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THE MAN WHO

By Lloyd Osbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS RYAN

BEDFORD MILLS was one of those very rare people—a happy man. It was no drudgery to Beddy, as everyone called him, to stand all day behind a wicket at the Pocahontas National Bank and pass out soiled pieces of green paper to greedy paws. He had no idea of repining at his lot; he cherished no stifled ambitions. He arrived whistling and left whistling, and cheerfully read the evening paper in the Subway jam, unmindful of elbows in his ribs. The abstract had never touched Bedford Mills; he was a stranger to all speculative questionings; he was innocent of any knowledge of books or pictures or music or social problems. In his attractive commonplaceness he took everything for granted, conforming respectfully to every tribal custom. If he had ever heard the word "culture"—which he hadn't—it would have conjured up something vaguely German and menacing.

He was twenty-six; a tall, fair, well-set-up young fellow, with girlish blue eyes that could look very keenly at a doubtful check and a pleasant mouth that was always ready to part over exceptionally white teeth; and he could say odd, shy, impulsive things—usually to a girl—with a sideway smile that was extraordinarily winning. Beddy really did not know how winning that smile was or what havoc it had caused in many a pretty bosom. Perhaps he was too modest, or too cautious, to find out. Young as he was, he had seen so many unhappy marriages that he considered himself disillusioned. That was why, perhaps, when the time came, he fell so madly in love with Helen Jessop.

No young man was likely to be very cautious where Helen Jessop was concerned. Such lovely, slender, radiant blondes swirl a young man off his feet like a Kansas cyclone, and at the slightest hint of preference his heart is lost forever. Beddy, in his simple parlance, had been a goner from the moment he had first met Helen; he had swirled into the air, military boots spurs and all, and had never really come down again.

Helen Was Too Fashionable, Too Sophisticated for Any Great Warmth of Nature

Of course Helen was not nearly so much an angel as she looked. Golden hair and a Cupid's-bow mouth and a face of sparkling purity do not always imply wings—not at least in New York. Helen was too fashionable, too sophisticated for any great warmth of nature. She was a very intelligent, highly cultivated, self-centered young woman of twenty-three who set an inordinate value on herself and kept her heart in cold storage. It must be admitted that her own good opinion of herself was well justified. Not only had she beauty—the beauty that made people gape on the street—but those accessories that become it so admirably, wealth and distinguished social position.

The Jessops were old New York, to whom half the owners of parterre boxes at the opera were merely moneyed upstarts—wretched strap hangers in the social system, whom an old New Yorker pushed aside with his old New York nose in the air. Pride was the breath of an old New Yorker's nostrils; a pride as exquisitely concealed as the temper of a damascened blade. Helen's mother was dead, and she lived alone with her father in a charming old house on the north side of Washington Square. Fifth Avenue had long ago become too vulgar for St. John Jessop. It had ceased to be a street where a gentleman could live. Helen's father never made such remarks snappishly; he was no choleric old gentleman with a growling voice and an expansive waistcoat. St. John Jessop was far too silken and courtly and urbane for anything so uncouth. Tall and slender, with aristocratic hands and a deceptively gentle manner, he uttered such reproaches with a deprecatory air, as of one who hated to object to anything.

Nothing less than a World War could have given Beddy Mills the entrée to such a house as the Jessops'. But in the general topsy-turvydom of '18 all sorts of unheard-of things happened and all sorts of lambs lay down with all sorts of lions in a bewildering confusion. Beddy, in a military hospital, had been invited, together with fifty-nine other convalescents, to attend an afternoon party at the Jessops'. It was a do-something-for-the-poor-boys party, with ice cream, cigars and opera singers; and Beddy, quite unintentionally, had made a sensation by fainting in the most public way possible. This was probably due to the close air and the amplitude of ice cream, but in the emotion of that emotional period it took on a more heroic aspect. Beddy, in spite of his protests, was carried to a resplendent guest room and was kept there gloriously imprisoned for three never-to-be-forgotten days.

On leaving, he had been warmly pressed to call when he grew better, Mr. Jessop murmuring something about Beddy always considering 17 Washington Square as his second home; and lovely, radiant Helen, in bewitching Red Cross costume, held his hand all the way to the hospital and occasionally smoothed his cool and unfevered brow, while his heart, which really needed attention, was pitapating crazily with joy. He was desperately in love; the three glorious days had settled that; and in his unquenchable optimism and ignorance of the world, and lulled besides into false security by magazine fiction, which in the hospital was devoured in vast quantities, he dreamed of it all coming right and pictured with a palpitating tenderness the appropriate course of his romance.

Had she not held his hand? Had she not often stooped over him till her lips almost touched his hair? Had she not extorted from him, with transparent craft, that there was no other in his affections? And on the strictly practical side, had he not a four-hundred-dollar-a-month position held open for him at the Pocahontas National Bank?

And had he not in American Moth Balls preferred and Candy common and some Liberties a little fortune of eleven thousand dollars that had come to him from an aunt? What more did a happy young optimist need to make him even happier and more optimistic? Nothing! He had love and youth and ardor; health, and an excellent position; and the prestige of several coveted medals won by gallantry in the Argonne.

He read the snippets of verse he had always disregarded before in the magazines, and was astonished at their profundity and understanding. Some of these snippets plumbed depths that he thought were his alone, and stirred him immeasurably. The "he" of course was always himself, and the "she" was likewise Helen Jessop; and though the snippets were often sad, they were tremendously reassuring. People died a great deal in snippets, but their hearts were always true; and Beddy was agreeably impressed at the ease with which the heroines were won, and stayed won—often at the cost of their blighted lives.

He had called after leaving the hospital, and had been pleasantly received and invited to dinner. But though Helen had been very sweet to him, he was conscious that something intangible had intervened. In his simplicity he did not realize that a young bank clerk is a very different person from a khaki-clad hero. But he was cruelly disappointed nevertheless. The aristocratic old house seemed to wear a formidable air, and his host and hostess had in some way receded from him. Had Helen not squeezed his hand at parting he would never have come again.

But he did come again at her express invitation; came and came, and often sat cozily with her for hours in the music room, which she had made her own. He was utterly at a loss to understand her. She could be so melting and so distant in perplexing alternations; yet of real advance there was none. Once he had caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately, holding her till her panting breath fanned his cheek and her eyes closed in what seemed an exquisite submission. But a moment later she disengaged herself and, moving a little apart, gazed at him with lovely, troubled eyes.

"I don't want to make a mountain of this," she said. "I suppose it is what people do in your *milieu*, but in mine it is apt to lead to the immediate end of an acquaintance. If we are to continue friends, Beddy dear, you must never do such a thing again—never, never, never!"

Beddy could not answer a word, but stood there, so glum and miserable and stricken that he wished the floor might open under his feet. But at least he was not so stupid as to apologize.

"I don't know how to love a girl without wanting to kiss her," he blurted out at last. "If you drive a man mad with longing you can't expect him to sit quietly on a chair like an old lady in a lace cap. I—I suppose it is nothing to you that I love you better than anything in the world, and ——"

He could get no further; the words were already quavering. He might have been more humiliated still had not Helen come over to him and, with a half-playful, half-tender gesture, placed both hands on his shoulder. Worldly though she was, she was touched by his sincerity. The love of being loved is deep in every woman. Besides, Helen did care—just a little.

"Is it as bad as that?" she asked with a ghost of a smile.

"Worse," said Beddy, comforted in spite of himself. "The more I come here the more I realize how utterly out of my reach you are."

"No girl is out of any man's reach," said Helen. "But of course I am terribly high up on the wall, and the one that gets me will have to be quite a porch climber."

"The trouble is, you have everything," remarked Beddy after he had been given one end of the couch and told to be good, and after he had been told he might smoke a cigarette if that would make him gooder. "The most successful man in the world could not give you more than you have."

"Oh, yes, he could!" exclaimed Helen, moving nearer, and with the animation she always showed when speaking about herself. "If only you knew how I long to be somebody instead of just a slip of old New York, living on my ancestors! I hate ancestors and genealogies and this everlasting bowing down to the family joss!"

Beddy, much encouraged, murmured a typical commonplace about the plain people.

But that was not what Helen meant at all. She disavowed it with pink in her cheeks. All that the plain people were made for was to be walked on; to work and fill the background of life. What she longed for was the ideal man.

Beddy was dismayed at the intrusion of this horrid stranger, whose existence in Helen's heart he had long

Beddy Hardly Knew What He Said—It Was All So Gay and Happy and Unexpected and Delightful

been suspecting. But he was evidently expected to ask about him, and so asked.

"It's a stupid word, of course," replied Helen, in the prettiest of preoccupations for a better. "What I mean is somebody who has done something tremendous—whose name is a household word, and all that. The Man Who, you know. I would walk over red-hot plowshares, like a girl in a fairy tale, to be the wife of a Man Who."

Beddy was mystified; mystified and depressed. He was painfully conscious that Helen, as far as he was concerned, was demanding the impossible. That his unattainable beloved should be talking of walking over red-hot plowshares for somebody else was indescribably smarting to his spirit. He gazed dismally at those trim, small feet, with their enticing dove-colored stockings, and for once found no pleasure in them. Were they not willing to walk over red-hot plowshares for the Man Who? Never had she seemed remoter from the fondest wish of his heart.

"I don't understand," he remarked at last. "What exactly do you mean by a Man Who?"

"Who has done something, of course," Helen answered, ecstatic but scornful. "To my mind it is the greatest title in the world. Have you never been to some wonderful party and had people pointed out to you like that? That's Massenet, the man who composed Thais; that's Marconi, the man who invented wireless; that's Amundsen, the man who discovered the South Pole; that's Kovalsikoff, the man who shot the archduke. Oh, what is any prince or earl, or old New Yorker for that matter, compared with a Man Who! Any nice-looking one who wasn't bald could have me as easily as calling a taxicab."

Beddy was shocked. The comparison cut him to the quick. He was too simple-minded to make allowances for feminine exaggeration. After a moment he remarked, in a very hurt voice, "Do you mean you would prefer some crack-brained idiot who had paddled down the Mississippi in a paper canoe, or had jumped off Mont Blanc with a Japanese parasol, to—to"—he hesitated, and then added—"to a man of sterling business achievement?"

Helen rippled into laughter. The examples seemed to amuse her immensely, or perhaps it was the jaundiced tone with which they were submitted to her.

"All I meant was that I simply couldn't love a man whose name wasn't known," she said. "I want people to turn round and look at me when they hear whose wife I am. If I can't marry a Man Who I'll never marry anybody."

When Beddy walked home that evening his head was in a whirl. He had to become a Man Who, and how the dickens was he to do it? For weeks it had been becoming clear to him in many rankling ways that Helen's preference for him was hardly more than the caprice of a spoiled young queen for a poor clod of a fellow who made her laugh. Somehow he was always able to do that, though not wholly unaware that it was his boyishness and unsophistication which served to entertain her. But compared with the courtships in magazine fiction, it was a dreadful failure. It had never advanced at all. In fact there had been a positive retrogression since the time he was a wounded hero and she the outward semblance of a Red Cross nurse.

With corrugating brows and tightening lips, he resolved to become a Man Who. It was his only chance. He had to succeed or lose Helen forever. She had shown him the way to her heart, like a fairy princess in a legend, never dreaming that he might take her at her word. And he had at least one of the qualifications already—he wasn't bald. Well, he would surprise her. He would scale the castle wall and say, "Here I am, Bedford Mills, the Man Who!" Had he not succeeded in everything he had ever put his hand to? Had he not brains, ability, determination? Had he not the leverage of eleven thousand dollars, which was probably more than most of the Men Who possessed before they started? The only essential thing he lacked was an idea.

It was a head-racking business to try and find one. After half a night tossing on his pillow all he had attained was elimination—elimination of art, especially as a great cartoonist; elimination of science; elimination of invention. All these involved arduous preparation extending over years. Analysis of famous names showed exploration as one of the quickest short cuts in the past, but unfortunately there seemed nothing left to explore except Borneo.

"The Man Who crossed Borneo!"

No, it wasn't very tempting. People who had never heard of Borneo were scarcely likely to be impressed by Beddy crossing it. The poles had been the prize packages, and they were gone. Geographically, alas, everything was gone except scraps. He toyed with the idea of shooting the Kaiser.

"Bedford Mills, the Man Who shot the Kaiser!"

It had a splendid ring, but he soon abandoned it. The Kaiser might continue sawing wood for all the interference he would get from Beddy. Politics? Elimination again, though with some lingering over that renowned Colonel Waring, who as street commissioner had actually cleaned the streets of New York. But of course that was a miracle. It couldn't happen twice.

Beddy ate a dispirited breakfast. It was Sunday, and a day as gray and cold as his own thoughts. Fame was not for him; his sleepless night had shown him that. In his discouragement he came near throwing over the morning service. Afterward, in the retrospect, it dismayed him to recall his indecision and what it might have cost him had he remained at home. For it was at church that he got his idea from the sermon on Service. It was an admirable sermon, a very moving sermon, and it floated down the great aisles in the most mellifluous voice in New York.

It was all about devotion to humanity, self-dedication to humanity, and was touchingly biographical. With what unction the rector extolled those noble names! With what sonorous enthusiasm he dwelt on their imperishable place in the hearts of mankind! And how stupendously he buried them, while whole nations mourned and kings wept on their thrones. There is no better story in the world than that of the humble personage who becomes great through his love of humanity; and the mellifluous doctor told it and

retold it and told it again with a steadily augmenting zest and pathos. Beddy, listening with respectful interest, suddenly became electrified. Here, perhaps, was the answer to his quest; here were avenues to fame he had never dreamed of. All you needed apparently was a big heart and a capacity to bear persecution—and there was no height you might not climb to. With sufficient publicity in the way of contumely and derision you could spring to fame in almost the twinkling of an eye. In fact, judged by the preacher's discourse, it was in a direct sort of ratio.

The possibilities were dazzling. You needed no toilsome preparations, no prolonged study or research, no exile to Borneo or frozen wastes. You could woo fame at your own front door—if you had the nerve. You simply chose one phase of human misery or human oppression and went forth to remedy it with a flaming sword and as many spectators as possible. Beddy was no cynic, but he recognized that the limelight was as essential as the devotion. Where, indeed, would all these Men Who and Women Who have been without it? Beddy simply analyzed the matter like the practical young American he was, and said to himself, "It was the free advertising that did it."

He walked out of Saint Mark's with the idea surging in his head and a tiny voice repeating from somewhere, "I shall marry her in June! I shall marry her in June! I shall marry her in June!" Which, considering it was then late April, goes to show it was a very gripping idea indeed and had fastened on Beddy like the influenza. With it too were something of the same shivers; of the same alternations of heat and cold; of a similar weakness in the knees. It was a simple idea—but appalling.

Beddy spent the afternoon trying to nerve himself for its accomplishment next day, and feeling like a man getting ready for electrocution. The idea called for a front of brass; it demanded a skin as tough as that of a rhinoceros; and Beddy had neither. He had never done anything unconventional in his whole life, and here was the idea inciting him to stagger New York. He had never even dared to wear a straw hat before the first of June, and here he was meditating something that would have made a Savonarola quail—that is, if Savonarola had been a young man in the Pocahontas National Bank.

Beddy's respect for the lovers of mankind went up tremendously as he began to realize what ridicule and derision really meant. Jumping into fame was an awfully scorching business. Even in anticipation you could feel the flames licking up your legs. He spent an agonizing afternoon that preceded an agonizing evening. And one of the troubles was that the idea, on its off side, had an undeniably silly look. There were times when it appeared downright idiotic. But in spite of such moments of despair, Beddy did not flinch. It was the only idea he had, you know, and the only one he ever seemed likely to get. Silly or not, the idea would certainly make him a Man Who—of sorts. And it was only by becoming a Man Who that he could hope to win Helen Jessop.

He set his alarm clock for two A. M., the hour when the Morning Clarion went to press and he might count on finding Horton Meiklejohn in the office. Meiklejohn was one of the feature writers of the Clarion, and Beddy and he had been chums in the training camp—which was as near Flanders' fields as Horton ever got, being, as he was, essential to the Clarion's circulation. The idea called for an active coöperation on the part of Horton, who Beddy was sure would not fail him. Horton would never have failed anybody whose antics might bring in good copy. If you had boiled your grandmother in oil and then had telephoned to Horton Meiklejohn, he would have answered: "Splendid! Hold the story! I'll be round in five minutes with the staff photographer!"

Horton was hurried but cordial, and amazingly wide-awake at that unearthly hour. A faint rumble of presses rumbled over the telephone, making an appropriate background for his staccato voice.

"You say you want a reporter at your door to-morrow at nine o'clock?"

"Yes, a live wire—a really good one."

"But what for?"

"I'll show him when he comes."

"Say, I can't send out reporters like morning milk," said Horton in a peevish voice. "He would have to get an assignment from the chief, and the chief would want to know why. Are you off your chump, or what?"

"No, I am going to do something that will make all New York sit up."

Horton laughed scornfully.

"It would take a bigger man than you to make New York do that," he exclaimed. "You poor nut, don't you know you have no more news value than a last year's orange pip? Why, you would have to steal more than your third-class bank is worth to get on the front page. Good Lord, man, if you committed suicide the Clarion wouldn't run more than 'Despondent Bank Clerk Ends Promising Career'—and it would think it was treating you mighty handsomely at that!"

But these jeering remarks served only to accentuate Beddy's determination. They brought his own unimportance home to him like the repeated lashes of a whip. It was plainer than ever, thanks to these wounding comments, that he had to become a Man Who, or abandon all thoughts of Helen Jessop. Little though Horton knew it, he was adding fuel to the flames.

Beddy redoubled his urging. He was truculent and beseeching, both at once, though nothing could wring any explanation from him. Horton was mystified; he did not know what to make of it. It seemed to him like the ravings of a lunatic. Ah, that was what it was, of course! Another queer manifestation of war strain. The sanest people did erratic things nowadays; the sanest minds had been shaken in France. Poor Beddy, with this bee in his bonnet about making New York sit up! What a shame! Well, the only thing to do was to humor him. Horton's voice, previously on the verge of exasperation, turned suddenly to a soothing key.

"I will make a point of coming myself," he said. "I am one of those happy outlaws who can do as they please. Nine o'clock, wasn't it? All right—I'll be there, sharp. And now go to bed, old boy, and don't worry; and if you should change your mind in the morning it won't matter a hill of beans. We'll have a good walk through the park instead, or maybe fix it up with the bank to let you go to Atlantic City for two or three days."

Beddy, with a sigh of relief, took his friend's advice to return to bed, agreeably conscious that he had surmounted the first obstacle on the road to fame.

Beddy shared an apartment on the Upper West Side with his two friends, Cooper and Haynes; and though these two should both have been on their way to their respective offices at the hour of Horton's arrival, the journalist found them sitting with Beddy and looking profoundly perturbed. The little sitting room was as quiet as a tomb, and it needed but a corpse to explain the somber faces. Horton's quick eyes took in the flush on Beddy's cheeks and then passed in surprise to his costume. Beddy was attired as though for a formal afternoon call, in a cutaway black coat, fancy waistcoat, ascot tie with a pin and the appropriate trousers. On a chair were a silk hat and a pair of suède gloves, suggestive of an immediate departure. But—why were his feet bare, giving the oddest look to his otherwise faultlessly groomed appearance? Bare, without even bath slippers? And why were Cooper and Haynes both staring at them like doctors who had detected some incipient and deadly disease?

"What's the matter with your feet?" asked Horton after he had shaken hands.

"Nothing's wrong with my feet," returned Beddy belligerently. "They are as good feet as anybody's, I guess. Only I am tired of buying twenty-four dollar shoes for them, that's all."

"We are all pretty tired of that," remarked Horton, not specially interested. "But what can one do except pay or go without?"

"I am going without," announced Beddy. "No more shoes for me. I am going to be the man who broke the shoe trust."

"He is actually going out like that!" said Cooper in an awe-stricken voice.

"He says he is going barefoot till the price comes down to five dollars," added Haynes. "He'll lose his job, and everything; and they will stick him in the psychopathic ward at Bellevue—mark my words if they don't!"

"They can just do what they damn well please," growled Beddy. "The public is sick of being gouged, and all they need is a leader to put the prices on the run. If the bank fires me, let it fire; if the police club me, let them club; if the poor, downtrodden people riot, let them riot! All I know is that I'll never wear shoe leather again till you can buy a decent pair of shoes for five dollars."

"He's been saying that over and over again like a parrot," said Cooper, appealing helplessly to Meiklejohn.

"I think we ought to send for a doctor," said Haynes.

All three were regarding the journalist as though in some way the decision rested with him. Beddy, for all his air of resolution, was eager to see how the plan would strike Horton. He prompted him by saying: "What do you think of the idea—as an expert in public opinion, you know?"

Horton hesitated. As a journalist he foresaw some richly humorous copy; as a friend he was genuinely distressed. Pulled both ways, he was more than ever convinced that Beddy was suffering from a temporary aberration of mind.

Hearkening to his better nature, he said: "Don't do it! You will simply make yourself the joke of New York and won't be able to live it down in a hundred years. You will always be the man who went barefooted through the streets of New York."

To Beddy this last sentence was like a confirmation of all his dreams. Was not Horton, quite unconsciously, putting him in the Man-Who class? He beamed.

"Then you will write me up?" he asked. "Give me a real start? I may count on that, may I?"

(Continued on Page 56)

Compared With the Courtships in Magazine Fiction It Was a Dreadful Failure. It Had Never Advanced at All

A Quest in Youbetcherland

By IRVIN S. COBB

YOUBETCHERLAND is a great and a growing part of our country which to date the sociological cartographers and geographers somehow have overlooked. Its boundaries, roughly, run as follows: On the north the Canadian line, on the south the Mexican, on the east the foothills of the Rockies and on the west the Pacific Ocean. But its most typical area, its ethnological midriff is, I would say, in Central Oregon where the Cascades lift themselves five or six thousand feet in air, and then, having done that well, keep right on lifting a few thousand feet more. When a Cascade peak has nothing else to do in the long autumnal twilights it lifts and lifts until you, standing below on the plateau, are constrained to believe that its snowed pinnacle is aiming to qualify as a downy stepping-stone for the angels' feet. Here is the heart of Youbetcherland.

Youbetcherland, as perhaps the shrewd reader already has divined, derives the name which has here been given it from a turn of speech tremendously much in vogue among those who populate it. Howsomever, this does not imply a claim that the idiomatic trick in question is by any means exclusively confined to any particular division or subdivision of vernacular North America. Those of us who prefer homely, slangy short cuts to the more roundabout linguistic meanderings of the truly cultured have for long been addicted to the use of the phrase "You bet you," as signifying acquiescence or approval or coöperation or enthusiastic concurrence. I believe that as far back as pre-Civil War days Mr. Charles Dickens observed with pain—and so many gaucheries in our land did pain Mr. Dickens—that we, as a people, generally were addicted to the emphatic utterance of such an exclamation when as a matter of fact nothing partaking of the nature of a wager had been suggested even remotely. To this good day the thing puzzles some of Mr. Dickens' fellow islanders. There is a sort of visiting Englishman who, on being asked whether this or that appears to him satisfactory, replies, "Not 'arf," meaning that it is wholly so; but for the life of him he cannot conceive why we, in our efforts to express the same thought, should resort to this Yankeeism. Yet perversely we do persist in it.

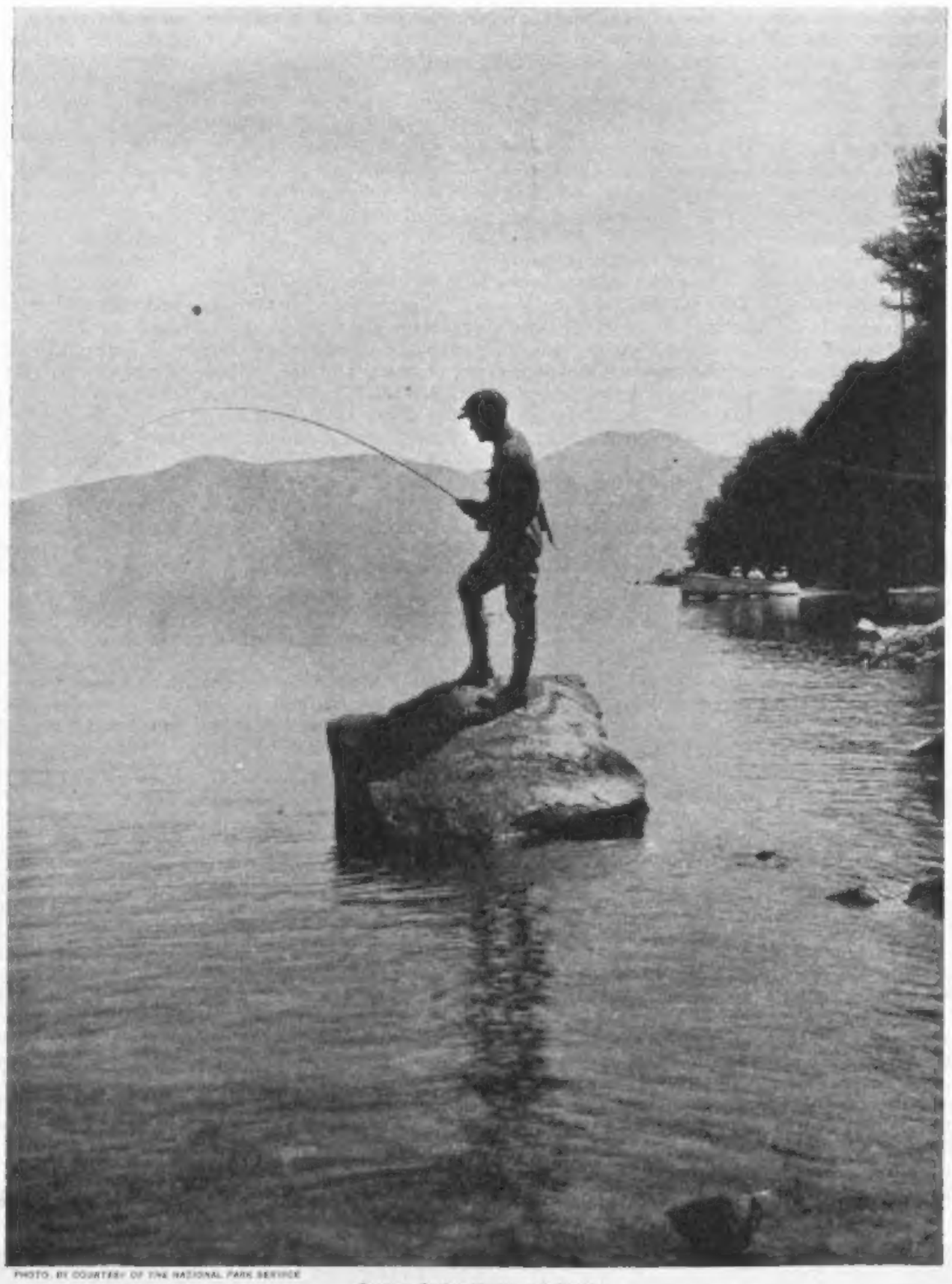

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Crater Lake National Park

A Word for All Occasions

ELSEWHERE, then, the use of it is common, but in the domain I roughly have bounded, and notably up in Oregon, it is distinctive and almost universal. From a sentence it has been condensed into one polysyllabic word. It is at once an affirmation and a confirmation, a threat and a promise, a slogan and a shibboleth, a war cry and a peace greeting. It bespeaks the confidence of a gallant people in their abilities to master a difficulty. It sums up the undimmed and undimmable optimism of the individual Western American. It falls trippingly from the tongue of a breed who have neither doubt touching on the destinies of themselves and of their race, nor yet misgivings regarding the ultimate outcome of whatsoever proposition they may undertake, from taming the wilderness to enforcing prohibition. You hear it a dozen times a day; a hundred times a day, some days.

You ask the homesteader if he can put you up for the night in his one-room shack on the desert, and without a moment's hesitation he replies, "Youbetcher!" Over the wire you inquire of the young lady at the long-distance desk whether there is any prospect of getting that connection with Portland or Chicago pretty soon, and she snaps back, "Youbetcher!"—just like that. With the ticket agent at the railroad station it is a favorite response, and the lunch-stand girl says it so often she almost has forgotten the word "yes." And when it comes to tackling a civic or a communal or a state-wide improvement which would give a similar body of Easterners pause—pause, say, for about thirty years—these Oregonians rally round the polls and vote through the bond issue with loud shouts of "Youbetcher!"

It was up there in Central Oregon that we went on our quest for the lava bear. We had heard, two of us, that he was to be found in those parts, and when we inquired of the most competent native son, who was going to chaperon us, whether there was any prospect, however faint, of killing a lava bear during our month in the wilds he promptly and naturally answered, "Youbetcher!" And meant it. Out there they have a way of saying what they mean and of meaning what they say.

The lava bear has almost as many aliases as, in the old bunco-steering days, Paper Collar Joe used to have. In one part of his Oregon habitat he is the lava bear; in another he is the sand-lapper, which would appear to be more or less of a fanciful title, inasmuch as there is no authentic record of his having been detected in the act of lapping up sand. Over across the Idaho line in the Seven Devils Range he is known as the dwarf grizzly. Personally I prefer to entertain the theory that he is the North American sun bear, so called, which some of our faunal naturalists insist is an extinct breed. But he isn't extinct, and he can prove it.

The North American sun bear was never exactly numerous, and according to some of the best authorities he vanished entirely a good many years ago, even before the buffalo went, and the passenger pigeon and the celluloid cuff. But if the present writer is correct in his amateurish and totally unscientific deductions, the sun bear did not totally disappear; he merely withdrew from society as civilization became more complex, and went far back into the lava beds where he might enjoy the privacy he craved. Nor do I believe he belongs to the grizzly family, although on a microscopic scale he seems to have some of the temperamental characteristics which have tended to make the grizzly unpopular in certain quarters. A man who knows a good deal at first-hand about the mammals of this continent told me he felt sure the lava bear was a distinct species rather than a subspecies, and for the life of him, he said, he could not understand why the cunning little scamp had escaped being officially card indexed. Several years ago a wealthy sheepman down near Klamath Falls in Oregon got hold of a lava bear which had been killed by one of his herders, and he skinned the animal and had the pelt stuffed and sent it up to The Dalles, where for some time it was on exhibition in a local collection. I have been told that somewhere in Washington the United States Biological Survey has another mounted specimen tucked away; yet seemingly none of our naturalists has taken pains accurately to classify this, perhaps the rarest of existing large quadrupeds on this continent.

Chronic Local Pride

AS IT turned out, our quest for the lava bear or the sand-lapper or the dwarf grizzly or the sun bear, or whatever he is, was complicated with a lot of other things—with the scenery, for one, and with the fishing and the deer hunting and the jack-rabbit shooting and the shade hound. The scenery was already there, patiently waiting for us to come and admire it; but the shade hound, if I may say so, was our own idea. Always, in Oregon, the scenery is there or thereabouts. If the stranger fails to notice it, any native will take pleasure in directing his attention to it. Nothing so greatly delights a resident Oregonian as to have a tourist give the scenery an unsolicited testimonial. On the eastern side of the Cascades the home folks take as much personal pride in their scenery as their neighbors across the divide, down on the other slope, take in their climate, and that is saying a good deal. In fact it is saying about all there is to say.

I remember, the first time I went to the Pacific Coast, how deeply was I impressed by an attitude of mind exhibited daily and hourly by those who lived there. It had to do with local pride. When the directory man's figures seemed to show that Los Angeles was about to go ahead of San Francisco in the matter of population, and would certainly go ahead of it just as soon as the next popular excursion train came in from Iowa and Nebraska points, all Los Angeles took a day off to celebrate. The discovery that the average blood pressure was higher in San Diego than in some rival community gave great cheer to the hearts of all loyal and patriotic San Diegoans. And everywhere the climate beagles were baying both by day and by night.

"Surely," I said to myself, "surely local pride can go no farther than this."

And surely it cannot; at least it never has. But as a result of recent explorations extending a thousand miles or so northward from San Francisco I am constrained to concede that it goes just as far and is just as fervent and

just as sincere and just as honest in Oregon and Washington as it is in the southern part of California. At any hour your true Oregonian coast dweller is prepared to stop whatever else he may be doing and give three rousing cheers for the climate, followed by a tiger for his town, his county and his state.

On the eastern side of the Cascades the local booster—and there every person capable of speaking the English language is a local booster—advertises to the world the incomparable beauties of the scenery. To him scenery is what climate is to his fellow across the mountains. Even so, he is not discounting his own particular variety of climate. He has not a harsh word to say for it, but with him scenery runs first and climate second in the recital of the natural advantages.

The Gem of the Lower Cascades

ANY human being who is equipped even with the most rudimentary beginnings of a soul can enjoy scenery, but only one who has more confidence in his own powers of expression than good judgment will, with premeditation, undertake to set down on paper an accurate picture of it. Someone is forever trying to describe in print how the Grand Cañon looks at sunset or how Naples smells on a hot day; but up until this time the percentage of those who have succeeded at these jobs is still quite small. So I shall not try to scratch out with my pen a word etching of that scenic wonderland which is called Central Oregon. I know that to my dying day I shall carry in my mind priceless recollections of the high desert and of the higher plateaus and the buttes and the cañons and the gorges and the forests and the mountains and the sky and all the rest of the glorious ensemble of it. But owing to the limitations of a deficient vocabulary I am debarred from sharing my treasured memories with others. They must go and see it for themselves, which, after all, is the only satisfactory way of enjoying scenery. But in passing I do crave to speak a line or so for that crown jewel of the Lower Cascades, Crater Lake.

For its size, I am quite sure that Crater Lake is the most wonderful thing in this world. So far as I know, it is the only perfect example of the phenomenon which ensues when something crawls into a hole and pulls the hole in after it. In this instance the thing which crawled into the hole was a mighty mountain, and that which ensued, after the hole had been pulled in, was Crater Lake.

Not so very long ago, as geologists chattily measure time, say eight or nine eons ago, perhaps the loftiest mountain in what subsequently became the United States stood here. It is estimated that its peak rose well above the sixteen-thousand-foot level. It was a volcanic mountain, as nearly all the important mountains in Oregon were and are, and that same volcanic force which formed it eventually destroyed it—as a mountain. Its cone collapsed and vanished into the caldron of a hotter fire than human hands ever kindled, leaving behind a circular orifice which through the centuries filled with melted snow. The result, as we view it to-day, is Crater Lake. It has the greatest depth of any body of fresh water in America, and without fear of successful contradiction I dare affirm that it is the most gorgeously beautiful lake on this planet. About its shores, in places where the rock shelves come close to the surface, it is the greenest green that ever was, on land or sea; but where the bottom drops away with incredible abruptness to incredible depths it becomes a marvelous and indescribable blue—a purer, richer, more radiant blue than any other blue ever was. One has the feeling that a cup of it, dipped up, would reveal these tints—blue or green, depending on where one did one's dipping. And from personal observation I am willing to state that on being splashed with a canoe paddle its spraying drops are not like water, but like jewels; like flawless emeralds and perfect sapphires.

You stand on the rim, looking downward a thousand feet or so to where Crater Lake lies, an incomparable gem cupped in the hand of the Creator, and it seems to you that here natural beauty has attained its superlative expression. But when, following this, you descend the trail which zigzags down the face of the guardian cliffs and come at length to the shores, you discern a gorgeousness which even exceeds the splendor of the spectacle as viewed from above. For now your vision includes details which before escaped you—the rock sides sheering up as steeply almost as perpendicular walls; the effect of the sky against the brim and the effect of the reflected sky in the water itself; curious formations, banking in a long perspective of spires and pinnacles. These last really are the nipples of dead volcanic flues, and because of their fancied resemblances to fabulous monsters and human figures and architectural forms they here have been given various names to distinguish them. But this was a great mistake, because these objects do not look like anything else on earth. They look only like themselves. When the eye encounters an idiosyncrasy of Nature which overtops and surpasses the scope of man's imagining, why, then the puny human intellect should be content to let well enough alone.

Distances are most deceiving at Crater Lake. Indeed, all through the Far Western country distance is deceiving. From your perch on the brink you guess that to the water is perhaps a straight drop of two hundred feet. It is nearer a thousand. From the same point you look downward and across to an island which juts up out of the lake and you hazard the statement that on an airline the distance to the nearermost tip of the island is possibly three hundred yards. As a matter of fact, the spot at which you are looking is between two and three miles from you. Eventually the visitor begins to hedge on all his offhand reckonings of space. He knows that if he states his honest belief he will fall so far short of the actual figures as to make the calculations sound ridiculous. So, leaping to the other extreme, he multiplies what he thinks by two or three or four in an effort to reconcile his visual concept with the actual statistics. This, when persisted in, causes optical confusion and mental lapses. You see a human form seemingly near at hand, but for the life of you you cannot make up your mind whether it is a little boy two hundred feet away or an elderly gentleman in knickerbockers a couple of miles off. You must draw nearer and scan him for whiskers before you can make sure.

A Future Tourist's Mecca

ONE of these days hundreds of thousands of Americans will visit Crater Lake every summer. This day will come when a railroad worms its way in through the gorges, or, better still, when there is an adequate automobile highway penetrating into Crater Lake National Park from Medford to the southwest, or from Bend to the northeast, or from Klamath Falls to the southeast. At present the roads, except within the park itself, are very, very bad. In the months between June and October—which constitute the season for automobiling—they are ankle deep in white dust, and under the dust lie deep and jolty ruts which shred away your tires and loosen your springs and make travel at almost any gait a veritable endurance test for the traveler. But poor going does not deter the native. He is used to it. What the rural Oregonian regards as a fair road would be cursed as a bad road almost anywhere east of the Mississippi. When the gorgeous Oregon summer comes those who live in the little towns and on the homesteads and on the ranches start out to see their own country. Mainly they move in family groups. The outfit may not be fancy looking, but it is adequate.

Into the tin Lizzie are loaded the bed rolls and the camp dunnage. The old man drives, wearing the oldest

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PHOTO, BY FRED H. KIBER, PORTLAND, OREGON, BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL-PARK SERVICE

For Its Size, I Am Quite Sure That Crater Lake is the Most Wonderful Thing in This World

THE RED HANDED

A Story of the Bridge in the Amir's Garden, as Told by Hiram Harish Singh, the Amir's Secretary

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

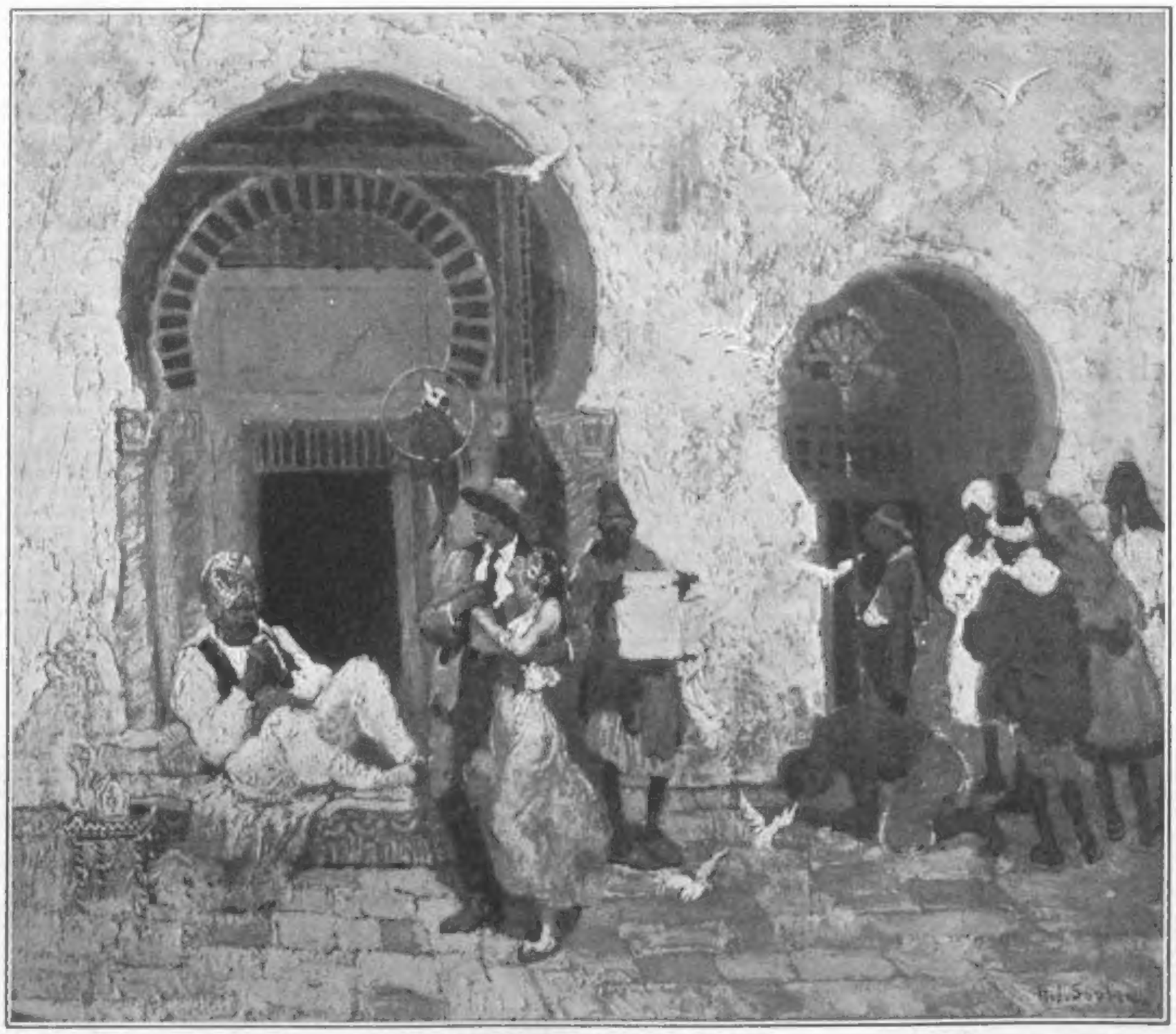
YOU must know that a spur of the Indus River runs through the Amir's garden, and for part of the year there is much river and little garden, because the floods come down from the great Hindu Kush range, and only the palace is not changed. All other objects appear as if sunken in cold chocolate. Also, each year, the footings of the bridge ooze up on a special day and the framework floats down to lodge against the palace walls. For many years this has been a performance of the rains, and beating the bridge builders upon their bare backs has not availed.

In the first place, it is difficult to secure laborers for the making of a new bridge; and in the second place, the Amir is disturbed for three months of the twelve by the chisels and mallets, when the laborers are brought and forced to make ready a fresh sacrifice for the river. Also, there is to consider the restlessness of the women of the seraglio, occasioned by the traffic of construction on the river banks within the palace walls. Therefore, when the news came that the English, finishing their railroad at Far Remesch, had discharged one of their engineers because he would only make the railroad to suit himself, the Amir discussed with me the prudence of sending for the unbilleted one, said to be an American. These were the days in which there was mourning in the palace over the death of Medu'ullah, the Amir's prime minister, whose wisdom had sheltered our Prince for many years. I, Hiram Harish Singh, secretary, spoke against the calling of this American.

"He will be strange to our ways, Most Excellent, and remember that the English have not found him desirable."

But, as shall be seen, the Amir was bent upon having an iron bridge in his garden. After we had discussed for several days, old Maeeta, very sharp and privileged among the Amir's women, gave testimony that the American would have time to reach the Eastern Sea and cross it to his country if we did not decide something. It was decided that the American was to be sent for; and from that moment things evil befell. Alas, it was the coming of Mr. Rufe Heckling to the Amir's gardens that changed our world, even the face of Nature.

Now it is ten days' journey by caravan to Far Remesch, where the English world ends and the world of the Amir begins; but great mountains lie between, and in the high heart of the mountains there is a pass, very dangerous, because of robbers lying in wait there to pounce upon all caravans. On this account the Amir suggested that I write to his agent in Far Remesch to engage the American and send him to the capital without delay, providing suitable escort of horses and camels and a bodyguard to make safe the passage through the mountains. This message he intrusted to my servant, Haider Roorkh, who is learning to speak English. Also, Haider Roorkh was directed to act as mehmandar, or host, to the American on the return journey, dealing between him and the people. In due time the American's party arrived at the caravanserai of our city, the capital; and as was his custom, the Amir sent word that he was indisposed. It is well known that the discomfort of the serai for two days will greatly increase a traveler's delight in the palace, if he is given audience; also his humility.



And I Saw the Tinge of Olive Come to the Face of Our Prince as He Saw Her Happiness

It was not so with the American. Haider Roorkh ran to me from the serai, and with hasty salaam pulled back his turban, permitting me to see the gray at his temples. Since I had not looked upon his uncovered head before, I could not be sure that he was not gray since his youth; but his eyes were like the eyes of a dangerous elephant who is also sick. Therefore, I told him to speak.

"Most Favored, Hiram Harish Singh," he said, "as a servant of the state since my beginnings as a small male child I have tried to be a true servant in the household of our Prince; and alas, to think that I should be the chosen agent to bring disaster unto the same!"

"To think!" I said, bowing, and bade him speak on.

"Disaster, in the form of this white man, who is not as other men, with whom even his own people, the whites, could not build their railroad in peace, whose eye sees all things and whose voice commands the camels to fear him. Oh, Hiram Singh, trusted and thrice-tested servant of our Prince, make haste to send this excitement out of our principality! Aye, return him now, with the garden unbridged and the river therein, lest he speak to the Prince himself in strange tongue and unaccustomed——"

"Strange tongue?" I said. "Be explicit!"

"Already he has spoken to me of the Amir as The Spee-nort, which is not English of the academy, nor usage in the speech of courts. Day and night there is no rest with him. The laugh of the man is a violence, and his eye peereth into all manner of strange places. Just now he refuses to remain in the quarters I have given him, but twice he has come to the gate of the walls, seeking admittance to the garden. I told him that all must be made ready; that the Amir was indisposed; and oh, Hiram Harish Singh, favored one in the house of our Prince, when he came to the gate the first time he told me that he didn't have all summer to hang round a stinking serai!"

"And what did he say the second time?" I asked without hope.

"He spoke in symbols which you must interpret, Excellent and Unfailing."

"Give them to me."

"I am a poor man and ignorant," said Haider Roorkh, "and I pray that I fail not. It was a bird that he spoke of first, and of a perch in the second place, saying that a certain bird had better come down off a certain perch if he wants a bridge built."

"Go back to your gate, Miserable," I said, "and leave me to ponder these things. But, stay!" I called. "What is the nature of the man's appearance?"

"He is tall," said Haider Roorkh—"tall, like our tall men, but thicker than any of us, with a thickness that is throughout. He laughs loudly when his eyes are innocent, but softly when the danger creeps into them. There is hair on his hands, Sweet Friend of Authority, and he wears a hat that comes off without unfolding."

"What is the color of the hair?" I said severely.

"It is the color of apples stewed in many spices."

I passed an evil night, and the next afternoon, when the Amir expressed a wish for my presence, I advised that we put off the audience no longer. Word was accordingly sent to the serai, but the messenger came back running with the report that the white man had put on his hat and started at once. I glanced in fright at our Prince, whose eyeballs were uncovered in anxiety.

"How was he dressed?" I demanded of the messenger.

"As the English when they hunt in the forest, and a wide gray hat, very dusty ——"

The Amir, holding one hand in the other in his delicate way, shook his head, saying, "I must have a bridge in my garden."

I rose then and hastened to the gate, where the white stranger from Far Remesch stood leaning against the stones. He looked me up and down as he filled a paper with tobacco out of a cloth bag.

"Hello," he said, "and what office do you hold?"

"I am Hiram Harish Singh, secretary to His Royal Highness, the Amir."

"All right, Hi, maybe you can tell me what's the hold-up now?"

"It is the matter of your evening wear, Mr. Heckling."

"My what?"

"Your dress suit—you did not put it on."

"Why, that's a fact," he said, laughing softly, at which I remembered the words of Haider Roorkh regarding danger.

"It is not too late, Mr. Heckling."

"Well, now, that's lucky," he answered; "and how could I have been so careless? Why, Hiram, I've been just simple enough to think I came here to build a bridge, not to go to the Amir's party "

"It is not a party. It is a custom in all countries among those to whom a monarch gives audience."

"Is it now? I want to know. Well, Hiram, you just run over and tell the Amir that I'll give him audience at the serai!"

"No—no!" I cried. "We are waiting for you at the palace. Hasten now to your quarters and make the change!"

"My son," he said, "I haven't got any more dress suit than a centipede."

"But we—we will make you one. One day—two days ——"

"I was just going to add that I wouldn't put it on if I had one. Why, Hiram, I expect to see a whole lot of your caliph, and I'm sure not going to bob in and out of a dress suit."

With heavy heart I returned to the Amir, and in a controlled voice I told him what had befallen.

"Rise, Indispensable," he said. "Take my closed carriage to the serai. Have the curtains of the carriage tightly drawn, so that the women may not see how he comes. Yes, at once, bring him as he is, for I must have a bridge for my garden."

So it was that the Red Handed came into the presence of our Majesty, smelling of leather dressing which he had recently put upon his boots and belt.

"Hello, Prince," he said. "A whole lot of folks look after you, don't they? Do you like it?"

I placed the English into our statelier language. The Amir bowed eagerly.

"Tell him I am accustomed."

"But you're not well, mister. It isn't fair to you to be cooped up here."

Now the Red Handed actually touched a fold of the Amir's chin and the place of his obesity, adding, "You need exercise."

With flaming face I placed these words to our Prince, who answered: "Tell him it is true. I am too soft."

Now, though it is with shame, I place down part of their talk, as if I had not been between them, interpreting:

"And so you want a little old iron bridge?"

"Yes, in my garden."

"I could make a life job of it, I suppose; but I don't care enough about your climate. Come on out in the yard and show me what you want done."

"Owing to the death of my prime minister, my secretary will accompany you and explain ——"

"Nothing like that! I'm building this bridge for you!"

I, Hiram Singh, broke in to explain:

"The Amir does not attend to these affairs personally."

"Now, Hiram, you be good and let me talk straight to the little round chief."

Then I turned to the Amir and found him looking at me with a relaxed look, which always comes when he is thinking out a way to punish an offender.

"Do not break in, Hiram Singh!" he said.

Alas, I would have saved him, but now I interpreted the words solely.

"He says he is building this bridge for you, not for your prime minister or your secretary."

Now a strange light dawned in the eyes of the Amir, and his hands lifted delicately and came together.

"Tell him it is true," he said softly.

"Sure it's true!" said Mr. Heckling. "It's your garden, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes ——"

"Then come along and show me what you want done."

The light brightened in the eyes of the Amir, as one called to a great heroism.

"Yes, I will go," he said presently.

"But quit petting your hands like that, Amir. It ain't decent to nurse one in the other that way."

"Tell him I shall try to remember," the Amir said. "Have them bring me my cane and parasol, Hiram Singh."

"You will walk, Most Glorious?" I asked with difficulty, for my mouth would not shut in amazement.

"And my shawl," said the Amir, nodding.

Thus was the Red Handed shown the nature of the thing he had come to do by the Amir himself; shown the place where the old bridges of bamboo had been, and the bridges of teak; where the footings had oozed out, even the place against the wall where the river lodged the frameworks in the rains. And all the time, from the Amir's seraglio, I could see the close-drawn curtains slightly moving at the edges, and I knew that the women were watching, and knew the restlessness of their hearts.

Walking back in the cool of the day the Red Handed said, his hand on the arm of the Amir: "Tell him he can have his bridge, Hiram. A mechanic could do it, much less an engineer. We'll need some steel and concrete, that's all. I'll get up the specifications. The only drag is the time that it will take to get the stuff here."

"We shall be patient," said the Amir.

"That patience stuff is all right for a while, but I wouldn't go on promoting it if I were you. And listen here; I'm not through. I'm going to build this bridge my way."

"Yes, that will suit. We have spoken of that," said the Amir hastily.

"When we sit down I want to tell you something, mister."

"Yes," said the Amir with quickened step.

"Now it's like this," the Red Handed began as soon as the cushions and rugs were laid.

"Will you not wait until refreshment is brought?" said the Amir.

"Go ahead yourself and drink," said the American. "When I drink I don't do anything else. It's this way: You people up here don't pay wages for labor. Evidently you've got an idea that it's an honor for the laboring man to work for you. He'll tell you so too—to your face, but it isn't honest, party. Excuse me, but I couldn't help studying out—the way you had me brought in here. You gave your agent in Far Remesch enough to bring me in style. Your agent sent me through with less camels and a smaller outfit than you ordered, and took about five hundred rupees for his share. Your mehmandar underpaid the sergeant of the bodyguard, and went short on food and blankets to get his. Your sergeant got along with less men and pocketed part of their wages. We looked so hungry and sad that the robbers let us pass without a strike. Not only that, but your camel drivers sold the forage from their beasts for their cash, and the camels ate crackle grass instead of grain. The system is rotten, Amir, and I'm not going to build a bridge that way."

"What would you do?" said the Amir when I had made this plain.

"I want money to work with—to buy supplies with, and to pay off the men by the week. Also, my own charge, which I will figure out and hand you."

I looked at the Amir as one who had seen his country's ruin. His eyes came to me. I saw the struggle in them, but also the firm look which said to me as plainly as words, "I must have a bridge in my garden."

His lips moved, and to me it was the worst that he said, "It shall be as you say, Bridge Builder of the Elect."

In the days while the Red Handed wrote up his specifications the Amir sat each afternoon looking from the window at the place where the bridge was to be built; and when the specifications came a vast and complicated outlay was set forth, but the Amir barely waited for them to be put into the figures of our speech before his sanction was placed.

(Continued on Page 40)

"You Haven't Been Doing What I Told You, Chief. I'm Going to Punish You Too"

THE MOTHER AND HER BOY

By Mary Brecht Pulver

DECORATION BY L. H. CALDWELL

THE longer I consider the question of how far a mother is capable of shaping a son's destiny or molding his life, the surer I am that the only person who can really write with authority on this subject is the celibate parent of an imaginary child. This person who raises large families of children—flowers of his, or usually her, fancy knows the exact formulas that will cover all situations.

I am the surer of this since on a recent afternoon I aired certain views that I have embodied in this paper to a mixed group of bachelors and spinsters.

I was assured that I was all wrong. A young bachelor of Gallic gesture and nice precision of speech took violent exception to everything. It was the father, he declared, who influenced the child. A social-science student in shell glasses spoke scornfully of mothers as a class, they were "puerile"—her very word—and declared the state should take the child away from her and standardize him; a cozy little spinster assured me that heredity was out anyhow—that a mother could make what she pleased of her child.

The air buzzed as with a swarm of infuriate bees—theories, arguments, creeds, crisscrossing. I sat humbly listening to this shower of talk, realizing how very little I knew about rearing children. It is with this spirit still at work in me that I set down the following paragraphs. I am but the humble, inexperienced parent of one small, agile, normal human boy. Necessarily my ideas bear the hall mark of the amateur, the sheer experimenter in a scarcely opened field. They are offered in all humility but with all sincerity. They are the best I can do. I am comforted by the thought that I probably know more about it now than I shall later on.

A favorite bit of fiction that pleases my little Sonny very much is the story of the tidings of his coming to me. By a letter of a unique kind.

The letter I got so unexpectedly on the afternoon the very special magazine arrived. The magazine was so very special because it contained my first printed story, and I naturally took it with me on my afternoon climb to a favorite hillside seat above the dreamy August hush of the little town below. And here, as I sat under a tree, proudly admiring the neat rows of printed letters—great quantities of alphabets all mixed together but standing up at present arms—and the beautiful pictures the illustrator had drawn, which, however, like all of those pictures, did not resemble anything in my story—— Well, as I was doing this, I got the letter.

"What kind of letter?" Sonny is supposed to ask here.

Beginning a Little-Boy Career

IT WAS, of course, the letter written on the maple leaf which Oz, the fat robin messenger, brought me. He flew right down from the tree overhead and laid the maple leaf on my knee. Now, of course I should explain here that if you ever receive a message by maple leaf you'll know it at once. All these leaves have very fine writing on the back which as a rule you cannot understand. But when you are able to read it, it is, of course, a letter. This one said clearly:

"A little boy is coming to live with you, madam."

My surprise at this point overpowers me dramatically, and Sonny must prod me.

"Go on," he orders sharply.

I should explain that at this period Sonny is eight years old. He has a small well-shaped head, glossy as a beechnut; full pink cheeks so closely resembling peaches I would not dare take him near a beehive; a wide friendly smile with two black holes in it; a pair of stand-out ears, referred to in facetious moments as wings, flaps, oyster shells; two large blue eyes, dubbed similarly sapphires, sparklers, blueberries. The rest of him pointing downward is brown corduroy, a necktie slightly to one side, a pair of wiry legs, and a brace of restless hands, usually dabbled a rich brown—not sunburn.

"Go on," he orders sternly. "What next?"

By this time the dramatic effect of the letter has a little worn off, but I am still terribly surprised, even frightened, because it complicates things. I have just begun a writing career when the letter arrives, and to think of adding a little-boy career right from the beginning point! Any average brave person might attempt the former, but the latter everyone concedes is a great responsibility.

"Still, you had to take me," Sonny gloats grimly. "After the robin gave you the letter you had to be satisfied. And I wasn't a girl either."

"I should have fed a girl to the crocodiles," I rejoin with an orthodox shudder of horror. This is a little rough on certain young parties but obtains in our family.

The next step, of course, in our comedy is the filling of the blank supplied me by Oz, with the specifications for the exact sort of boy desired. It is here that Sonny feels an eternal joke was played on me.

"Why didn't you say I was to like soap on my face? And you didn't say a word about my collecting different things—or that I was going to be a motorcycle cop when I grow up. They just gave you anything at all."

Certainly they gave me a great many unexpected extras. As I look at the small figure placidly rocking back and forth on the natural automatic foundation provided for such operations, his cowlick thrusting upward, his piebald hands linked about his knees, I am aghast at the confidence and temerity with which—my correspondence with Oz being presently completed—I took charge of him on his arrival from There to Here.

I recall that as the presiding deity in starched blue-and-white offered him to me in a furled blanket with some trite remark about another presidential candidate, I felt no doubt whatever as to our relationship. This was my little boy—a good little boy, of course, being mine—the typical little lamb. He was to have all sorts of things in his life which, principally, I meant to put there. He was to have roller skates and sleds and drums and a velocipede and meet Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer and Sir Galahad and Long John Silver. He would grow some teeth and eyebrows presently, and get to wearing trousers and go to the circus and to school, where his teachers would praise him. He was to be strong and healthy, avoid whooping cough and measles and never tell any lies—if possible. I think this is as far as most mothers go—consciously. I am sure they never contemplate a son in the presidential chair—indeed merely to watch the necessary progression of kissed babies and milked cows leading thither would quell their ambition. I do not think a mother considers her son in terms of adult life at all or looks at him as a finished product, the grown man. Certainly not as a gray-beard grandfather, a postgraduate in experience. He is to her in terms of sonship, the child always.

There is a sound biological basis for this.

Mother and Son

HE IS hers peculiarly and intimately, an extension of her ego—as a daughter is not—being the unconsciously expressed masculine obverse of her conscious femininity, and therefore dear and close to her as nothing else in the world is; but he is also hers only temporarily. It is the law of life that his personality must diverge from hers, that he will presently emancipate himself, if he is normal, bud off from this matrix which formed him. He will do this when he enters adult life—sometimes even earlier; and it is the unconscious realization of this impending loss which limits her thought of him to terms of boyhood or childhood, that period when she still plays a dominating part with him, the heyday of such power as she possesses to fix certain ideas and ideals in him. It is the period of her actual reign over him—after that she will be deposed by life, by a sense of expanding horizon, a natural masculine reaction against her sex.

Women are quick to say they lose their sons at marriage. While this is true, or should be true, it is a fact that a normally developed young man without any extraneous influence presently relegates his mother to the position of a highly prized but rather useless piece of mantel bric-a-brac. This is not because he or she is a failure in love or duty, but because they are of different generations, each with its own psychology. Occasionally a rare mother with an elastic type of mind can psychologize along with her boy into his adult life—but it is not usual. Life is going to offer him an entirely new set of customs and standards, adjustments she has never been called on to make, to say nothing of a sex psychology which is different from her type. She cannot possibly keep him with her after his virility is established.

It is up to her to make hay while the sun shines, do with him what she can, and presently, like a good sport, cut her losses.

Not long ago while I was sitting in a train for New York a wedding party came down the platform. This is an industrial community and these people were manifestly of the alarm-clock-and-whistle class—it was stamped on their hands, in their vernacular. The bride and groom were frankly reveling in their hideously proclaimed status and the attentions their congratulatory tormentors offered of confetti, rice, paper streamers and tin horns. The bride was a rosebud peasant type, the groom a button-nosed, sway-jawed, horny-handed youth of twenty-three or so, with hair like frost-kissed buckwheat stubble.

In the noisy maelstrom were two not actively participating matrons. And you could tell t'other from which instantly: the bride's mother by the slight look of complacence the industrial mother wears at a daughter's wedding—"Mabel is a grand girl, but living's so high, and Peter has a grand job, and, anyway, she'll be back and tell me everything." (Continued on Page 117)

SHE DRIFTED TO THE CITY

By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

AFTER she was ninety, Grandma Witt lived in a dream world of people who had long vanished from the Worthington hillsides. When she talked it was of her childhood and school days, her marriage, and the boys going away to the Civil War.

Grandma Witt fell asleep before 1914. Sometimes her recollections seemed to bear upon nothing in particular—then. But to-day they are quite timely and significant.

All the bright Worthington boys, said Grandma Witt, went into the Union Army, led by Russell Conwell, one of the brightest. In those times Worthington was a general-farming section, raising grain and meat for Eastern cities, and even flax and wool for homespun. But when the bright boys came home from the war New England could no longer hold them. They went on into the West, taking up land, building railroads and cities, and the hillsides ceased feeding the towns and then the people who were left. The bright boys went away, and the bright girls stayed behind, marrying the boys who lacked git-up-and-git. And thus Worthington was no longer what it used to be, according to her way of thinking. Probably she had never heard of the Southern cracker—certainly never of a New England cracker. Yet the type is as definite in the hills of Massachusetts as in those of Tennessee.

Now the bright boys who went away to the World War are adrift to-day. The attraction is different. In 1865 it was the free land of the West, while in 1920 it is industrial opportunity in our cities. But the bright girls of 1920 are not being left behind. On the contrary, they also are drifting to the city, adventuring for opportunity, seeking excitement, pretty clothes, broader knowledge of the world and of life, and shaping the surroundings in which to settle down when marriage halts the drifting lark.

Long before the Civil War, New England had its factory girls, and Charles Dickens was astonished to find them wearing good cloaks and serviceable hats instead of the shawl and calico shift of the Lancashire mill operative. Still, the field of opportunity for girls in the sixties was limited largely to marriage, teaching, dressmaking, domestic service.

Marriage Is Still Popular

TO-DAY some of our serious thinkers fear that the nation, not to say the race, is menaced by marriage, home life and children becoming obsolete. Marriage is not going out of fashion, however. It has simply been moved back a peg or two. Girls reach it through other things that seem more interesting for the time being.

Any employment manager will testify that the whole cycle followed by girl workers is different from that of the boys who drift to the city. The factory, store, office and bank hire and train girls for a working career that averages about five years. Then the girls marry and must be replaced. A certain percentage of girls stick to work, unmarried, corresponding to the old maids of other days, but now living the more active and interesting life of the business woman and bachelor girl. There is also a certain proportion of women who return after marriage, chiefly widows who go to work again to support a family, a most capable class of employees, developing supervising ability and rising to well-paid positions as forewomen, superintendents and managers. But the great majority work four or five years, learn to be self-supporting, acquire a knowledge of business that is useful in the management of a home, and have a wider choice in marrying than was afforded by the old social order—they see more of men as they are, understand their daily interests and difficulties, and choose a mate with eyes wider opened.

Women working in factories now outnumber those on the farms, and perhaps exceed the two million in domestic service. The latest census figures at hand are ten years old, and those of 1920 will probably show great changes. Upward of one million women are office workers in business houses, railway offices and Federal, state and municipal civil service. Saleswomen and clerks in stores, banks and commerce generally number more than five hundred thousand. Teaching still employs nearly five hundred thousand women, but is now supplemented by comparatively new feminine occupations like telephone operating, manicuring, stewardships in hotels and restaurants, nursing, medicine, acting, music, art, authorship and the professions generally. Fifteen leading industrial states employ more than half the women workers enumerated in the last census, clearly indicating the feminine drift toward business and industry.

The girls were drifting before the war—drifting from lonely countrysides, dull villages and towns, drab homes, large families—drifting into factories, offices, stores, telephone exchanges, hospitals, institutions. But the war greatly accelerated the drift and changed conditions for the working woman.

For example, what war did to Stella and Katie O'Brien:

One emergency above all others is dreaded by the manager of a telephone exchange—fire. Not that there is much to burn in a modern fireproof telephone plant; but fire may bring the firemen, and if they use water, that will cause far more damage than fire itself to delicate insulation and switchboard wiring. When the new Branchley exchange was opened on the West Side its manager invited Lieut. Pat O'Brien from the nearest fire house to look the plant over and study it from the standpoint of extinguishing a possible fire with the least damage, using sand, tarpaulins and fire-smothering gas instead of water.

Stella O'Brien was eager to work after leaving high school at nineteen, but her father objected. He didn't like the idea of factory work—it didn't seem to be the thing for a nice girl like Stella. Nor would he let her procure a department-store position, jumping at the beck and call of overbearing shoppers. Pat O'Brien was proud of his home and his girls and his ability to keep his family in comfort.

Telephone operating was something new, however. He had lunched with the operators on duty after his inspection, saw them working at switchboard positions, found them girls pretty much like his own, with clean employment, detached from shoppers and the foreign element in local factories, and with a service spirit as definite as that of the fire department. Pat not only told Stella about it, but gave her permission to apply for a telephone job. She qualified, was sent to an operating school and in a few weeks assigned to Branchley, the exchange nearest her home. It was girls just like Stella that the telephone service then drew upon for operating recruits. In city neighborhoods, as well as towns and villages, the only girl who had no need to work through necessity, and did not find a factory or store job congenial, was delighted with telephone operating, living near the exchange, with its advantages to the service as well as herself. For again and again, in emergencies, operators off duty would rally to meet sudden service pressure. A big fire, an accident or any occurrence almost invariably sends people to the telephones. At such times, instead of one or two switchboard lights twinkling up every minute, as in normal traffic, the whole switchboard blazes with signals by people calling simultaneously. Some of them are curious, others anxious about relatives. Somewhere in the maze of lights may be a half-dozen vital calls for ambulances, the police, the firemen or doctors. No matter what goes wrong or what the hour, day or night, off-duty operators speed to the telephone exchange instinctively, by trolley, motor, afoot—anything to get there and begin untangling the traffic and singling out those vital half-dozen calls which may mean the saving of life or property.

Wartime Growth of Telephone Needs

WAR affected the telephone operator in several ways. It was soon necessary to break home ties and send her traveling. During the nineteen months we were at war Washington's telephone needs grew beyond all precedent. The War Department alone had a separate installation adequate for the business needs of a city of a hundred thousand, with its separate telephone directory. Other government departments needed ever-increasing facilities, and so did the Washington branches of business concerns carrying out war contracts, and the growing population of the capital. Long-distance traffic from Washington to industrial centers and camps increased correspondingly. This was not only abnormal growth in plant and traffic, but growth in a frantic new community of strangers where only the most skillful service could meet its requirements. So exceptionally skillful girls were recruited among the seasoned operators of other cities and transferred to Washington. More of them were needed at munitions plants, shipyards and other war industries, and a little later the topnotchers of the service were sent to the Army in France. Girls with the two or three years' experience that makes a seasoned operator were withdrawn from the home-circle organization of the telephone exchange everywhere. At the same time factories diverted the home girls who normally furnished new operating recruits. Factory wages rose above telephone wages under the stimulus of war production. More than that; war suddenly made the hardest factory work creditable, even desirable, because girls felt that they were directly producing war essentials in such employment. Fastidiousness and social misgiving disappeared. No girl was too nice to make war supplies—a munitions job was either service or a lark or both.

Stella was transferred to Washington, and after three months' general operating promoted to supervisor. Then tangles arose in the new telephone installation for a munitions town outside of Washington, and she was sent there with a squad of girls who had demonstrated ability

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THE OLD MAN

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD LUND

THEY called him the Old Man. One sporting editor won his deathless gratitude by referring to him as the Grand Old Man. When Cal Benton read, with labored precision, this grand-old-man phrase—it occurred twice in the half-column story of his retirement from the ring—it thrilled him as had no other of his various high titles; not even his hard-won and harder-held title of light-heavyweight champion of the East.

The Grand Old Man's years, at this time, were precisely two months short of thirty-six. Senility dawns earlier in the prize ring than almost anywhere else on earth, and the term "old man" is the affectionately admiring degree bestowed on fistic age when such age is girt round with honors.

John L. Sullivan retired feet foremost from the ring at thirty-four, after twelve years of championship, and was deemed ripe for the chimney corner. Bob Fitzsimmons, in the mid-thirties, cajoled reporters with much flattery and many cigars to name him the Grand Old Man of the ring. Jim Corbett had barely passed thirty-five when he turned his back on youth and activity and took up the senescent vocation of actor—and so on down the line.

Thus there seemed nothing ironical to Cal Benton or to his raucous adorers when he became a Grand Old Man at an age when most workers are still in the full heyday of maturing youth. Yet these same adorers, and the bulk of the sporting public, resented Cal's retirement from the ring. They pointed out, with entire truth, that he still carried a phenomenal punch in both hands and was as hard to hurt as a rhinoceros; and that, despite his crushing load of years, he was as agile as a cat—a bearcat, at that, the bearcat being a mythical hybrid devised by latter-day orthologists in order to add a verbal mansard roof to the superlative degree. Example: positive, comparative, superlative, bearcat.

Cal Benton knew better than anyone else that he had years of superlative—or bearcatic—fighting left in his wiry system. Also that a rigidly clean life and a brain which actually functioned were assets that made him the peer of many a far younger pugilist. He did not want to retire. He was doing splendidly in his profession. He was making good money at it.

He was saving great chunks of his cash, and he had a shamefaced pride in his own stark squareness and in the renown it had brought him.

But Mildred wanted him to retire. She had kept at him for months about it. Mildred was the wife Cal had married on his twenty-first birthday. She was his sole manager and mentor. She was a roomy, capable woman, easy-going and a grand pal. But now and then she had a way of making up her mind, and at such rare times she scored a clean job of it by making up Cal's mind too. This was one of those rare times.

It began when Mrs. Cody, wife of the senior partner of the prominent retail drug house of Cody & Spogg, refused to let her pigtailed daughter, Almeria, go to the dancing-school reception with twelve-year-old Orville Benton on the ground that she didn't want her priceless offspring to be seen in public with the son of a common prize fighter.

No less than five eager neighbors brought this gossip trophy to the Benton house on McKinley Road within the hour, and laid it avidly at Mrs. Benton's spacious feet. That day marked the opening of Mildred's campaign against her spouse's profession.

It was not a question of quarrels or of nagging or of tears. None of those unsportsmanly weapons had place in Mildred's arsenal. She merely repeated to Cal what Mrs. Cody had said. She pointed out that Orville was growing up, that this was his home town, that the people who liked him now were going to be his friends in later years, and that the children who were taught to shun him now would grow up with an idea that he was some sort of outcast. She said she didn't want her wonderful boy to be barred out of Pitvale's social life on account of his sire's line of work. She asked Cal if he wanted to handicap the boy that way. Then she bade him think it over, which Cal did.

Mack Came Back to His Home Town Every Month or So to See His Parents and to Call on The Girl

A week or so afterward Mildred read her husband a dozen lines of reprint on an inside page of the Pitvale Chronicle, telling of the good money earned by retired fighters who had set up physical-culture studios, capitalizing their fame and their training knowledge by whipping paunchy business men into shape and teaching glove work and wrestling to young amachoor warriors. This, she opined, was a vocation no man need be ashamed of, carrying, as it did, the shimmering title of "Professor" and a daily association with rich folks. She added as an afterthought that the second floor of the Gill Building was for rent, and that it would make a lovely studio.

Yet so tenderly did Mildred amputate that at the last Cal was more than half certain he had cut loose from the ring of his own unaided volition. He explained to Bud Kelleher, his dumbly worshiping sparring partner and handy man, that he wanted little Orrie to take his place at the very top of the Pitvale ladder when the time should come; and that a lot of folks had a way of looking leery at a lad whose father slugged for a living.

Cal rented the big second floor of the Gill Building and spent a plump slice of his earnings in fitting it up to suit Mildred's taste. Mildred even went so far as to make pilgrimages to New York and to Philadelphia, just to visit successful studios of the sort and to bring home mental pictures of their most desirable points.

Cal assented meekly to all her suggestions, gagging only a little at her dictum that he must hire a less battered and hideous assistant than poor Bud Kelleher. So Bud was shunted to the job of rubber and roustabout and instructor of the semiweekly class recruited from the other side of the tracks, and Ira Mack was installed as the professor's regular assistant.

In every way—in looks and manners most of all—Mack was a vast improvement on the rough-necked Bud Kelleher. Like Cal, he was a Pitvale product. He was handsome, pleasant of manner, a high-school graduate and a former soda clerk in the Cody & Spogg drug store. At twenty he had sought to capitalize his Y. M. C. A. gymnasium boxing and his elastic young strength and phenomenal reach. Wherefore he had come to Cal Benton for aid and counsel.

Cal gave him both. He did more. In the intervals of his own training he took the youth under his wing, shaping him up and guiding him across the wide and treacherous No Man's Land which divides the very cleverest amateur from the most mediocre professional. Under Benton's tutelage Ira Mack had burgeoned forth into a genuine comer. Cal had got him a minor fight or two, and had coached him to victory. But, except in novels and movies, the aspiring young athlete does not become a champion, or even an established fighter, without long and weary waiting.

Mack still had much to learn. It occurred to him that he could capitalize this period of waiting by accepting Cal's offer of an assistantship in the new studio. There, under the Grand Old Man's own wise tutelage, he could perfect himself in the fight game, could keep in increasingly good condition, could make useful acquaintances, and could receive fair pay for doing it all.

From the outset Cal Benton's physical-culture studio was a success. The trackside youths paid his stiff fees with eagerness, and got double value for their money. More and more men from the business district took to dropping in at the studio on the way home or at noon for half an hour's congenial labor at meridian reducing and insomnia smashing. Even the people on the Hill made a fad of physical culture, and welcomed this chance to come face to face with a redoubtable prize fighter without loss of prestige. Soon also there were triweekly classes for women.

Mildred expanded joyously over the triumph of the new venture. No longer did Mrs. Cody and others of her ultra-exclusive set refuse to let their daughters dance with Orville, the only son of Professor Calvin Benton.

Cal noted his wife's bliss, and he tried to make it atone to him for the dull routine of his professorial work. Sometimes, as he tried patiently to teach some gilded scion of the Hill not to leave his face and body wide open to the slowest cross counter, his disloyal memory would slip back to the white swirl of arc lights, the grip and slip of rosined soles on a gritty canvas floor, the roar and jumble of thousands of sweating spectators and the pad-pad-pad of wet gloves on hot flesh in his own tiger rush at a shiftily deadly ring opponent. But dutifully he pushed away such glowingly red recollections, and tried to think only of

Mildred's delight in his new occupation and in the social future he was building up for husky little Orville. On the whole, Cal was content. So is a broken-legged old setter as he cuddles to the hearth on a frosty morning and hears the younger dogs sweeping fieldward.

Then, too, between times there was genuine joy in working over Ira Mack, and in building up the promising lad into something of what he himself once had been. Into this task Cal threw himself with all the rapture of a creator, and finely did Mack respond to the coaching; so well, indeed, that within a year the young disciple was ready to go forth into the ring world.

Cal bade him godspeed, and trained him for his first big fight—a fight arranged for him through Benton's influence. He crouched in Ira's corner and guided him to a victory so sensational as to stamp Mack's obscure name on the minds of a thousand fight fans and a dozen sporting editors.

The rest was easy. Mack went from fight to fight, from win to win. With all the glorious impetus of youth and perfect condition he hammered on, and from a distance wily old Cal did the guiding. Presently even this long-distance guiding was no longer needed. Ira Mack had struck his own gait. He was boring through the light-heavyweight division at top speed, and Cal read and reread each and every newspaper account of his protégé's battles. He was glad clear through. No longer in weak moments did he mourn his own retirement. No longer was he haunted by ring pictures wherein he faced and downed the best man who could be pitted against him. Ira Mack had taken up the work where Cal had left it off, and was carrying it on in dandy shape—which comforted Benton to the very soul of him. And it made up for his own sacrifice.

A year or so later the sporting world of Pitvale was rejoiced at word that its drug clerk emeritus had reached the point where he could and did challenge Con Fitzroy, the holder of the East's light-heavyweight title, and forced that reluctant paladin to sign up with him for a fight.

The Pitvale Elks held their annual outdoor carnival during the latter part of the month in which Mack was training for his championship battle, and the entertainment committee hit on a happy idea. They induced Ira to make the forty-mile trip from his training quarters to Pitvale, there to box a friendly three-round exhibition bout for the delectation of his fellow townsmen. As an added stroke of genius, the committee persuaded Cal Benton, the Grand Old Man of nearly thirty-eight, to be Mack's opponent in the amicable contest. The prospect of seeing Pitvale's newest idol and its perpetual idol in the ring together, even for three exhibition rounds, set the sporting element of the town astir with anticipation.

The newspapers painted the picture in such dazzling colors that Mildred herself was brought to understand that this bloodless appearance of her reformed husband in the ring would not mar in any way his lofty social standing, but would add to his studio's renown.

Mack had made Pitvale his occasional headquarters during his many months of ring advancement. The sight of him on the streets was no novelty. He came back to his home town every month or so to see his parents and to call, in resplendent raiment, on The Girl.

His parents and his bumpy-muscled kid brother, Byron, were in the auditorium for the three-round bout at the Elks' carnival. So was The Girl. So was most of Pitvale. Obligingly Cal Benton offered to go into the ring first, and thus give Mack a chance for true championship entrance.

Cal's heart was big with pride and delight as he slipped modestly through the ropes. Everybody was applauding him. But his joy was not bred of these plaudits. Indeed, beyond a perfunctory nod and grin, he scarce heeded them. This crowd was due to see and give homage to his beloved and mighty successor, the athlete he had molded and trained, and to honor Mack's prowess. Cal reveled in the prospect. His pride was all vicarious.

Then, moving with graceful condescension, Ira Mack strode forth from the dressing rooms and made his way toward the ring, and again the applause roared skyward. But with a little frown of perplexed annoyance Cal noted that its volume and spontaneity were decidedly less than in the greeting he himself had received. He could not understand. He was an old has-been, a cheap teacher of physical culture, a third-rater they saw every day, and Mack was the coming light-heavyweight champion of the East. Ira should have had ten times the welcome that the crowd accorded to his back-number opponent.

With no conception at all of his boundless popularity among his townsmen, Cal was honestly bewildered. Nor did the wide smiles of Mildred and Orville, in a ringside box, comfort him for this slur on his friend. He glanced across at Ira's corner in shy apology. Yes, Mack, too, had noticed the difference in his welcome and in Benton's. Anyone could see that. He was scowling, and it was not a professional ring scowl, but the real thing.

Mack was jarred, as no jaw punch had ever jarred him. He was the town celebrity. Cal was confessedly a dead one. Yet there had been a warmth of real affection, as well as a deafening volume, in the salute accorded to the old-timer, which had not marked the younger man's meed of applause. The thing was impossible at first glance. Yet as his handlers coaxed the gloves on his lean hands Mack began to seek the answer, and presently, to his own satisfaction, he found it.

These home-town dubs remembered Cal's long line of conquests, and that he had left the ring unbeaten. Thus to their silly notion he was still the peerless champion of his class. Always he would remain so to them, to the exclusion of younger and better men. Always Mack must content himself with second honors—must let The Girl hear folk praise another local celebrity above him, must let his parents and his kid brother and everybody look on him as the inferior of past-worthy old Benton. Always! Unless—unless

And into Mack's agile brain flashed the instant and complete remedy. In his savage frame of mind he greeted the new thought as a genuine inspiration. The more he rolled it round in his brain the more he knew it for the one thing to do. Old Cal, in his own corner, saw the glower on Ira's tanned face merge into a grim resolution. He gave mental credit to his disciple for sportsmanliness in banishing discontent at his lesser welcome and in making up his mind to do his level best to win the approval of the crowd. He grinned encouragement across to Ira, but failed to catch the hero's eye.

As the men discarded their bath robes and stood forth for the mimic battle Cal nodded approval at the perfect condition of his chum; a condition easily visible through the jersey shirt and long trunks which the carnival committee had imposed; and Benton glanced ruefully down at the almost imperceptible stratum of flesh that was beginning to adorn his own waistline. He was glad, though, that the crowd could see the contrast, and he thanked his stars he was not in his one-time battleship form.

For the first two rounds of the three the men boxed with spectacular briskness, hitting lightly and doing much showy footwork. Cal stuck to the defensive, for he knew that nineteen-twentieths of the spectators were rank novices in such matters, and that to the novice the aggressor in a boxing bout seems always to be having much the better of it. So he let Mack do the attacking, and more than once he let showy blows break through his own guard by way of exploiting Ira's skill. Cal was well satisfied with his pupil's fine exhibition and at the approval it began to evoke. He was happier than he had been since his own retirement.

Midway through the third round Mack feinted for the jaw with his left, changing adroitly the direction of the punch to drive it into the wind. Cal grinned in pleased reminiscence. He knew this maneuver and had taught it to Mack. The change of direction was planned to be swift and skillful, yet not quite enough so to deceive a wary opponent. Such an opponent was scheduled to see the change barely in time to cover the wind. Thereby, if the thing was done quickly enough and if the opponent played true to average mental form, the sharp effort to protect the wind would leave the jaw momentarily exposed to the right hook which was the climax of the stunt.

Having taught the trick to Mack, Cal could have blocked it with both eyes shut. But it was a pretty bit of work. And as both he and Ira were hitting at quarter steam, he was minded to let the hook get past his guard. It was good for a round of shouts, especially if Cal should stagger back dazedly from the noisily mild impact.

With scrambling haste Benton protected his wind, lowering both hands—and Mack's right hook crashed home.

Cal did not follow out his plan of reeling back to the ropes and of steadying himself against them as if by much difficulty. Instead his body stood quite still, while his head snapped back. Then in a most unspectacular way he slumped at the knees and toppled forward on his face.

The crowd went wild. Not one spectator in a hundred had the boxing lore to know that a stricken fighter who falls face forward toward his opponent is tenfold worse damaged by the blow than is he who is merely knocked over on his back. The latter fall may spell nothing more than harmless impetus. The former means unconsciousness.

Yet there was something about the murderous force of the blow and of the wild-beast glint in the striker's eye and in the utterness of Benton's collapse that raked to light

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"In the Fifth Round You'll Get It, Try. This Is Your Last Fight, Son"

Foodstuffs and Financial Thrills

By CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

DOWN on the southern edge of the Middle West Wheat Belt late last fall occurred an unprecedented incident. A heavily loaded truck was purring along the dirt road when three men stepped into the highway and halted the driver

"Where are you going with that wheat?"

"To the elevator—wheat's up six cents today."

"Yes, and you get a dollar a bushel less than it cost to raise it."

"But this is the only market, and the price is down nearly a dollar since July."

"If you and the rest of us will hold our grain it will go up again. Take it back home and wait a while."

After a discussion the truck was turned and went back to the owner's granary. Other trucks and wagons, also bound for the shipping station, were stopped by the picketers, generally with the same result Sometimes the argument was presented "I must have some money for my family," and the driver proceeded.

Turkey Red Wheat, Growing Fifty Bushels to the Acre

In itself the picketing was not important, but it was a symptom of a movement that in the last months of the year caused thousands of country merchants sleepless nights and was discussed in long sessions of bank directorates. Popularly it was known as the "farmers' strike"; actually it was the outgrowth of meditation over the effect of the transportation breakdown earlier in the season. The farmer reasoned that since car shortage had kept high the price of his foodstuffs, the same effect would be accomplished by a general withholding of his products from market. To a degree it was an organized movement; wheat growers' associations, claiming 70,000 members who had pledged themselves to "abide by the regulations adopted by such organization for the purpose of regulating the marketing and price of our wheat after 1919." Resolutions were adopted declaring that all members should refuse to sell any wheat after October 25, 1920, for less than three dollars a bushel at central points, meaning about $2.50 at the primary markets. Through October and November meetings to secure members were held in hundreds of schoolhouses and court rooms.

Supply Overtakes Demand

"SUPPOSE," I asked one of the organizers, "you are able to withhold enough grain from the market so that consumers are compelled to offer three dollars a bushel and you release your members. Naturally each will load up a truck or wagon and start for the nearest shipping point. What will happen?"

"Why—wheat will go down again," was his reply. "Only by distribution of selling can a price be maintained. But this is our only way to get relief from selling below cost."

He fairly stated the problem. The producer was honest in his intent. It is unfair to accuse the farmer of being a a profiteer in his effort to secure what he considered a fair return for his labor. He planted the 1920 crop with high-priced labor; he harvested it at record expense for implements and workers; he was ready to sell it in late summer and early autumn—but there were no cars. Then in late autumn, when the railroads began to catch up with the demand for freight transportation, he saw the market decline thirty per cent, and according to his figuring he was to obtain less for his product than it had cost him. He was aggrieved that he was the first to suffer from deflation, and took the only way he knew to protect himself.

The market for a few days responded slightly to the publicity given the "strike." On October twenty-fifth, the date when it was to begin, cash wheat was worth in Kansas City $2.09 a bushel; on September first it had been $2.46. But by November fifteenth it was down to $1.80. Something else was happening. The export demand had decreased; foreign crops were reported better than the previous year; Canada had some 200,000,000 bushels to spare for import, duty free. Supply and demand were making their effect felt, though the producer insisted that the decline resulted from the grain-exchange transactions.

Another thing: The organized farmers were but a small percentage in number compared with the total producers; and perhaps not all strictly carried out their pledges. At any rate, as the car shortage lessened, wheat shipments continued, in some primary markets increasing—the growers evidently convinced that higher prices were not in sight or compelled by circumstances to sell. Many were firm.

A type was the farmer out in Central Kansas who drove with a truckload of grain to market and when told the price refused to sell. He went over to his bank and asked a loan of $300 to pay his threshing bill, three months overdue and yet unsettled.

"Why don't you sell that wheat out there on the truck and get the money?" demanded the banker.

"Can't get enough; I am going to hold it for three dollars."

"And you want me to finance your speculation? Nothing doing."

The loan was refused and the farmer took his wheat home. On the whole, receipts decreased materially.

Important as has been the farmer's problem, the effects reached much farther than his personal affairs. Over a dozen agricultural states the late fall and early winter are the merchants' harvest day. Normally the foodstuffs raised during the season have been mostly marketed. Bank deposits increase, the preholiday trade becomes brisk. Stores blossom with full shelves and windows, displaying goods purchased six months before. Business feels the impetus of a spending fund scattered over every township. Last spring and summer the country merchant foresaw a repetition of this pleasing experience. Prices of foodstuffs were high; the crop outlook was promising; a real business revival, following the slump of late spring, was in prospect. So he bought heavily, encouraged by the reports of shortages of manufactured goods.

"I could not get the merchants to take time to look at my samples," said a glove salesman, telling of the conditions in the farm country. "One day I found a customer drawing gasoline for a tourist. He was grinding the pump handle and watching the gauge as I approached. 'Don't bother me!' he exclaimed. 'What have you got?' I told him I had four different styles of good sellers. 'Ten dozen of each. Get out; don't bother me. A lot of folks are waiting.' To-day I could not sell him gloves with a gold bond premium thrown in for each pair."

The country merchant had been most generous with his customers. He had extended credit liberally and had bought heavily because he understood that deliveries were uncertain and goods hard to get. Take the instance of an Oklahoma hardware dealer who was carrying a line of tractors. He received late in October twenty-two machines that should have been delivered in August. The season was over and he must carry them until next spring—more than $22,000 in stock which may be worth less than he paid for it by next summer. Cheerful? Hardly. His banker wanted to know why he was loading up with such goods at that late date. In dry goods, clothing, shoes and furniture the same condition existed, and the holiday season came on with shelves prepared for customers.

But the farmers were holding their foodstuffs, and their families had no ready money to spend. The truth is that the overstock exists all down the line, from manufacturer to jobber, from jobber to retailer, from retailer to customer. Buying has been liberal throughout the farm country. Most families can get along without purchasing more wearables for several months. In the last ten weeks of the year every country store was adorned with canvas signs, vivid in red, blue and black, announcing "readjustment," "reduction" and "special" sales—an effort to move stocks and maintain trade activity. Mostly the attempt was only moderately successful. The customer buys when goods are going up and not when they are going down. In the latter instance he waits, hoping for a yet lower price level.

Poverty Brought by Plenty

SO THE country merchant had during the closing months of the year a financial problem of his own. He had accounts on his books, notes given for goods and discounted at his bank. When he urged the debtors to sell something and meet the obligations he received a reply that it was a poor time to sell—products would be higher after a while. The banks wanted the merchant to take up the notes but the customer was not to be angered by legal proceedings, lest his trade be lost. The whole machinery of finance moved sluggishly.

Out of the merchant's reduced prices came, however, some weakening of the producer's claim that he was the only sufferer from deflation. He could undoubtedly buy his winter's supply of commodities cheaper than he had expected; others besides himself were taking a loss through the process of liquidation. Was it not fair, he was asked, that he should be willing to sell at least a part of his foodstuffs and allow the course of trade an uninterrupted flow? This country produced one of the greatest crop yields of its history—3,199,000,000 bushels of corn, 750,000,000 bushels of wheat, 1,444,000,000 bushels of oats, and small grains and fruits in profusion. It was logical to expect that this influx of basic wealth would have its effect in making the process of the after-war financial readjustment comparatively easy. Yet corn has been burned in Nebraska and Iowa because it was cheaper than coal, hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat have been heaped in great piles on the open prairie in Kansas for weeks at a time. An abnormal condition accompanied the bountifulness of Nature.

"A billion dollars in foodstuffs is stored in bins, stacks and granaries in the Tenth Federal Reserve Bank's district," said one of the bank's officers in mid-November. "If every farmer would sell one-tenth of his holdings it would relieve the financial pressure and revive activity."

The country bankers shared with the merchants the effect of the withholding of grain. They had patiently renewed loans while the car shortage existed, and then when they expected relief came the new situation. Bank deposits dwindled—the customers were using more checks than deposit slips. The smaller banks rediscounted with the larger or borrowed on the banks' own credit. The larger institutions went to the Federal Reserve system with such unanimity that the latter finally refused to extend further its loans. It pointed to the hundreds of millions borrowed by the agricultural and livestock sections and declared that safety demanded a halt.

According to its report this is what it had done: Between January second and October first about 800 leading member banks from all sections of the country, which report their condition to the board weekly and which represent approximately seventy per cent of member bank resources, increased their loans for agricultural, industrial and commercial purposes by an amount exceeding $1,800,000,000. This great increase in the credit extended to their customers was in the main made possible by the accommodation extended member banks by the Federal Reserve banks.

Money in Overseas Investments

DURING the same period the twelve Federal Reserve banks increased their holdings of agricultural and commercial paper by more than $500,000,000, and from January 23 to October 1, 1920, increased their issues of Federal Reserve notes by over $460,000,000. At the same time Federal Reserve banks having surplus funds extended accommodation to Federal Reserve banks in agricultural and livestock districts by means of discounts, aggregating on October first over $225,000,000.

State banking boards tried to reduce excess loans reported by country banks, with little avail. About the only thing possible was to help carry on and everybody refrain from rocking the boat. It is to the credit of the country bankers that in the closing months of the year they met the situation with courage and helpfulness, extending their credit to the last dollar and striving to maintain the financial integrity of their customers and the communities they serve.

What became of the withdrawn deposits? Why did they not reappear in the bank through the channels of local trade?

"Left the country," one banker explained it. "The attraction of high interest rates has been one cause. Day after day we make for our customers purchases of bonds and preferred stocks of large business concerns. It is not likely that the man with $2000 deposited in our savings department, and drawing four per cent, is going to leave it there when he can buy high-grade tax-free bonds yielding six to eight per cent. So the deposit account is lessened by $2000 and the money is transferred down East. Another remarkable thing is the fondness for foreign bonds—French, Belgian, Danish, Swiss, all yielding high interest. The investment in these goes overseas in one form or another. . . . Every sort of luxury makes a drain—and when money leaves the farm country and goes to the industrial centers it does not come back until it is paid for our foodstuffs. If we hold our foodstuffs permanently it will never come back, and just in that degree that the shipments are delayed does the effect reach into our home business."

Financial interests are deeply concerned about what the farm country is doing. Almost daily come to the leading bankers of the producing states telegrams and letters from Eastern manufacturers and business men asking what is the trend of trade and the outlook for production. The owner of a Massachusetts shoe factory watches the crop reports from Nebraska and Minnesota and Iowa; the grain exchange of Chicago in a quarter of an hour dropped the price of wheat seven cents a bushel on an unconfirmed report that the Kansas bankers would call their loans to farmers and compel marketing of the 1920 crop. The entire financial structure is sensitive to the doings of the vast army of producers, who are not only furnishing the staff of life but are a vast market for the output of industrial concerns.

The "buyers' revolt," of which so much was heard in the spring of 1920 and which again came into prominence late in autumn, causing cancellations of orders and dire distress to the manufacturers, had its origin in the producing country. It was not merely a revolt against high prices; it was also a revolt against low prices—for foodstuffs, the only thing the agricultural states had to sell. In a contest between consumer and producer the latter has the better of the argument—he can exist longer because he possesses the material commodity on which both must live. This advantage caused the upsetting of finances, and upon it the producer bases his hope for positive results. He may not have taken the best way, but he believes it the only way in which he can obtain justice in the disposition of his year's return.

To accomplish his financial advantage the producer has entered on an era of organization of which the business world as a whole is scarcely aware. Beginning modestly, and sometimes unsuccessfully, by forming coöperative companies for selling grain or livestock, merchandising has been added. Early attempts were crude; the manager was usually some farmer who had shown a little initiative but who was in no sense a merchant or dealer. Failure often followed. To-day the process is more scientific. Coöperative companies hire expert managers; they adopt accepted business methods; with a clientèle loyal and sharing in the profits, if any, and with the stock scattered widely, every advantage is given for successful trading. Hundreds of coöperative stores are prospering in the agricultural states; thousands of grain and livestock companies are busy; coöperative buying and selling is an established fact; coöperative selling of products is the next step anticipated, provided the organizing of the producers can be carried to perfection. The gathering of producers into granges, unions and societies has reached vast proportions. They have their special publications, which set forth the profits possible if they can act as a unit. The dream of complete control of products of field, orchard and ranch is most attractive, but it demands an organization of more compactness and capital than has yet been evolved, to control a nation's products.

The Failure to Pull Together

IT HAS been found that though the producer is willing to join and pay his dues he is likely to resent positive orders from those in official positions, and to act on his own initiative. This it is that has prevented the farmer from securing all the benefits from the market that he felt due him and has kept him from accomplishments in politics. Farming districts usually send lawyers instead of business men to Congress and to the legislature, then wonder why there is not devotion to their especial needs. With the power fully in their hands they fail so to unite their strength that they can have a speaking part in the drama of government.

Naturally you find, even in the farm country, those who see another side to the farmer's wheat profits. Taken as a whole, it is estimated by producers that in the past three years wheat has cost from seeding to marketing $2.75 a bushel. But I was talking to a hard-headed country banker located in the very heart of the wheat country.

"It depends on the farmer," said he. "There is the case of one of my customers—he and his fifteen-year-old boy with tractors put in their wheat and did most of the harvesting. He has six thousand bushels all in his bins. It certainly did not cost him, even counting high day wages, $16,500 to raise it.

"He remarked the other day, 'I haven't made a dollar on my farm for three years.'

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In the Wheat Fields of Saskatchewan

The Lieutenant of the Marble Venus

By SIR PHILIP GIBBS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

DURING the peace conference in Paris it was possible to stay in a good hotel, without financial ruin, only if one happened to be a diplomat, the private secretary of a diplomat, the typist of the private secretary of a diplomat, a newspaper correspondent with unlimited expenses, or a millionaire. Being at the moment none of those things, but only an unattached onlooker of the greatest drama in the world, I took a bed-sitting-room in the Rue de la Pompe at Passy, and was lucky as well as comfortable. It was cheap and quiet, at a time when Paris was expensive to fantastic heights and noisy with the feverish excitement of a people who, after years of frightful sacrifice, went a little mad with the joy of victory and believed—before the time of disillusionment—that from the peace table at Versailles would come compensation for their ruin.

"Germany will be made to pay!" was the confession of faith in Paris, and that false belief in Germany's capacity to pay the entire costs of war—apart from the raising of the innumerable dead—was bolstered up by the government and the press. So Paris gave itself up to dancing and singing in the streets; to a pagan riot of love and ecstasy, except where in quiet rooms women wept a little because the end of war and great victory would not bring back their men.

In one of the rooms where I stayed there was a woman who wept a little, and I guessed it was for the same reason. She was the mother of a small boy aged seven or eight, by the look of him, with whom I had made friends as he played about on the staircase. He was a beautiful boy, rather English in color and features to be the son of a French mother. He had a mop of flaxen hair cut straight round the neck in the bobbed style of grown-up girls, and blue eyes. He seemed to me a lonely youngster, playing so much by himself on the staircase, with toy engines and the little lead soldiers beloved of all French children; but he was not unhappy, and answered brightly and merrily when I spoke to him.

"Fine soldiers!" I said when we first met. "Are they all Frenchmen?"

"Nearly all," he answered in quick, childish French. "Here is Papa Joffre and Foch and Petain and Guynemer the ace. But I have some English too. Six of them. They cost six sous apiece, and I cannot buy more because my *maman* is too poor."

"How about the enemy?"

He called them "*sacrés boches*," and told me that they were not sold in the shops. He had to imagine them, and he killed hundreds of them every day.

"During the war *maman* always asked me how many boches I had killed, and when I said 'One hundred this morning,' she used to say 'That is not enough!' So then I said 'Two hundred,' and she said again 'That is not enough!' Sometimes I would say 'A thousand,' and she would smile and say 'That is better!' She was very pleased when I said 'A hundred thousand.' 'Soon we will win the war,' she said, 'if you go on killing them like that.'"

I believe this child was convinced in his imaginative way that he had helped to win the war by so great a slaughter of the enemy, and I could not help shivering a little at the gruesomeness of his game, which acquired a kind of reality because of his mother's greed for more dead.

Yet she was not a grim-looking woman. Indeed, I thought—and still think—that she had a pretty and seductive face, in spite of being a little too thin and fragile. She was quite young. She could not have been more than a girl when this boy was born before the war; and that she was a lady of good birth and refinement was obvious in every gesture she made and every word she spoke. Madame de Thilloy was her name, so the *concierge* told me, and her boy was Charles.

"Her husband?" I asked, and the fat old woman who acted as *concierge* in a dirty little room on the ground floor of this house in the Rue de la Pompe mumbled something about the cruelty of war and the massacre of youth.

I was not surprised therefore when, on the day of the peace celebrations, I noticed that Madame de Thilloy still wore her black dress and that her eyes were red with weeping at a time when the music of victory was passing down the streets and hundreds of thousands of young women were laughing and singing and throwing flowers at passing soldiers and kissing English and American officers and proclaiming to the high heaven their joy because life was good again after the years of death.

"It's a Pity He Was Born," He Growled. "I've Said So a Thousand Times"

As I came upstairs toward the door of their apartment, which was wide open, the boy Charles was clasping his mother's dress and imploring her to go out with him.

"*Maman, maman!*" cried the boy. "I want to see Papa Joffre and Marshal Foch! I want to see the flags passing, and all the soldiers!"

"The crowds are too big, my son," said the young mother. "Let us stay quietly at home, and I will buy you some bonbons."

"I don't want any bonbons!" shouted the boy. "I want to see the victory march!"

He raged at her with a sudden childish fury.

"I will go out!" he stormed in a desperate way. "You are not good if you do not take me!"

Madame de Thilloy spoke to him sharply and slapped his hands, which were clinging to her.

"Silence! You are behaving like a little boche. I will shut you up alone if you are so ill-mannered."

It seemed to me a harsh thing to say, though the child had lost his temper in a sudden passion of rage and disappointment. But then this French girl, who was so young a mother, bent down and put her arms about the boy and kissed his flaxen hair.

"My little son," she cried in a pitiful way, "do not ask me to go out! I have not the courage! I am a little sad to-day!"

The boy jerked himself away from her embrace and stood breathing hard, with a mutinous look; and it was then that I passed, having heard what had happened as I stood a moment on the landing.

"Forgive me," I said to the girl—even now she was hardly more than that; "will you let me take your boy out to see the victory procession? It's a historic day and he ought not to miss it. As a French boy he has a right to see it."

The girl looked at me in a startled way, not having seen my approach, and then, I am sure, she was going to say something which was almost on her lips before she checked the words. It was something enormously tragic, as I now know, but after that hesitation in which our eyes met she spoke ordinary words of thanks.

"You are very kind. It would be a great disappointment to my boy not to go, and I am too unwell to-day to take him. If it would not be asking too much ——"

"I shall be delighted," I said.

That was indeed the truth, and I had a fine day with Charles de Thilloy, whose rapture and enthusiasm at the sight of the French generals and colors and troops helped me to face the ghosts of great armies of dead youth who marched beside these living men, and the thought of all the ruin that was left in Europe after a victory so hardly won.

The boy seemed to me to embody the spirit of young France. The color that flushed his cheeks, the light of his eyes, the shrill cheers that broke from him when the heroes passed proved the ardor of his young heart, instinctive and inherited, for the glory of France as it was seen in the war—and in God knows how many wars—by the supreme valor of her manhood. I could not deny that glory, having seen it in suffering as well as in valor; yet with this young boy by my side I hoped with a kind of prayer that the youth of his race who had been left alive, and these children of victory, would escape from such another massacre as that which had soaked their fields in blood, and would adopt some philosophy greater than the power of the sword.

I took him to a little restaurant in some side street off the Avenue Victor Hugo, and we managed in spite of the crowd to get a table for two wedged in by the window.

I remember how young French officers and their womenfolk looked at the child as he sat opposite me on a chair made higher by some old bound copies of L'Illustration, and how they smiled at him with a kind of homage in their eyes because of his beauty of childhood. To all of them he symbolized, I think, the promise of the future, like a figure of Cupid, and to them as well as to me was young France personified. At least it was so to those who sat near enough to hear his prattle in French, though others took him for my son, with his fair hair and blue eyes, and said, "*C'est un vrai petit Anglais*"—truly English.

He tucked into a big meal, brandishing his knife and fork like a buccaneer, and taking great quaffs of lemonade and clapping his hands with delight when the waiter, at my order, brought him a *coupe Jacques*. He was old in manner for his years, and when I smoked cigarettes over coffee he sat with his hands clasped under his dimpled chin, chatting gravely and answering my questions with old-fashioned politeness

"Do you remember what the world was like before the war?" was one thing I asked him, to keep the conversation going; and he thought hard before he answered.

"Sometimes I think I do, monsieur, and sometimes I think I don't. It's like when one wakes up surprised with a dream. One doesn't know if the dream has left off. *N'est-ce pas?*"

"Yes, I understand. But don't you remember some other kind of home?"

"My mother says I don't. She says I'm dreaming, or remembering a dream, when I tell her that I once lived in a big house with a clock in the hall as high as a man, and a winding staircase going up as high as the Eiffel Tower, and my father walking up and down a big room as wide as the Place de la Concorde, singing songs in a voice like the organ of the Madeleine."

I laughed at the child, and noticed the smiling faces of other people who were listening

"That sounds very much like a dream!"

"There is something else I remember," said the boy, "but *maman* says it is a dream too."

"What is that?"

"I remember the first day of war, when all the people were going away and all the women were crying. Father went away too, and mother was crying. She came and cried by my bed before I went to sleep in the night. I stroked her hand and said 'Little *maman*, when will my father come back?' and she cried again so that my face was wet when she touched it with her cheek, and she said, 'Your father will never come back, my little son.' And then I cried too."

He spoke these words in a matter-of-fact way, without pathos or self-pity, which is not in the nature of children, but I saw how they touched the hearts of people at the table close to us. There was a painted girl there with a young officer—not a very good girl, I should say, but her eyes filled with tears, and she spoke to the officer and said, "*C'est triste, ça!*"

"My mother is sometimes a little strange," said the boy "She does not like me to speak about my father, who was killed. When I ask her how many Germans he put to death before they shot him, she says 'We will not talk about that,' and if I ask too often she gets very white and angry."

I made him talk about other things, and for a time kept him interested by blowing smoke rings and making a funny face with orange peel. But a little later he spoke about his home life again.

"Perhaps I'll have a new father soon. My *maman* can't always say no to the Lieutenant Méricourt, do you think?"

"I don't know the Lieutenant Méricourt. Who is he?"

Young Charles de Thilloy was surprised by my ignorance.

"But he is very famous, the Lieutenant Méricourt! He has the *croix de guerre* and the *Légion d'honneur*, and was three times cited before the army for valor."

"I ought to have known," I said humbly.

"That was how he lost his arm. The *croix de guerre* is generally given for an arm or a leg or an eye. That seems to me a little silly, but it is the rule, I think."

"I suppose the bravest men are most likely to lose their arms and legs," I suggested

"Foch hasn't, and he is the bravest of them all!" said this patriotic child. Then he returned to the subject of Lieutenant Méricourt, who obviously came next to Foch in his list of heroes. "He wants *maman* and me to go and live with him. He loves *maman* more than anyone in the world, and after that he loves me. And I love him, so that it would be splendid to have him for a father"

"I hope it will happen," I said

"Madame Bertrand says the Lieutenant Méricourt will never marry my mother, and when I told her she was a lying old cow she beat me over the back with a broom."

"It was rather naughty to call her that," I remarked, for the sake of discipline and high morality. "But who is this Madame Bertrand?"

"But surely you know Madame Bertrand! She is our *concierge*. She is as fat as the full moon."

It was true. I remembered the name of the old woman who always slept too soundly to pull the cord of the outside door at night until I had rung the bell to the limit of patience.

We met her when we went home hand in hand. Madame Bertrand was with her husband, and both of them were intoxicated by this day of victory, though neither of them, I am certain, owed any of their elation to alcoholic drink. The old woman's bonnet was askew and her face was as red as the rag of revolution, though beaming with patriotic joy. Monsieur Bertrand, a little wizened man, was holding his wife's hand as though they two were a lover and his lass. I am sure they had been dancing through the streets of Paris, like so many others we had passed. They were out of breath when they came up to the courtyard of the tall house in the Rue de la Pompe of which they were the guardians.

"A glorious procession!" I said by way of greeting.

"The day of victory, monsieur! The spirit of France triumphant!"

So said the old man, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead with a big handkerchief that he drew from the tail of his coat.

"I hope the music of our bands reached as far as Berlin," said the old woman. "Those *sacrés boches* know they are defeated now. I wish every one of them were dead, and all their race, for what they made us suffer."

"I killed a hundred thousand of them!" said the boy whose hand I held.

Madame Bertrand cackled with laughter at this statement of imaginary slaughter, and then suddenly she drew the boy to her bosom—he was lost for a moment in her capaciousness—and spoke over his head in a solemn way:

"May the good Jesus have mercy on the mother of this child, and all poor mothers like her!"

Old Bertrand stared at the boy in a curious, shamefaced way

"It's a pity he was born," he growled. "I've said so a thousand times."

"Name of God, a child is a child, war or no war!" cried Madame Bertrand, releasing young Charles from her clasp and stroking his hair. She turned to me in an explanatory way and added, "We weren't blessed with a little one, monsieur."

"He'd have been killed in the shambles, like all the others," said the old man

"Yes, but a hero of France, *mon vieux!* One of those who won the victory! Ah, what honor!"

"All the same," mumbled the old man, "I didn't want young blood to save my old hairs."

The boy was holding my hand again, and staring with pondering eyes at Madame Bertrand and the old man. Whether he understood more of their talk than I did I know not, but when he tugged at my hand and led the way up the *grand escalier*—a dark and narrow staircase—he made an impatient remark which startled me.

"Those people are like my *maman!* They're sorry I was born!"

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"My Mother is Sometimes a Little Strange," Said the Boy. "She Does Not Like Me to Speak About My Father, Who Was Killed"

THE WRONG TWIN

"He's Been Going to That Low Dive for Weeks and Weeks. Think of the Debasing Associations!"

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY P. R. GRUGER

CHAPTER XI

WINONA hoped that some trace of the day's new elegance would survive into Wilbur's professional life, but in this she suffered disappointment. He refused to wear, save on state occasions, any of the beautiful new garments, and again went forth in the cap and dingy sneakers, the trousers without character and the indeterminate sweater which would persist in looking soiled even after relentless washing.

Not even for golf with Patricia Whipple would he sound a higher note in apparel. Patricia came to the course, accompanied by the dark girl, who said she was mad about golf, and over the eighteen holes each strove for his exclusive attention. They bored him vastly. He became mad about golf himself, because they talked noisily of other subjects and forgot his directions, especially the dark girl, who was mad about a great many things. She proved to be a trial. She was still so hopeless at the sport that at each shot she had to have her hands placed for her in the correct grip. The two others were glad when she was called home, so that Patricia could enjoy the undivided attention of the coach. The coach was glad, but only because his boredom was diminished by half; and Patricia, after two mornings alone with him, decided that she knew all of golf that was desirable.

The coach was too stubbornly businesslike; regarded her, she detected, merely as someone who had a lot to learn about the game. And the going of her little friend had taken a zest from the pursuit of this determinedly golfing and unresponsive male. He was relieved when she abandoned the sport and when he knew she had gone back to school. Sometimes on the course when he watched her wild swings a trick of memory brought her back to him as the bony little girl in his own clothes—she was still bony, though longer—with her chopped-off hair and boyish swagger. Then for a moment he would feel friendly, and smile at her in comradeship, but she always spoiled this when she spoke in her grand new manner of a grown-up lady.

Only Winona grieved when these golf sessions were no more. She wondered if Patricia had not been shocked by some unguarded expression from Wilbur. She had heard that speech becomes regrettably loose in the heat of this sport. He sought to reassure her.

"I never said the least wrong thing," he insisted. "But she did, you bet! Darn and gosh and everything like that, and you ought to have heard her once when she missed an easy putt. She said worse than 'darn!' She blazed out and said ——"

"Don't tell me!" protested shuddering Winona. She wondered if Patricia's people shouldn't be warned. She was now persuaded that golf endangered the morals of the young. It had been bad enough when it seemed merely to encourage the wearing of nondescript clothes. But if it led to language ——

Yet she was fated to discover that the world offered worse than golf, for Wilbur Cowan had not yet completed, in the process of his desultory education, the out-of-doors curriculum offered by even the little world of Newbern. He was to take up an entirely new study, with the wholehearted enthusiasm that had made him an adept at linotypes, gas engines and the sport of kings. Not yet, in Winona's view, had he actually gone down into the depths of social obliquity; but she soon knew he had made the joyous descent.

The dreadful secret was revealed when he appeared for his supper one evening with a black eye. That is, it would have been known technically as a black eye—even Winona knew what to call it. Actually it was an eye of many colors, shading delicately from pale yellow at the edges to richest variegated purple at the center. The eye itself—it was the right—was all but closed by the gorgeously puffed tissue surrounding it, and of no practical use to its owner. The still capable left eye, instead of revealing concern for this ignominy, gleamed a lively pride in its overwhelming completeness. The malign eye was worn proudly as a badge of honor, so proudly that the wearer, after Winona's first outcry of horror, bubbled vaingloriously of how he had achieved the stigma by stepping into one of Spike Brennon's straight lefts. Nothing less than that!

Winona, conceiving that this talk was meant to describe an accident of the most innocent character, demanded further details; wishing to be told what a straight left was; why a person named Spike Brennon kept such things about; and how Wilbur had been so careless as to step into one. She instinctively pictured a straight left to be something like an open door into which the victim had stepped in the dark. Her enlightenment was appalling. When the boy had zestfully pictured with pantomime of the most informing sort she not only knew what a straight left was, but she knew that Wilbur Cowan, in stepping into one—in placing himself where by any chance he could step into one—had flung off the ultimate restraint of decency.

It amounted to nothing less, she gathered, than that her charge had formed a sinister alliance with a degraded prize fighter, a low bully who for hire and amid the foulest surroundings pandered to the basest instincts of his fellow men by disgusting exhibitions of brute force. As if that were not enough, this low creature had fallen lower in the social scale, if that were possible, by tending bar in the unspeakable den of Pegleg McCarron. It was of no use for Wilbur to explain to her that his new hero chose this humble avocation because it afforded him leisure for training between his fights; that he didn't drink or smoke, but kept himself in good condition; that it was a fine chance to learn how to box, because Spike needed sparring partners.

"Oh, it's terrible!" cried Winona. "A debased creature like that!"

"You ought to see him stripped!" rejoined the boy in quick pride.

This closed the interview. Later she refused more than a swift glance of dismay at the photograph of the bully proudly displayed to her by the recipient. With one eye widened in admiration, he thrust it without warning full into her gaze, whereupon she had gaspingly fled, not even noting the inscription of which the boy was especially proud: "To my friend, Mr. Wilbur Cowan, from his friend, Eddie—Spike—Brennon, 133 lbs. ringside." It was a spirited likeness of the hero, though taken some years before, when he was in the prime of a ring career now, alas, tapering to obscurity.

Spike stood with the left shoulder slightly raised, the left foot advanced, the slightly bent left arm with its

clenched fist suggestively extended. His head was slanted to bring his chin down and in. The right shoulder was depressed and the praiseworthy right arm lay in watchful repose across his chest. The tense gaze expressed absolute singleness of purpose—a hostile purpose. These details were lost upon Winona. She had noted only that the creature's costume consisted of the flags of the United States and Ireland tastefully combined to form a simple loin cloth. Had she raised the boy for this?

II

THE deplored intimacy had begun on a morning when Wilbur was early abroad salvaging golf balls from certain obscure nooks of the course where Newbern's minor players were too likely to abandon the search for them on account of tall grass, snakes, poison ivy and other deterrents. Along the course at a brisk trot had come a sweatered figure, with cap pulled low, a man of lined and battered visage, who seemed to trot with a purpose, and yet with a purpose not to be discerned, for none pursued him and he appeared to pursue no one.

He had stopped amiably to chat with the boy. He was sweating profusely, and chewed gum. It may be said that he was not the proud young Spike Brennon of the photograph. He was all of twenty-five, and his later years had told. Where once had been the bridge of his nose was now a sharp indentation. One ear was weirdly enlarged; and his mouth, though he spoke through narrowly opened lips, glittered in the morning sun with the sheen of purest gold. Wilbur Cowan was instantly enmeshed by this new personality.

The runner wished to know what he was looking for. Being told golf balls, he demanded "What for?" It seemed never to have occurred to him that there would be an object in looking for golf balls. He curiously handled and weighed a ball in his brown and hairy hand.

"So that's the little joker, is it? I often seen 'em knockin' up flies with it, but I ain't never been close to one. Say, that pill could hurt you if it come right!"

He was instructed briefly in the capacity of moving balls to inflict pain, and more particularly as to their market value. As the boy talked the sweating man looked him over with shrewd, half-shut eyes.

"Ever had the gloves on, kid?" he demanded at last.

It appeared in a moment that he meant boxing gloves, not gloves in which to play golf.

"No, sir," said Wilbur.

"You look good. Come down to the store at three o'clock. Mebbe you can give me a work-out."

Quite astonishingly it appeared then that when he said the store he was meaning the low saloon of Pegleg McCarron; that he did road work every morning and wanted quick young lads to give him a work-out with the gloves in the afternoon, because even dubs was better than shadow boxing or just punching the bag all the time. If they couldn't box-fight they could wrastle.

So Wilbur had gone to the store that afternoon, and for many succeeding afternoons, to learn the fascinating new game in a shed that served Pegleg McCarron as storeroom. The new hero had here certain paraphernalia of his delightful calling—a punching bag, small dumb-bells, a skipping rope, boxing gloves. Here the neophyte had been taught the niceties of feint and guard and lead, of the right cross, the uppercut, the straight left, to duck, to side-step, to shift lightly on his feet, to stop protruding his jaw in cordial invitation, to keep his stomach covered. He proved attentive and willing and quick. He was soon chewing gum as Spike Brennon chewed it, and had his hair clipped in Brennon manner. He lived his days and his nights in dreams of delivering or evading blows. Often while dressing of a morning he would stop to punish an invisible opponent, doing an elaborate dance the while. It was better than linotypes or motor busses.

In the early days of this new study he had been fearful of hurting Spike Brennon. He felt that his blows were too powerful, especially that from the right fist when it should curve over Spike's left shoulder to stop on his jaw. But he learned that when his glove reached the right place Spike's jaw had for some time not been there. Spike scorned his efforts.

"Stop it, kid! You might as well send me a pitcher post card that it's comin'. You got to hit from where you are—you can't stop to draw back. Use your left more. G'wan now, mix it! Mix it!"

They would mix it until the boy was panting. Then while he sat on a beer keg until he should be in breath again the unwinded Spike would skip the rope—a girl's skipping rope—or shadow box about the room with intricate dance steps, raining quick blows upon a ghostly boxer who was invariably beaten; or with smaller gloves he would cause the inflated bag to play lively tunes upon the ceiling of its support. After an hour of this, when both were sweating, they would go to a sheltered spot beyond the shed to play cold water upon each other's soaped forms.

There had been six weeks of this before the boy's dreadful secret was revealed to Winona; six weeks before he appeared to startle her with one eye radiating the rich hues of a ripened eggplant. It had been simple enough. He had seen his chance to step in and punish Spike, and he had stepped—and Spike's straight left had been there.

"You handed yourself that one, kid," Spike had said, applying raw beef to it after their rubdown.

Wilbur had removed the beef after leaving the store. He didn't want the thing to go down too soon. It was an honorable mark, wasn't it? Nothing to make the fuss about that Winona had made. Of course you had to go to Pegleg McCarron's to do the boxing, but Spike had warned him never to drink if he expected to get anywhere in this particular trade; not even to smoke. That he had entirely abandoned the use of tobacco at Spike's command should—he considered—have commended his hero to Winona's favorable notice. He wore the eye proudly in the public gaze; regretted its passing as it began to pale into merely rainbow tints.

But Winona took steps. She was not going to see him die, perish morally, without an effort to save him. She decided that Sharon Whipple would be the one to consult. Sharon liked the boy—had taken an interest in him. Perhaps words in time from him might avert the calamity, especially after her father had refused to be concerned.

"Prize fighting!" said the judge scornfully. "What'll he be doing next? Never settles down to anything. Jack-of-all-trades and good at none."

It was no use hoping for help from a man who thought fighting was foolish for the boy merely because he would not earnestly apply himself to it.

She went to Sharon Whipple, and Sharon listened even more sympathetically than she had hoped he would. He seemed genuinely shocked that such things had been secretly going on in the life of his young friend. He clicked

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He Had Achieved the Stigma by Stepping Into One of Spike Brennon's Straight Lefts. Nothing Less Than That!

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

IV

RODNEY SANDS called Sophie on the telephone the next evening to say he had got the job. "I'm so glad," Sophie said. "And may I come and see you soon?" he asked. "I shall be glad to have you," Sophie said primly. But he did not come. Sophie had a week in which to adjust her ideas of him. He was such an utter child, and yet she liked him She couldn't help liking him. He was so different from any other human being she had ever known. He was from so different a world. She told Gertrude all about him during their walk up the Palisades. Gertrude said he was a fool, and probably a liar.

"I'm sure he was telling the truth," Sophie said. "He didn't look as if he were lying"

"That simply means he believes his own lies," Gertrude observed.

"I liked him," Sophie said.

"So I see," Gertrude answered.

But Sophie would not quarrel again with Gertrude if she could help it. She did not answer the remark. Indeed, she avoided mentioning Rodney Sands to Gertrude. Only she watched the Evening Transcript for Rodney Sands' work. There was nothing the first three days, and then she saw some sketches of the circus at Madison Square Garden. Sophie thought they were terribly clever. She hoped he would call up so that she could tell him how much she liked his drawing

One evening she found him sitting on her front steps when she got home from Millman's. He looked infinitely dejected. His smile was pathetic.

"Well," he said, "I'm fired again."

"What for?"

He drew a crumpled bit of newsprint from his pocket and smoothed it out.

"For that."

Sophie saw some drawings of a gymkhana at Piping Rock.

"Why," she said, "I think they're good!" She laid her finger on a drawing of a woman on horseback, a drawing that employed blacks and whites in the boldest manner. "Look at that!" she cried. "That's ——"

She hesitated, searching for an adjective

"That's what did it," said Rodney Sands. "You will see that the woman is not pretty. She's ugly—in a really interesting way. I wanted to do her the moment I saw her."

"I don't understand," said Sophie. "Don't they know how good it is?"

"Oh, they liked it well enough—as a drawing. But she happened to be the aunt of the man who owns the Transcript, and she didn't like it as a portrait of herself—not a bit."

"Didn't you know who she was?"

"Of course I knew who she was But I didn't think she'd mind, and she was such a lovely shape I didn't care. I thought I'd take a chance. The make-up man slammed it in in a hurry—you know how they are on afternoon papers—and there we were. They killed it in the next edition. But she saw it, and—off with my head."

"You poor boy!" she said. Sophie felt awfully sorry for him. Sophie could have wept for him. She wished suddenly that she could feed him. He looked as if he needed food.

"Have you had your dinner?" she asked.

"No," said Rodney Sands; "hadn't thought of it."

"Let's go to dinner together," said Sophie, "and be jolly and forget all about this—couldn't you?"

"Could I?" said Rodney Sands.

They went to Pettipas'.

"I'm hungry," Rodney said as they sat down. "I forgot to eat lunch to-day."

"Forgot!" Sophie cried

He knit his brows.

"Don't believe I had any breakfast either," he added. "In fact, I don't believe I've eaten since lunch yesterday."

She Slipped Quietly Through the Gorse and Sat Down Beside Him Without Speaking

"Don't you know?" Sophie asked.

Rodney Sands looked at her blankly for a moment, and then suddenly they both laughed.

"I suppose it does seem funny," he said.

They went afterward to the Park Theater to hear Pinafore, which was then being revived. Sophie enjoyed it whole-heartedly. It was one of those things she had dreamed of seeing, back in Belleville; but she had never quite dared to dream of seeing them with a man like Rodney Sands. Such things didn't happen. As they made their way through the crowd in the lobby of the theater Rodney Sands took her arm. He was humming under his breath:

"Farewell, my own, light of my life, farewell."

Sophie glanced up at him and smiled. Sophie felt that life was good. He insisted on taking an open victoria that he saw standing beside the park. "I'm just sentimental enough to love this," he said as he sat down beside her and leaned back against the cushions. "To roll gently down Fifth Avenue of a spring night when one hasn't a care or responsibility in the world—I suppose it's quite commonplace—but I love it"

Sophie didn't think it was commonplace. Sophie thought it was perfect, even if one had cares and responsibilities. But she did not want to say as much. Rodney Sands fell silent. Sophie stole a look at him. She could not see his expression clearly. Sophie leaned back and tried to enjoy the moment. Coming out of the theater she had felt that they were old friends. She was sure he had liked her. But now she wondered pensively if he did. He must have met many women, hundreds of women—women who were beautiful, women who were clever and charming. How could she—little Sophie Adams, of Belleville—expect to interest him, to fathom his moods? Perhaps he was bored.

Sophie felt that she must say something. The victoria turned into Thirteenth Street. Sophie saw his face in the light of the street lamp. He looked utterly remote.

"I hoped," she said timidly—"I hoped you'd forget all about being fired, for one evening."

"Oh, that!" he said.

Sophie felt breathless. She felt as if her heart were beating faster than it should. So he was bored!

The victoria crossed Sixth Avenue under a roaring elevated train.

"It's something much worse," he said.

Sophie felt her heart pounding—for no reason at all.

"You see, Sophie"—it was the first time he had called her Sophie—"I can probably get another job. And even if I couldn't, I could get along somehow. I always have. Only now—I've fallen in love with you."

Sophie bent her head. Sophie had never been kissed, or wanted to be—before. She waited for his kiss—so that she might kiss him. She was too shy to say, in so many words, "I love you too." But Rodney Sands did not kiss her. He sat beside her without moving or speaking.

The victoria drew up in front of Sophie's flat. Rodney Sands handed her out and paid the cabman largely. Then he turned back to her and said formally, "I have to thank you for a lovely evening—the loveliest I've ever known."

He held out his hand and Sophie took it. She could not look at him. She released his hand.

"And forgive me," he begged. "I hadn't any business to say it, of course. But don't be angry. I—I ——"

"Angry!" Sophie said. "I ——"

And suddenly she felt she was going to weep violently. She turned in panic and ran up the steps. She tried to call good night and couldn't. She could only wave her hand.

"Good night," said Rodney Sands.

V

SOPHIE cried herself to sleep. It was only when she woke in the morning that she was able to analyze what had happened. It was really very simple. Rodney Sands did love her. But he couldn't ask her to marry him when he couldn't earn a living. If she had only shown by the smallest sign that she loved him he would have asked her; he would have asked her even if he had just lost his job. He would have asked her to wait for him. But she had been so sure that he didn't care. And when he had told her that he had fallen in love with her—she just couldn't for the moment believe it. He had taken it for granted she was

trying to say she didn't love him when she was trying to say she did! He was almost as shy as she was, really, in spite of his insouciant attitude toward life

Now Sophie saw, with sudden insight, that his attitude wasn't in the least insouciant. He seemed like a person with no sense of responsibility. Gertrude would say he couldn't be trusted. But Gertrude couldn't understand a man like Rodney Sands. The secret was that he had an exaggerated notion of what the world expected of a young man of twenty-eight, and no notion at all of his own capacity. Most young men would be proud to have had his success as a cartoonist. But Rodney Sands wasn't proud. Rodney Sands was ashamed. He needed reassurance. He needed to take himself and his work at a higher valuation. He needed someone to guard him and encourage him and reward him. In a word, he needed an appreciative and devoted wife. Alone he might drift into vagabondage. He might actually become a tramp. But how responsive he had been to Sophie's suggestion that he try for a job! The right girl could save him.

Sophie had been sincere in thinking that she never wanted to marry. The examples of marriage she had known had failed to inspire her. Her father and mother hadn't been unhappy. But her father had been one of those exceptional men who seem to fail by their good qualities rather than by their bad. He had been a country lawyer, always on the verge of poverty. Everybody liked him, and nobody trusted him to wring the last dollar from a delinquent debtor. He was a Democrat in a Republican community. And though on three different occasions he had defended men charged with murder and proved them innocent in the face of the most overwhelming circumstantial evidence, only one of these had ever paid him a fee.

Sophie's mother had been one of those patient women who take it for granted that their husbands will attain no great success in life. She had been devoted to Sophie's father, but she had never helped him to find himself. She didn't know how

But it is more than possible that Sophie had acquired very early, or earlier than most girls, the idea that a woman could help a man as his wife, if only, like her father, he were worth helping in the first place. She had looked with rather a scornful eye on the young men of Belleville. None of them met that essential condition None of them was half as much of a person as her father had been—or ever would be

The chance to go to New York, to be head of a department at Millman's, with its immense appeal to her ambition, had come at a time when she had adjusted herself to the idea of living all her life in Belleville, of being an old maid. Sophie had quite definitely pictured herself as growing steadily more competent as a librarian, as becoming each year a little more industrious and a little grimmer, like Miss Mimms, the principal of the Belleville High School. She would fight hard to get larger and larger appropriations for books. In twenty years she would make the Belleville Public Library the kind of public library a self-respecting community ought to have. Such a life would not, she knew, satisfy her girlish dreams. There would be no adventure in it, but at least it would be useful

It was precisely the adventure of going to New York of taking a job for which she had neither the training nor the experience, that captured her. It didn't occur to her that New York might offer the great adventure—the adventure of falling in love. She had gone to Millman's as hundreds of young men go every year from small towns all over the United States to New York frightened of the metropolis, but with that intense will to succeed that carries so many of them on.

Sophie had thrown her whole self into her job. And Gertrude Fuller had stood by her during the critical months when for all her intelligence and all her energy she was in hourly danger of failure simply because she didn't know the ways of a great department store. Gertrude was a thoroughly trained expert, and, what was more, she could tell what she knew. She could answer Sophie's questions surely and completely. To have Gertrude's help was for Sophie like having a reference library covering the details of Millman's business and the personalities of Millman's organization, a library in which the necessary information was available instantly, without even hunting through a card catalogue

Sophie had grown to admire Gertrude intensely. And as they became more intimate Sophie had gradually absorbed Gertrude's philosophy—the philosophy by which the business woman of the period glorifies a life in which neither men nor children enter. It regarded husbands as the only serious obstacles in the careers of women

The hardest thing that Gertrude could say about a former colleague was, "She had ability, but she fell for a man, and of course that was the end of her"

In her lighter moments Gertrude amused herself by constructing epigrams, graceless but crudely forceful, such as "Marriage is the cemetery of hope." To Gertrude the tragedy of modern life was embodied in the spectacle of a woman washing dishes and cooking food and mending clothes for her husband and children. If the woman was happy—why, that gave the tragedy its final bitterness

"Don't you see?" she would ask with her fierce eagerness. "That woman has given up everything life has to offer—and she doesn't even know it!"

Sophie had in the main accepted Gertrude's version of marriage. In the abstract, marriage had meant giving up everything that life had so far offered Sophie. But Rodney Sands ——

His helplessness made an irresistible appeal to her. She ached to give his life meaning and direction, to cherish all that was fine in him. If she could make him happy and see his talent grow splendid with the years! But that was a dream; the business was immediate. She must come down to the plain facts. The first fact was that she had a job, and the second fact was that he hadn't a job

That afternoon Sophie went to see the manager of Millman's. Sophie was no longer afraid of Mr. Blodgett. She knew he valued her work, and she approached him with confidence

'How's everything in the book department, Miss Adams?" he asked

It was his invariable question, and Sophie paused only to give it a formal answer. Mr. Blodgett knew that everything was well with the book department. He had congratulated Sophie on her management of it within the last week.

'I came to ask you a hypothetical question, Mr. Blodgett," she said

"Yes?" said Mr. Blodgett

He leaned back in his chair and put his hands together, the finger tips touching, and smiled at Sophie. Sophie suddenly realized that when Mr. Blodgett heard the question she was about to ask he would not regard it as hypothetical. He would regard it as an announcement. But that couldn't be helped. She had to know the answer

"I want to know," said Sophie, "if Millman's would consider marriage a disqualification for my job?"

Mr. Blodgett smiled broadly. Sophie sat a little tense She hoped Mr. Blodgett wouldn't ask for any of the details

(Continued on Page 80

"I'm Still a Little Sore Because I Wasn't Born to be Another El Greco"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 1, 1921

Poison Ivy Promotions

PART and parcel of the general thrift movement that came into full stride during the Liberty Bond drives is an auxiliary campaign that has for its object the extermination of the financial cooties that fatten on small and gullible investors.

As it is the way of human vanity to boast of gains and conceal losses, it is hard to arrive at exact figures, but it seems likely that the operations of fraudulent stock promoters are costing the country not less than a quarter of a billion dollars a year. At a time when well-established industries and mercantile houses of the highest credit have to pay eight per cent for working capital such losses are doubly galling. They not only deprive honest business of sorely needed funds but they discourage thrift and promote extravagance, for the wiping out of savings put into worthless securities makes frugality and self-denial seem vain and futile. The future urge is to spend and enjoy rather than to pinch and lose.

There is scarcely a state in the Union in which serious thought is not being given to the protection of small investors. The measures commonly adopted are of two sorts—repressive and educational. The former, which finds expression in blue-sky legislation, is aimed directly at fraudulent promoters. The latter seeks to spread such convincing warnings and to instill such sound financial instruction into potential victims as to make them too wary to succumb to the blandishments of high-voltage stock salesmen.

Blue-sky laws are comparable to an attempt to root out, keep out and prohibit financial poison ivy. Educational publicity methods aim to teach the simple to know the noxious plant by sight as far as they can see it, so that no matter how much of it may be about, it will be recognized and shunned. It is most unlikely, however, that any protective systems the human brain can devise can be so effective as to keep every fool and his money in the same suit of clothes.

In the meantime some really constructive work is being done along these lines, and well-considered educational methods are being tried out. The Better Business Commission of the Cleveland Advertising Club appears to have made a significant contribution to the practical technic of dealing with the stock-swindling evil. This organization, though heartily approving the familiar injunction to investors to seek the advice of their bankers or brokers before buying stocks or bonds, pointed out the fact that this counsel is far too narrow in its practical application, for those who most need such warnings have no banker; neither have they a broker; and natural shyness usually prevents them from entering the offices where the stock-wise and bond-wise do business.

Having arrived at this sound conclusion, the Better Business Commission determined to begin protecting the pay envelope at its source, and to that end it appointed as its representatives executives who were employed in the various industrial plants throughout the city. It was the business of these men, with the assistance of the commission's experts, to act as financial advisers to the employees of their respective plants. This service was brought directly to lathe and drill press, and it had the unusual merit of being rendered by men who were personally known to those who sought their counsel. These key men, through the commission, made it their business to analyze and report upon any security offered by stock salesmen to fellow employees.

The commission's advisers built their educational superstructure upon the basic principle: Before you invest, investigate. They stressed the idea that investigation does not mean passive absorption of the tales of slick salesmen who have memorized their patter word for word from the boss' lesson sheets. They require salesmen to answer in writing fifteen or twenty printed questions of the most searching character for the inspection of the commission's analysts. Many a salesman had the surprise of his life when the official question blank was thrust in his face and he was invited to reply in writing, over his own signature, to a long list of embarrassing inquiries. Simple, snappy lessons in security buying, inclosed in pay envelopes, and posters prominently displayed, helped the good work along. A lively and growing interest in sound investment stocks approved by the experts of the commission was only one of the gratifying results of the campaign.

It seems reasonable to believe that the plan that worked so well in Cleveland might succeed in other industrial centers; but no forethought, no education, no protective legislation can utterly eliminate loss of savings. The prudent desire for safety of principal must continually fight its reckless twin who loves to take a chance, who feels the ancient urge to play the long shot.

When Knighthood Was in Flower

THERE are persons who exert themselves in the conflict to get money and, being defeated or being awarded a prize not in keeping with their expectations, ease their hurts by scolding about the rules, and reflect sadly that this is a commercial and heartless age.

Others, blessed with fortune but addicted to dreaming, reach a similar conclusion by casual study of an earlier age glorified by poets and novelists—an age in which there was nothing of the sordid desire for money, but only prancing horses, the swish of silk, side arms, duels and affairs of the heart.

There has not been an age innocent of greed. There was once an age in which the characters who held the center of the stage did not soil their hands or tire their wits to get money. A hard system, devised by themselves, gave them a living at the expense of less fortunate men. They wore fine clothes and lived in fine houses, owned good horses and followed good hounds, and danced and gamed throughout their days.

But then, as now, production required sweat, and many men toiled many hours to earn the wealth that a satin-clad dandy lost in an evening's play. The class that provided the atmosphere of romance was a class of loafers—a class of prodigal consumers utterly worthless in the business of production.

This sordid commercial age is an age of service. The rich man does not loll at ease while serfs follow plows to earn his bread. If he loafs on the job a competitor takes the field and he wakes in the morning to discover that his wealth has been annexed by a more worthy servant. He does not take without giving. He could not if he would. He serves, and the world gives him the reward that is his due.

When one builds a factory and manufactures shoes, striving always to make a better shoe at a lower price in order to win patronage from his competitors, he is animated by the commercial spirit that characterizes the age. He is looking out for the first person singular, but sound business sense convinces him that he best serves himself by serving the public better. In the effort to make good he does good. In an earlier age the same spirit of selfishness would have led him headlong into the merry game of spending, with never a thought for the morrow and never a desire to serve.

The milling thousands on city streets, the artisans in factories, the men in field and forest—all are bending their energies to get more money in order that they may buy more comforts and more pleasures for themselves and for their families. This is the commercial spirit. Is it sordid?

The romantic age produced glittering ornaments, but it took toll of the race by keeping its workers on a level with the ox to pay for the glitter. The commercial age may show a sad lack of technic in the art of staging a frolic, but it shows a wholesome appreciation of the fact that a dollar belongs to the man who can earn it. If the desire to do more and better work than the other fellow can do in order to earn more money than he is earning constitutes sordid commercialism, the world can survive a long siege of it. Indeed humanity might with profit teach this sordid thing in the schools and endeavor to make it universal.

Getting and Giving

THERE are more fixed charges and moral liens on the average long-established fortune than there are barnacles on the bottom of an ancient hulk. No right-thinking young man who comes into a large patrimony cares to cut off his father's old pensioners or to discontinue his regular subscriptions to the score of charities that for a generation or more his family has helped to support. He will recognize these claims as the just obligations of wealth, and he will try to honor them as a voluntary tax upon his prosperity, or as a thank offering for his abundance.

One of the far-reaching effects of the World War is that thousands of rich men have become poor and tens of thousands of poor men have become rich. While these shifts of fortune were taking place, other war-born forces were let loose which afflicted virtually all Europe with more misery of every conceivable sort than it has had to bear at any time since the Dark Ages; and even in those eras of oppression, famine and pestilence no such vast populations were affected as are to-day plunged in woe and wretchedness.

At the same time, organized charity, the established machinery for relieving public distress, has had to face vastly increased expenses; for the high cost of charity is part and parcel of the high cost of living. More service, at increased cost, means greatly multiplied outlay; but the most vital demand for funds comes at a time when the habitual supporters of organized charity are least able to respond to it. Thousands of old fortunes have dwindled. Basic conditions have sapped the principal, and the butcher, the baker and the taxgatherer have taken the interest. It is a logical consequence that the trustees of nearly every charitable institution in the land are at their wits' end to know how to keep going.

Speaking by and large, the old rich are, for the time being, down and out and the new rich have not stepped into the breach.

American charities, therefore, are at a critical pass. The habitually benevolent men and women who have been their mainstay have become impoverished. Many of them are not only unable to increase their subscriptions proportionably to rising costs but find it impossible to contribute more than a third or a fourth of what they gave in former years. The owners of young fortunes will some day learn the divine lesson that it is more blessed to give than to receive; but what may not happen to humanity in the meantime!

The holiday season is a fitting time to think of such matters; and the first days of a new year may, in the long run, be just as profitably employed in planning for more liberal and self-denying giving as for more intensive and effective getting.

ALVARO OBREGÓN: AS CABINET MINISTER—By Dr. E. J. Dillon

ALVARO OBREGÓN in the character of a statesman may aptly be described as the incarnation of a moral force directed by a discerning but imperfectly informed intelligence to a politico-social purpose which is higher far than any merely national aim; for he is wont to visualize his country as an organ of humanity intrusted with certain functions which it has hitherto failed to perform, and one of his foremost aims is to link its destinies with those of the progressive section of the human race. During his own remarkable evolution his personality so grew and expanded in rhythm with the march of national and even world events that to-day, in his own country, he is considerably before his time, and among his own people he is in some respects a superman.

The president of the Mexican Republic never yearned nor prepared for a political any more than for a military career. Indeed he always regarded and still regards professional politics and diplomacy with unalloyed disgust. He once said to me:

"Ever since events forced me to inquire into the political causes of our lamentable situation and to compare our recent past with that of such foreign states as I know anything about, I have felt strongly that the first step which Mexico must take in order to recover lost ground and get into line with cultural nations is to substitute morality for politics and diplomacy. Politics, together with its inseparable adjuncts, inordinate ambitions, turgid rhetoric, delusive promises and insidious intrigues, has wrought havoc among many peoples, and nowhere more thoroughly than among our own. It is our interest and our duty, therefore, to emancipate ourselves from its yoke, now that fortune has given us the opportunity."

Obregón received a proposal to enter parliament and devote himself to politics soon after he had taken up arms against the fomenters of civil war; but he rejected it.

"It is not by laws which are not enforced nor by talk which stands for no constructive ideas," he said, "that the evils which crush our people can be remedied. Some laws foment crime in lieu of suppressing it. We must put the ax to the roots, and these lie in the region of the ethical."

His first initiation into practical politics took place when his former military chief, Victoriano Huerta, kicked over the traces and arrested President Madero. Obregón was then, as we saw, a fairly well-to-do farmer who had theretofore had no inclination to forsake his avocation for a life of adventure, political or military. But he felt intensely that he must lend a hand at all costs in putting an end to the long sequence of disorders which rendered life in the republic a burden.

"I felt irresistibly impelled to go," he told me, "and I paid no heed to the possible consequences of my resolve either to myself or to my kindred."

To admit that during his military career, which thus opened as a moral call, he sometimes wandered beyond the bounds of ethics is not to disparage the inspiration or response it evoked, but merely to record the fact that in the heat of the struggle he, like most war leaders, subordinated to the exigencies of the campaign many considerations which claim and deserve profound respect. But unlike most generals in Mexico and abroad, he frankly confesses that war, unless imposed by self-defense, is essentially immoral. Only by quibbles and fallacies, therefore, can the excesses committed during that long-drawn-out struggle be glozed over or extenuated. They stand on record, must be included in the general account and entered on the debit side of their authors.

Obregón's next confrontation with political issues took place in the year 1914, and it disillusioned him painfully. At that time the schism in the militant revolutionary party which subsequently well-nigh ruined the republic was beginning to take shape in the mind of Villa. This general had already made several attempts to win over Obregón, get him to play for his own hand and leave Carranza to his own resources But he failed utterly. Obregón was not to be seduced from allegiance to the cause which he set above personal interests, and he firmly believed that Carranza was to the full as devoted and unselfish as himself. Accordingly he sought to reconcile Villa with Carranza and to effect the consolidation of the party by every legitimate means available. One of these necessarily took the shape of a concession to Villa, who hated and distrusted Carranza and was ready to make any sacrifice, even that of his country, to oust him from power.

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Blood Will Tell

MY SON

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

V

IN THE evening when Peter went out to meet some engagement he always came in for a little bedtime talk if I had not retired to my room. Or he would sit in that comfortable silence your elder children have after they have outgrown the wing feathers of your nearer love and care. So on the night when he had gone to pay that mysterious call I made a sort of maternal illumination of my waiting wakefulness by turning on all the lights in the parlor. But when he came in at eleven o'clock he paused at the open door only long enough to say, "Still up, mother?" and went directly to his room.

It is only when a wife or a maid desires to be deceived by a lover that any man can deceive a woman at all. They are singularly apparent to the searching feminine eye If one of them knows he is doing what his legal womankind believes is right and proper he is the most candid of all creatures, but lacking that approval he becomes the most evasive and secret. It is the one universal form of masculine cowardice, which goes under the profession every man makes to himself of not wishing to disturb you about what is not your business but his own private personal business. This is why anxious elderly mothers are frequently obliged for conscience' sake to watch and meddle with the inalienable rights of their bachelor sons.

And as I have said many times before, you cannot be too particular if your son is also a preacher.

Peter had passed the youthful period of celibacy when a young man instinctively guards his liberty and rarely marries without being overhauled by the strength of his emotions, and he had reached the stage when a bachelor sometimes faces about and makes up his mind deliberately to take a wife. I thought something like that was going on. And I feared even more that some lady-doll saint in Peter's church might be arranging for an innocent flirtation with her pastor. I hoped the Lord would lead me in the matter, and I made up my mind to be led on the slightest provocation.

It is the little things out of which jokes on the funny page of a Sunday newspaper are made that are frequently the most serious things in the actual experience of living. A cartoonist might have found excellent material for such caricaturing in our home during the next few days. Peter was not himself; he was his other self, reserved but secretly animated. I was not myself either. I felt like an old gray-haired key that could not turn in the lock of the younger, dearer life of my son. Peter said I was not looking well and suggested that I should go to a quiet place in the country for a good long rest. I told him that I preferred to stay right there and look after him.

"It will be time enough, Peter," I added, "for me to get that rest when you marry some good Christian woman who can take care of you."

This description of his future wife seemed to widen the breach between us. His relations to me took on the elegance of filial diplomacy.

"Married! Did You Say She Is Married?" I Exclaimed. "No; I Said She Was Married"

I always answer the phone to save him from that class of people who use it as a highwayman does his gun, to hold up a busy man or a tired one and rob him of his time or his rest. But now when the phone rang I could never get to it before he was already there. If he was in the midst of preparation for his Sabbath service he could hear it if the thing barely clicked, and he would be out of his study like a shot. Sometime during the evening he invariably received the call he expected, if he was not out calling in person.

One day Mrs. Buckhart came in from Drumhead. She talked for an hour, but I knew that she had not said the thing she came to tell. She had the morally inflated look a maliciously good woman has when her mind is full of something which is not good.

"Did you see the announcement in the paper this morning about Isobel Sangster?" she asked casually as she was going.

I had not seen it, I told her; but suddenly I realized that this was something I had been expecting for a week.

"She had an interview about her work in France. I can't think how she dared to do it," she went on

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, she was in France only a short time, when she first went over. She has been in London for a year. She was married there."

"Married! Did you say she is married?" I exclaimed.

"No; I said she was married, to Captain Gleate, a British army officer. That is what I mean. She is back here representing herself still as Isobel Sangster."

"Where is her husband?" I asked, trying not to show what was going on in my mind.

"He has left her. That is why she came home. She cannot find anything of her husband but his lawyer. And this lawyer has cut off her allowance, according to instructions he received from the invisible Captain Gleate, on account of Isobel's doubtful conduct."

She took out her handkerchief and patted her powdered face, which was perspiring.

"Mrs. Sangster told me," she went on, "in strictest confidence. She is very much upset, poor thing, and had to tell somebody. I did not intend to mention it, but I was in to see the Sangsters last night. Isobel is not conducting herself as a married woman should."

There was a little silence such as women use when they mean more than it is prudent to say. The one thought I held was that Peter had been out the evening before, and it was not prayer-meeting night.

Mrs. Buckhart had risen to take her leave before I could gather my wits.

"Do you know what is going to happen?" she demanded.

I implied that I did not, without saying so.

"Well, for the next ten years these marriages for the duration of the war are going to split the morals of this country. These pro tem brides will be popping up, and these modern Enoch Arden husbands will be drifting in from the ends of the earth to press their haggard faces against the windows of innocent people's domesticity."

She went down the steps to the street, waving her hand at my parlor window, which was very suggestive.

That night when the phone rang I was sitting before it with the receiver to my ear when Peter came down the hall from his study

"That must be for me, mother: I will answer," he said.

"No; this call is for me, my son, and I am answering. It will take only a minute," I said in an aside to him.

"Yes," I went on over the phone, "this is Main two-six-seven. Yes, he is here." I heard Peter make a quick step forward. "This is Mrs. Thompson speaking. Can I take the message? . . . No, not unless you give your name. . . . Yes, I remember you when you were Miss Sangster. I only heard of your marriage this morning, Mrs. Gleate. I am sure my son does not know of it at all. I will tell him who is calling. Hold the line please. . . . No? Very well then. Good night."

I hung up the receiver and looked at Peter.

"I had to do it, my son. You will forgive me presently," I said.

Then I told him what I had heard

"And you see she does not deny it!" I added

He was pale, no doubt with anger. A man can be as mad with the woman who saves him from making a fool of himself as he is with the other one, who is ready to betray him

I had the guilty feeling of having done my duty as I watched Peter, who had not said a word, walk back up the hall to his study and close the door

This affair was never mentioned between us again. But I often wondered who was responsible for the announcement of the Sangster girl's marriage, which appeared in the afternoon paper the next day, but not among the social news items. It was as scathingly brief as a warning, and headed that column in the advertising page which contains "Notices to the Public."

(Continued on Page 26

"New Year new cheer
Good tidings far and near
'Good soup good health'
So rings the message clear"

"It rings true!"

A simple and matter-of-fact message—this Campbell's New Year greeting—but it is plain truth and founded on the clear gospel of health.

"Eat good soup every day in the year." The bells cannot ring a message of more practical value to you.

Your entire well-being, both bodily and mental, depends on health. And health depends mainly on good digestion.

You not only find more enjoyment and zest in a meal that begins with Campbell's Tomato Soup but the entire meal is more easily digested and more beneficial.

Made from one of nature's most tempting and wholesome products this delicious soup should bring added delight to your home table all through the year.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

I do not say that the women sent to France during the war for a great service, which most of them rendered with admirable courage and fortitude, should not have married over there. The amazing thing is that so small a number of them did marry when you consider how easy it must have been under the circumstances to choose a husband. But I do think the last one of them who came home should have been required to stand a civil-service examination as to her matrimonial qualifications before being allowed to enter the country. And if the military authorities had brought back a roster of the men who married abroad this would have prevented much confusion. In that case many young soldiers who took a brief course in French matrimony would not have married so glibly when they came home.

The hard times William and I had in the itinerancy were real. They were intelligible and personal to us. We could lay our fingers on it and say "This is poverty." Or William was sent to a poor appointment when he deserved a better one. The worst thing that ever happened to us was when he held a revival and preached and prayed in vain, because backsliders would not be reclaimed and sinners would not confess and believe. He passed through a period of depression at such times, but he invariably came out of it strengthened in his faith. If things looked bad for us he would remind me of that Scripture which says the kingdom of heaven is within you. He derived great comfort from this idea of carrying his native country round with him, removed and safe from the trials and vicissitudes of our mortal existence.

Sitting here in this fine city parsonage with nothing much in reach of me to do in the Lord's name, but with all the world about me unsettled and disturbed by bitterness, violence and strange doctrines, I can see us as we were then and as the world was then, comparatively safe and peaceful, two tired travelers on the road somewhere between William's churches, dingy and dusty and with very little scrip in our pockets, but having still the kingdom of heaven within us.

The tears will come when I think of them now, those plain sweet days. I remember little stretches of the road where the shadows lay cool as blessings in the hot summer days. I can recall the sheep pastured behind Redwine church, and the lambs that strayed at will among the tumbled gravestones of the churchyard. I can see the faces of so many men and women whom we knew then, and the way we thought of them, either as the obedient children of God or the disobedient ones, but always every one of them, his children. And all the time I am really looking down upon this city street, filled with the stir and bustle of traffic and with the hurrying feet of men who seem so far removed from being obedient or even disobedient to God.

I have said my prayers and tried to do my duty, but I shall never be again as good a woman as I was then, keeping up with William when he ascended his mountains, comforting him when he passed through some valley of defeat, always sure of that kingdom of heaven within him, not worrying because I had no such deep personal sense of it myself.

Toward the end of his ministry, when his memory failed along with his strength, he used to forget himself and preach twice in succession from this text to the same congregation. Even if he promised me to preach some other sermon and actually did start off the next Sunday with a different text he would invariably return to his kingdom of heaven geography and devote the remainder of his discourse to telling off the blessings of this fair country. It was not until his memory failed and he could not find his thoughts on this subject that his faith failed and he took up with Job in the Scriptures.

During all these years there were no world problems in our lives, only those connected with life in the world to come. I formed the habit of sharing William's anxiety about the saving of souls. If the morals of a community were not good he preached repentance and faith. The futility of changing men's lives by any other means never occurred to him. The mind we had was far beyond fortune or misfortune. Sometimes we had a panic or a presidential election, but we were so safely and scripturally poor that financial oscillations of securities and bonds in the markets did not affect us or the people whom we served. My national sense of things was very vague, and the only international sense I had was strictly missionary and had to do with the heathen for whom we prayed and took up collections without ceasing. If you think in the lateral terms of this present world, such an existence was narrow; but if you are accustomed to think in the terms of faith, it was high. There was all the length and breadth of the spaces between the stars in our thoughts.

I seemed now to have passed entirely out of that existence. I heard so much bad news and saw so much that was not good that I could not keep my thoughts fixed on things above. Sometimes I used to go about attending to my household duties and saying over to myself, "For the kingdom of heaven is within you!" But it was not there. I had lost that sublime effulgence of faith. I began to tremble in my earthly shoes. For the first time in my life I was mightily concerned for just the carnal safety of mankind. No matter how earnestly you may desire to fix your thoughts upon higher things, it distracts your attention to see all the familiar landmarks of your merely human existence flying round like feathers in a tempest.

Now All at Once as I Sat There Before My Desk I Felt That Same Singing Power of Words

I continued to read my Bible and the Christian Advocate, both of which seemed to give foreign news of a world that had passed out of sight; but I also read the secular papers, those daily serials of our civilization. And they read like so many chapters of a doubtful dime novel. Nothing good seemed to be going on in the world. We had spent more money for war expenses than there was in the world. One kind of ruin or another stared us in the face every morning in the headlines of these papers. The cost of living continued to rise. And labor was still running round like a chicken with its head off, increasing capital by every kind of thriftless extravagance, and fighting capital at the same time with a sort of senseless malignancy. That inner law which binds men to God and a good conscience was laid aside, and the whole nation waited for Congress to pass other laws, which would protect us against ourselves and our neighbors and especially the profiteers. But the two great political parties at Washington seemed to have forgotten the nation. They engaged in a free-for-all fight, apparently on the peace treaty, but really it was a political wrestling match in the interest of their own affairs.

I have sometimes wondered that the worst shrinkage in the securities of this nation has not occurred in the character, honor or judgment of her statesmen. William always said that a man who cared more about the doctrines that distinguished his denomination from another than he did about the salvation of souls was a sort of mean Christian, if he was a Christian at all. And it does seem to me that our leading statesmen care more for the fortunes of the political parties they represent than they do for the safety of this country.

I suffered spiritually for the first time in my life from the miasma of political news. I was very uneasy about my country; no less because now at last it seemed highly probable that women would obtain the ballot. I am not a parading suffragist, but I have always been one for conscience' sake. There is no possible doubt that women can clean up this country and make it safer for men as well as women and children to live in. But the question is whether they will do it, or add confusion worse confounded to that which we already have. They are born politicians. They practiced politics long before men practiced anything but brute force to obtain their rights. They have been obliged always to resort to persuasion and policies to get what they wanted even in the small one-woman relation to one man. Now that they have won the opportunity to exercise these well-developed gifts in national affairs nobody knows what will happen. My own suspicion is that the great majority of them will not exercise it at all, but they will still devote themselves to getting elected to and by the one man, for the same old office of love and sacrifice which they have always held. But the thing that troubles me is this: So far, men, rightly or wrongly, have borne the chief reputation for guilt in the world. They have done the cheating and swindling in the public eye while the petty pilferings of vain women, who are mere ornaments, have been concealed good-naturedly by their mankind. The men have shared their sex's reputation for not being moral with a grin of secret satisfaction even when they were quite moral. They have conducted the business and elections of this nation with successful unscrupulousness or any other way they pleased. And it is hard to embarrass them about their deeds done in the body. They take a marauding satisfaction in these bodies

But now the woman citizen will be subject to all the rigors of adverse publicity. What women really are in secret will be known in the open for the first time since their gender and gentleness made them sacred to just men. They will not be sacred. Maybe they are not entirely so, anyway, but it is sometimes more dangerous to destroy an illusion than a civilization. What would happen to us if we suddenly discovered that men really are not brave? It would be a terrific loss. What will happen if women are dismantled and picked to pieces in the shambles of political life? Even if they do not deserve it this will happen. Besides, somebody must be meek and long-suffering. With all their follies and vanities and limitations it has been the women who have always practiced this negative but essential virtue. I may be mistaken, but it seemed to me that the very rumor of suffrage has upset the dependable patience of my sex. A few years ago the women belonging to the missionary societies in our church owned and administered some millions of dollars' worth of property and funds. At a certain General Conference they allowed the bishops to take it away from them without a murmur. Quite recently these same women have stewed and stirred things until they have obtained, in spite of these bishops, a kind of suffrage in church affairs under the name of "laity rights." I mention this instance not to condemn it but to indicate that the bonds which formerly held women no longer bind them anywhere.

It is not the growth of the divorce evil in this country that is so significant now as the kind of women who are

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Constancy—the Greatest Quality of a Great Car

There is one thought in the minds of people the world over which is responsible for the intense admiration they accord the Cadillac.

They may express that admiration in a thousand different ways, every day, but the basic and underlying thought is ever and always the same.

That thought was uppermost in the minds of the military and motor experts of the old world, who marvelled at the achievements of the Cadillac on the battle fronts of France.

It was the deciding factor in the choice of the Cadillac as the official car of the United States army.

Consciously, or otherwise, it is the motivating influence in the purchase of every Cadillac that is sold in any and every part of the world.

People are influenced, to be sure, by the beauty of the Cadillac, by its recognized social standing, by the beautiful steadiness of its flow of power, by its exquisite riding ease, by what they know of its wonderful workmanship.

But when all is said and done, these are lesser appeals—subordinate to the deep, underlying reason which is at the back of the mind of every man and woman who considers the Cadillac the greatest car in the world.

Men and women, the world over, are irresistibly attracted to the Cadillac, first, last, and most of all, because of its everlasting and unvarying dependability.

That is the determining Cadillac thought—the thought, which is likewise a certainty and a conviction, that there is nothing they can ever ask of the Cadillac which it will not render them.

The delight and the deep satisfaction of this one car is that every tour, every test, every day-in-day-out demand, merely demonstrates anew its changeless readiness and reliability.

The more closely you study your own thoughts about the Cadillac, and analyze its wonderful hold on public approval, the more clearly you will see that when people call the Cadillac the greatest car in the world, they actually mean that it is the most trustworthy, the most constant, and the most dependable car in the world.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

CADILLAC

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demanding divorces. As a rule your divorcee has been married only a few years or she is of the sporting class who marries for alimony only; but it is not unusual now to read the account of some old gray-haired wife who sails into the courts and demands a divorce from the husband with whom she has lived for thirty or forty years. And she will ask for it on the same grounds she has endured with meekness all those years. I do not say she ought not have it. What I claim is that something awful is going on when women of that age can rise up and swear themselves out of wedlock.

The activities of the church were never so well advertised as they are to-day; but the spiritual experiences of Christian men are not. If there could be or ever is now such a thing as an old-fashioned love feast where somebody besides dingy, forlorn preachers at an Annual Conference praise the Lord for his blessings, there would be no sign of it the next morning on the streets or in the world's places of business. If a very rich and prominent man should rise up in an experience meeting and tell what the Lord had done for him, and maybe let go enough to move about shaking hands with the brethren, I reckon this ought to be regarded as sensational news, because it so rarely happens. Your rich man may be generous, but you almost never see him prance in the spirit. I doubt if a man can with his pockets full of money. Still, if it did happen the papers that mention everything else he does would suppress this. I do not know why, unless the witness of public opinion, which is far more drastic than the witness of the Spirit, might test his professions to the point of bankruptcy according to that Scripture which says: "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor." I reckon that verse in the Bible has kept many an old rich man from going too far under the stress of spiritual emotions. But what happens in the world reports itself like a ticker in the church. The trend of the times comes in with the congregation and sits bolt upright during prayers, looking round when it should be on its knees.

Peter had barely collected for the Centenary Fund the hundred thousand dollars which had been assessed on his church when Mr. Cathcart, who contributed most liberally to it, became involved in a scandal. This was a well-staged blackmail performance shockingly personal to Mr. Cathcart, not to go into the details. He was innocent. The papers insisted that he was, but they published every scrap of this news about Cathcart. Everybody said he was innocent, but very few believed that he was entirely so. I suppose this was because it is very difficult for a man to be entirely innocent of anything.

Straight on, now, what happened in the world began to happen in that church. Peter and the press and the prominent members had scarcely got Cathcart out of his difficulties more dead than alive and his pastel-colored clothes changed to the pepper-and-salt tones more becoming to a man of his age when Mrs. Hunk became insanely jealous of Mr. Hunk, and we all heard about it. This was one of those cases of matrimonial blackmail which occurs frequently without attracting so much public attention. Many a husband lives and dies in an atmosphere of distrust created by his wife, whom no one else suspects of this meanness. And there are so many women whose married lives are long penal sentences served beneath the groundless suspicions of their husbands!

Mr. Hunk and his wife are members of Peter's church. He is meekly prominent there, she is excessively so. He is one of those dull men who succeed in business by sticking to it, admirable, decent and distressingly homely. His large nose sits a trifle sidewise on his face, as if it perpetually dodged the thought you aimed at it. He has a double chin but not much of a real chin. His large blue eyes are bloodshot, always suffused with a sort of physical tearfulness.

Mrs. Hunk is a dark, elderly woman with a wrinkled skin and a snap in her black eyes. She suggests still the spiteful prettiness of her youth. But now she dresses like a virtue, which is never a becoming way for any woman to dress, but always accusative. She wears her skirts longer and wider than the fashion is, her waist tighter and buttoned up. She walks with a swish, and pops her heels on the floor as if authority was vested in these heels. It was not that she always preceded Mr. Hunk down the aisle of the church on Sunday morning, it was the subdued way he followed her that was significant.

One hot afternoon when everything was going from bad to worse in this turgid city Mr. Hunk called on Peter. They went into the study together. From where I sat in the parlor I saw Mr. Hunk go back and close the door of the study, which meant, of course, that he had something very private to say.

They were in there a long time. I could hear the rumble of Hunk's voice, but nothing at all in reply from Peter. Silences fell, then the same voice would begin again in broken sentences like that of a man overtaken in prayer by the stress of his emotions.

I endeavored to fix my attention on the trimming I was crocheting for a pair of pillow cases, but it is very difficult to do that at my age when something is going on in the next room and you do not know what is going on.

Finally they came out in the hall. I heard Mr. Hunk blow his nose, though it was summer weather, when people rarely have occasion to blow their noses. He said something in the raucous voice of a man whose very words ache with grief, and Peter answered soothingly, as he took leave of him, that he did not think it was serious and that it would soon pass away. This sounded like a boil, but I knew it could not be a boil.

Then Peter came in and sat down. He had the mystified look a young doctor must sometimes wear when he is called to attend a patient whose complaint is one in which he did not graduate as a medical student.

"Mother," he said presently, "I wish you would call on Mrs. Hunk."

I regarded him inquiringly.

"It is a case I cannot handle," he went on.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Hunk?" I asked.

"She is insanely jealous of her husband," he answered with a slow grin, probably at the expense of Hunk's ludicrous unattractiveness.

"He was in here a while ago to see me about this. Mrs. Hunk has become a crisis. He is all broken up, humiliated. Never given her the slightest cause. They have been married nearly thirty years, and this is a new development, though he admits that she has always been inclined to—well, keep an eye on him," he concluded dryly.

I told Peter that I was willing to do my Christian duty, but that the Spirit had never led me to the folly of trying to restore the confidence of another woman in her own husband. I said that jealousy was a disease, a form of hysteria, and in Mrs. Hunk's case I thought it was probably a virulent form of malicious hysteria.

"But something must be done. He says he can't stand the inferno of her suspicions," Peter insisted.

"Well, that is the remedy," I answered. "If he is innocent she knows it. So soon as she discovers that he will not endure her persecution she will stop it. Tell him to show his teeth at Mrs. Hunk!" I advised.

Peter laughed.

"All women are instinctively afraid of men," I explained. "If Mr. Hunk went home this evening, roared in his strictly masculine voice, found fault with the dinner, kicked a chair across the room, and growled a look at his wife, she would be a changed woman. She would forget her jealousy in this real emergency of soothing a savage beast."

Peter laughed again. He said he had no idea I could think up such a fiercely unchristian doctrine. I told him there was much in human relations that did not come under the head of Christian doctrines.

"The trouble is poor old Hunk is not a savage beast," he said.

"And he is a good man," I added, "else he would have found out long ago how to manage Mrs. Hunk. That is frequently the reason why bad men keep their domestic relations in order. They create a diversion by being so disagreeable at home that they achieve meekness instead of suspicion in their wives."

Peter said that as Mr. Hunk's pastor he doubted the wisdom of giving this kind of advice.

I went on crocheting and thinking after he had gone back to his study. This affair of the Hunks, I decided, was another case of the general insolvency of faith that had existed and that no longer existed between these two people. Not to believe had become the habit of men and women.

On the previous evening Peter had four young men in to dine with us. They were members of his church and prominent in business and professional circles. After dinner the conversation did what it frequently does in my house. It drifted out in a discussion of conditions in the world at large, and left me sitting in my silence, merely listening.

I was greatly entertained for a time, as an elder person is with the more or less declamatory opinions of young people. Then I had a queer experience. Seth Wilkes, who is a banker, was talking when I suddenly discovered that no one in the parlor except Peter believed a single word Wilkes was saying. I was indignant. I felt sorry for this earnest young man. Presently Mr. Hickson, who is a lawyer, had the floor, and I was astonished to realize that no one believed what he said, or even in his sincerity, except my son Peter, who sat with his legs crossed, his excellent countenance lifted and lighted with the animation of perfect faith in everybody's sincerity. This is why I say Peter is a good man. He can so cheerfully and easily believe in anybody and everybody. He was far from suspecting the fact that on this evening it was his own radiant confidence which inspired his guests to talk so freely; but I laid down my work and witnessed a strange thing, as if I had been behind the scenes of these men's inner minds, and I knew before the evening was over that not one of them had any confidence in the sincerity of the others. They were trained to doubt. They could not have believed just the simple word of a man unless it was indorsed, with enough collateral put up to make and keep it good.

Now you may restore confidence in the markets of the world that way, with just capital, but you cannot restore the confidence of man in man with anything but the renewal of faith in the honor and integrity of men. Religion is not the only faith by which we live. All human relations must be based upon belief. This is the ruin that we face, more disastrous than war or famine. It is a pestilence that attacks the very soul of mankind. Wisdom is becoming cynicism. And all the news of the world is bad. Nobody ever marries and lives happily ever after in the morning paper, but they are divorced. I wondered what would happen, if we read a press dispatch some morning that a lady had just died after living forty years with a cantankerous and unworthy husband, that she had performed her love and duties faithfully and patiently, had brought up a large family of excellent sons and daughters, who were doing well and honorably in the world. Well, it would not be regarded as news. The universal suspicion would be that a little old Christian obituary had crept across the wires by mistake. But if a woman had murdered her husband and flung her innocent babes in a manhole of a sewer it would be news, telegraphed to every paper in the country.

I mentioned this to Peter that evening at dinner. I wanted to know why there was so much bad news and no news of goodness. He said a queer thing:

"Goodness, mother, is sacred, and it is not talked about much. Our virtues are private; but the evil that we do concerns the safety of society and is handled by the public."

Peter sometimes mentions the subconscious mind in his sermons when he is digging his congregation. I thought when he offered this explanation he had stated one of the subconscious truths of human experience. And I had not more than thought it before he offered the conscious truth and the real reason for the popular currency of sensational news, which it seems our virtues never produce.

"Besides," he went on, "the people demand it. And they will have it."

I retorted that giving the people what they wanted was not giving them what they ought to have. I was tempted to add that this was the trouble with the ministry, as well as with the gossips and the newspapers. Preachers were softening the gospel so that it would not waken a man dead in his trespasses and sins. But I try never to hurt Peter's feelings or to discourage him, so I did not say it.

In return for this alms which I gave my son in secret I reckon the Lord blessed me with an idea, for I had one, like a shot, from somewhere.

I asked Peter why goodness could not be featured—"like, well, the posters we had to advertise the Centenary campaign," I concluded.

He turned the point of this question, as he frequently did when I had him cornered, by offering me a compliment. He said I was one fine large feature of goodness myself and all I had to do was to go on living.

I retired early that night, but not to bed. I had a bee in my bonnet. Why shouldn't someone start a propaganda campaign advertising that which was good in men and women? I sat in my room and thought about it. Then I put on my spectacles and turned on the light above my desk, took out some paper and sharpened a pencil.

I was never able to feel the assurance of having a message for the world. The few people I have known afflicted this way labored under an absurdly egotistical illusion. Rather, I felt now like an old woman who is about to write a letter from a far country to my whole dear human family, just a letter giving them the news of goodness, and nothing else. The extent of my literary labors so far had been the book which I wrote years ago about William. This was not, strictly speaking, an act of letters, it was the way I had of putting a crown on William's head that could never be removed by the elders and bishops. This book was not published on account of its literary merit, but because it recorded the life and the merits of a singularly good man. It appeared anonymously, and the authorship was at once claimed by so many different women that if I had not been William's only wife I might have doubted my own identity as the real author, especially since I could never write the same way afterward. But now all at once as I sat there before my desk I felt that same singing power of words, and I began to set down the thoughts that came to me. I do not claim that it was well or smartly done, but the matter was excellent—paragraph pictures of the good people I had known, with no more connection than there was between the divorce notices in the morning paper.

I wrote a sketch of John and Sarah Hightower. John Hightower was the meanest man I ever knew. He was ill-tempered in his home. He was so stingy that Mrs. Hightower was reduced to picking up the faulty apples in their orchard and selling them to get the money for her missionary dues. The only variation she ever had in the hard monotony of her life was when he was drunk and behaved worse than usual. She could have had a divorce for the asking, any time, but she never complained. She stood by him and their children. She had a curious happiness in these children. She was their secret providence. After a while, when his sons and daughters had grown up and married, old Hightower's temper seemed to wear out. He loosened up a bit. And Mrs. Hightower had a few things

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Benefits of Standardization

By Floyd W. Parsons

DECORATIONS BY J. EASLEY

OUR investigations of wasteful methods during the war pointed out strikingly the great desirability of standardizing hundreds of kinds of practices and materials. As a result of the close attention that was necessarily given to the problem considerable progress was made in many industries toward the simplification of designs of manufactured products and the establishment of uniform methods. Since the war ended we have relaxed our efforts to standardize industrial products and practices; however, some of the seed that was planted during the time of the nation's great need took root, and already there is promise of important results which will be of wide benefit.

Not only the United States but the whole world is awake to the losses resulting from the employment of so many different working methods for accomplishing identical results. One efficient plan universally followed is always far superior to a multitude of practices to attain the same end, for, in the latter case, many of the methods used must necessarily foster waste. Out of a dozen ways of doing a thing it is certain that one plan is best; or at least that one scheme can be devised that will include the chief merits of all the others.

When things are not standardized the result is confusion. For example, take the simple case of the many perplexing situations arising from the use of fiscal years which differ both from the calendar year and from one another. Not only many corporations but some of our states have adopted fiscal years that end in March, June or September. Statisticians who try to compile production figures for various commodities are frequently bewildered by such a mixing of dates. About twenty of our states report the production of coal for the calendar year, while the remaining states that produce this commodity base their totals for annual output on a year which includes so many months of the current year and a certain number of months of the previous year. Such a situation needs no argument to prove its folly.

The Imperial Statistical Conference of Great Britain took a wise step forward when it reached a practical agreement for making the calendar year the commercial statistical year throughout the British Empire. In years past some of the British colonies had a fiscal year ending March thirty-first, others a fiscal year ending June thirtieth, while in the cases of a few colonies the fiscal year has been coincident with the calendar year. After the Britishers have straightened out this jumble and made their fiscal year identical with the calendar year, it will be up to the United States Government to fall in line with a movement that is perfectly sane, and change Uncle Sam's fiscal year, which now ends June thirtieth, to correspond with the calendar year. Several years ago the Interstate Commerce Commission changed its compilation of the railway statistics of the United States from the Government's fiscal year to the calendar year, and enormously increased their value. Unless the governments of the world get together on a common basis we need not anticipate that private companies will all see the wisdom of keeping their accounts and publishing their reports on the basis of the calendar year.

It is not my intention to deal at length with the problem of standardization, for volumes could be written on the possibilities of a universal development of the subject. However, it is likely that brief reference to one or two concrete examples will stimulate interest in the question, and perhaps suggest other fields for the practical development of the idea.

First, let us take the multitude of containers of different shapes and sizes now used in the marketing of fruits and vegetables. Experts tell us that much of the confusion resulting from the use of these containers would be eliminated through the establishment of a universal unit of measurement. The United States Department of Agriculture has recognized the deficiencies of the situation and recommended the adoption of the Winchester bushel, of 2150.42 cubic inches, as the standard unit of bushel measurement. With this container there is no difficulty in determining whether the measure is short, as it is required to be level full.

It is a unit of sufficient size to permit the buyer readily to distinguish the multiples that are practicable for use in the sale and shipment of fruits and vegetables. Furthermore, the establishment of this unit of measurement for containers of fruits or vegetables sold by volume would constitute an important step toward formulating a consistent policy of standardization which could be applied to practically all types of packages. The Government's specialists also believe that all weight-per-bushel laws relating to fruits and vegetables should be repealed, for the reason that there is no definite relation between dry measure and weight. For example, a basket that contains fifty pounds of small apples may not hold more than forty-five pounds of large ones. Containers are used interchangeably, and a box constructed to hold fifty pounds of apples often becomes a twenty-five-pound box when filled with snap beans.

Let me next jump from the agricultural field to the electrical industry. Here we have ever so many opportunities to simplify methods, but a single example will drive the thought home. At the present time practically all the electrical fixtures hanging from the ceiling or attached to the walls are fastened as solidly in their positions as are the radiators, doors and bathtubs in the house. No idea could be more absurd than that of soldering the joints and making a mess of the wires under the canopies of these fixtures.

Why should we not standardize the fixture-hanging outlets? Then we could hang a fixture as we now hang a picture. Why not build houses with standardized quick-attachable ceiling and bracket outlets, so that the housewife will be able to change her electrical fixtures as often as she changes her tastes or her furniture? At the present time, when a tenant moves into a house he must be satisfied with the fixtures that are already there, no matter whether or not they harmonize with his furniture designs.

When a single satisfactory fixture-hanging outlet is placed in all houses it will be possible for the housewife when she moves to take her favorite fixtures with her to the new house, along with the family beds and bureaus.

This would take the lighting dealer's wares out of the class of fixtures and make of them what might be termed lighting furniture.

If a standard outlet receptacle is a good thing in the baseboards of a house, to make portable lamps easy to connect, why is it not a good thing to have standard push-plug receptacles in the side walls and ceilings, so that lighting furniture can be put into place as easily and quickly as a picture is hung, and changed at will to harmonize with the rest of the furniture and decorations in the rooms? There is no more reason why a landlord should select his tenants' electrical fixtures than there is for his selecting a divan for the living room or a table for the library. Standardization saves, simplifies and satisfies.

The Progress of Invention

THERE never was a time when civilization moved with such speed and the developments were so important as during the past few years. War is always a curse and a waster, but at the same time it is a stimulator of thought and invention. The economic, political and industrial character of the world practically has been remade during the past thirty-six months. Mighty monarchies have given way to strange new experiments in government; intoxicants have been outlawed by the earth's greatest democracy; the enfranchisement of women has become a fact; and a movement is under way to banish war forever. Simultaneously with these epochal changes have come equally important advances in science. Even the records of the United States Patent Office verify the belief that human ingenuity has lately been stimulated, for in the past fiscal year there were eighty-one thousand nine hundred forty-eight applications for patent rights on inventions filed in this country, as compared with sixty-two thousand seven hundred fifty-five during the previous year.

In the olden times, before the peoples of the earth were united into one large family by the wireless and the telegraph, the news of great discoveries traveled slowly from country to country; and as a consequence years would often pass before widely separated nations would benefit from new scientific ideas. This is no longer true, for the man in Tokio will read to-morrow the details of an invention made public in Chicago or St. Louis to-day. Thus the whole world quickly profits and civilization is swept forward at ever-increasing speed by the added impetus of each new discovery.

Most inventions, of course, are the outcome of necessity. Not long ago the world faced a sugar shortage, and dozens of scientists turned their attention to developing

some practical substitute for the sweet stuff. One of the investigators started to experiment with sawdust, and found that an important sugar can be prepared from this material by hydrolysis with acid. This sugar, prepared from wood, is quite different from the sugar of the breakfast table. It is dextrose or glucose and is identical with the sugar obtained by the acid treatment of starch. Like the glucose already manufactured, the wood sugar may eventually come to have a wide use commercially. Since it has a distinct nutritive value, it might be employed as an important component of various sirups. The experiments showed that different species of trees produce different kinds of sugar. Scientifically speaking, however, it is incorrect to speak of any kind of glucose as sugar, for the term sugar should be used only to refer to sucrose, or cane sugar.

During the war the difficulties of ocean transportation created a serious scarcity in wool in many parts of the world, and this was nowhere felt more keenly than in Great Britain.

Investigations were undertaken to develop a remedy for the trouble, and it was not long until a good artificial wool was produced. The next step presented even greater difficulties, but these were largely overcome when experiments showed a way of spinning artificial wool into fabric with as much success as had been attained in spinning the real wool.

Then came the crisis in the matter of a sufficient supply of paper, and here again science started experiments which have already proved that bamboo and various tree-like plants and shrubby grasses of the same genus can be made into satisfactory grades of paper.

An important discovery that will affect the glass markets of the world was that of large deposits of granulite in Devonshire, England, in the district made famous by Blackmore's Lorna Doone. This material contains not only silica but potash, soda and alumina, all of which are necessary in glassmaking. This granulite was known to exist in practically unlimited quantities, but it required scientific research to reveal that the substance could be used on a large scale to make what will probably be the cheapest glass in the world. Even the waste heaps resulting from the operations of a small company that quarried the material for use in enameling porcelain can be turned to account, for the black stone which was formerly considered suitable only for road metal can now be used for making a fine grade of beer bottles. The granulite will now be used not only in the manufacture of dressed-glass articles and window glass, but it will also be employed in the manufacture of enameled metal ware and electrical nonconducting articles.

Here in the United States we are rapidly adapting many of the war inventions to industrial uses. Engineers of the United States Army helped to perfect a French invention that was used by the Allies to detect, through the earth, the sapping and underground mining operations of the enemy.

Since the war ended other American engineers, especially those of the Federal Bureau of Mines, commenced experiments with this little device called a geophone and have applied it to rescue work in our mines. The instrument, though small, is essentially a seismograph, since it works on the same principle as the ponderous apparatus by which earthquake tremors are recorded. If the instrument is placed on the ground and anyone is pounding or digging in the vicinity, energy is transmitted in wave motion through the earth, and the ground waves shake the geophone case. The wave vibrations are transmitted to the eardrum of the observer and, like other rapid air waves, produce sound effects.

As a general rule two instruments are used, each being attached to an ear. It has been found that the sound is apparently louder from the instrument nearer the source of the sound, even though the geophones are placed not more than two feet apart.

It is possible, by moving the instruments about, to locate a point where the sound will be of the same apparent intensity in both ears. The direction of the point of origin of the sound is then on a perpendicular to the line connecting the centers of the two instruments, either in front of or behind the observer. Further observations will show which side. When men entombed in coal or metal mines are pounding in the hope that they may be located by means of the geophones, they should strike heavy, slow blows upon the coal or rock. In regard to the distances that sounds can be detected through the earth, one investigator states that sledge pounding can be heard in a worked-out area of a coal mine at least fifteen hundred feet, through the solid coal two thousand feet, and through solid rock about one-half mile.

Blows from a pick, tamping bar or heavy rock can be detected two-thirds as far. Nothing invented in recent years will likely be of as great value for rescue work in mines as the geophone. These devices should also prove of value in mine surveying for checking the positions of headings, raises, and so on. The instrument is so delicate that through its use the words used in an ordinary conversation can be understood fairly well through fifty feet of solid coal.

Government engineers used the geophones successfully in locating leaks in the water mains of a big city in Pennsylvania. The water circulating in the ordinary city main can be heard with the geophones when they are placed on the surface ten to twelve feet above the pipe. One leak was located in a few minutes, although the water department of the city had been trying to find it for two weeks. The leak could be heard from the surface from any point within a circle sixty feet in diameter. In another instance the geophones were also used successfully to locate a leak in a one-inch pipe serving a residence.

It is likely that the chemists of the world learned more about gases and their properties during the few years of war than was found out during all of the century that preceded it. Many of the more important discoveries were made after hostilities ceased, and it is fortunate for humanity that not all of the knowledge acquired was put to deadly use. Should there ever be another great conflict of nations, and gas warfare be permitted, the results from this style of fighting would be so terrible that the world would be horrified by the consequences. It is far more pleasant to record the use of gas masks in fighting forest fires and in attempts to rescue lives and property from burning buildings than to tell of their effectiveness as weapons of war.

Now our engineers are working with harmless gases to save lives rather than with poisonous vapors to injure and kill. One interesting development is the use of an odorous gas or vapor to warn miners of impending danger. Most signaling devices appeal to the eye or the ear. In this new scheme the nose receives the warning. If the men working underground appear to be in danger, one-half to one pint of a strong-smelling liquid, preferably one with a vile odor, is injected into the main compressed-air line at the surface. The air current quickly vaporizes the stench liquid and carries it to all parts of the mine where compressed air is used.

This constitutes a positive warning to the miners that they must come to the surface. The United States Bureau of Mines recommends ethyl mercaptan as a suitable substance to use in providing stench warnings. It has a skunklike odor that will not go unnoticed. The cost of the substance is only two dollars twenty-five cents a pound, and but one and three-quarter pints of ethyl mercaptan are required for each hundred thousand feet of free air entering the mine a minute. In case the substance mentioned cannot be obtained, a good substitute is amyl acetate, or artificial banana oil.

Stench warnings are not considered suitable for use in coal mines, as the stench must be introduced into the ventilating current, which travels at a much slower velocity than the compressed air used in operating drills in metal mines.

Practical tests show that stench warnings bring quick action in metal mines. Experiments have proved that an entire mine can be saturated with an odor in from five to ten minutes.

Since this is an age of electricity, it is only natural that electrical inventions should predominate. Now it is possible to guide a ship into port during a fog and thereby save two or three thousand dollars a day, which is the loss incurred by a big liner when it must anchor outside the harbor and wait for a fog to clear away. In the scheme recently perfected a magnetized cable is laid from the sheltered waters within the harbor to a point outside. There is created about the cable an electromagnetic field, and into this the incoming vessel must sail. The person piloting the ship fits on a headpiece and listens to the clicking of a code word which grows louder or fainter as the vessel moves toward or away from the magnetized cable.

It is estimated that the cost of equipping a ship with the necessary receiving coils and other essential apparatus would only be about twelve hundred dollars. The owners of a vessel could save this cost in a day.

Newly developed devices will now calculate the electrical energy furnished by the beating of the human heart, while equally wonderful machines are able to reproduce a picture of the human voice and its vibrations on what is known as an oscillograph. Then there is the recently invented epidiascope, which magnifies inflections of the human voice and renders it likely that not only the emotions of people will soon be determined with ease but many of our hidden motives will be likewise revealed. When the epidiascope gets going good, liars and hypocrites will be dragged forth to public gaze. Only the deaf and dumb will be able to keep secrets.

Another invention that promises well enables the blind to read by ear. This device is based on a sound alphabet, similar to the Morse code, only the dash is eliminated and the dot is used in various combinations. The story or talk is recorded on a phonograph record, and the blind person, after becoming familiar with the code, is able to read by ear rather than by the fingers as with embossed alphabets. This latter system is difficult to master, while a sound code can be learned in a few weeks. The text of a two-hundred-page book can be transferred to a phonograph record six inches in diameter.

The same book reproduced in embossed code would require one thousand pages. If ordinary words were used instead of the sound alphabet, it would take four hundred phonograph records to reproduce what can be recorded on one six-inch record. The entire works of Dickens and Shakspere reproduced on records by this sound-code method could be placed in a cylindrical box six inches high and six inches in diameter. The cost of the Bible embossed for the blind amounts to a large sum, for the text requires several volumes. Reproduced on a record by the method described, the total cost would be less than fifty cents.

Mechanical ingenuity has even come to the aid of the lonely lighthouse keepers who spend the greater part of their days isolated from all that is supposed to make life worth while. In certain parts of the world existence in a lighthouse is neither healthful nor agreeable. As a result we now have a system of unattended lights. Acetylene dissolved in acetone at ten atmospheres pressure is used, and there are ten cylinders, each containing one hundred seventeen cubic feet, all coupled together. They are only changed once a year. The light is turned on and off by a sun valve which is so delicate that the light has been seen to come into operation during a rainstorm. A pilot flame is always burning. The first cost of the automatic lighthouse compares favorably with that of a manned light, and the running cost is only about one-twentieth. The unattended lights have a visibility of thirteen miles, and the few already put into operation have given absolutely no trouble.

The foregoing are but a few of the many comparatively recent scientific developments that are being adapted to the service of mankind. The list might be extended indefinitely. However, the purpose of the story is only to indicate the trend of invention and create in the minds of readers an imaginative picture of the marvels civilization will surely reveal in the wonderful era of machine supremacy we are now entering.

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ALVARO OBREGÓN: AS CABINET MINISTER

(Continued from Page 23)

In order to keep Villa faithful, or at least helpful to the cause, Obregón agreed to join him in making a proposal to the First Chief, of which the gist was that Carranza was to be provisional president; that the elections were to be held as soon as all the requisite preliminary measures had been adopted, and that neither governors of states nor any provisional dignitary should be eligible for the presidency of the republic.

That compromise would, in Obregón's judgment, have sufficed to keep the revolutionary phalanx from being rent in two, and might have spared the country from years of bloodshed. Hence it seemed worth adopting, even at a sacrifice. But it had one fatal flaw in the eyes of the man to whom it was addressed: It disqualified Carranza from soliciting or accepting the office of constitutional president and, as it happened, his ambition began just at the point where it should have ended -he was a fair provisional chief but one of the worst constitutional presidents.

His reply to the proposal was so characteristic that it definitely fixed Obregón's idea of the man and of his specific worth. Having approved the clause which recognized himself as provisional president, Carranza laid it down that the other provisions, "being of transcendental importance, ought not be referred to the judgment of three or four persons, but should be discussed and approved by an assembly in which the country is duly represented." It thus became obvious that the substance of Carranza's plan for saving his native land was that he himself should play the exclusive part of savior. He was to be considered a being apart, much as the bees look upon their queen, for his conception of equality was applicable only to others. But this painful discovery made no alteration in Obregón's attitude. Although his estimate of his chief was no longer doubtful, he was the last man to be deterred from prosecuting a life aim by mere personal cross currents. What he was working for was the abolition of anarchy and the establishment of peace and prosperity in Mexico, and this could be achieved only by the preservation of concord and the practice of perseverance.

If he were to withdraw his support from Carranza a schism would necessarily result which would entail the collapse of the revolutionary movement. Hence he stood firmly by a chief who mistook his own ascendancy for the welfare of his country, because that chief was for the moment the center and rallying point for all the forces that were marshaled against civil war and anarchy. It was for like reasons that later on the convention of Aguascalientes decided that Carranza should be asked to retire from the chiefship in favor of Gen. Eulalio Gutierrez, on condition that Villa also resigned his command. Now Obregón, who was a member of that convention, had pledged himself to the resolution, and when Carranza evinced displeasure and unwillingness to submit, Obregón said to him: "Don Venustiano, I must and will support Gutierrez as president if Villa carries out his part of the compact; and the maintenance of a united front is my only motive."

A Human Object Lesson

But as it turned out, Villa preferred to remain in his element of turmoil, and the civil war followed its course.

In that way it came about that for a considerable while Carranza was the man who served Obregón as an object lesson in Mexican politics. Powerfully built, with a venerable countenance to which a patriarchal beard and huge spectacles imparted a touch of the Oriental mystic, he was always a respectable, never a popular figure; for he lacked not only the personal magnetism which draws and captivates the multitude, but also the straightforwardness, trust and affability of address which form the cement of ordinary social relations. In his later years he was eminently ungenial.

He possessed flatterers, favorites and self-seeking helpers, but no disinterested friends. He trusted none and acted as though he suspected all. Advice, whencesoever it might come, appeared to him to be the beginning of a plot or the symptom of an incipient rebellion, and was resented accordingly. He never permitted his own plans to be criticized nor the suggestions of others to be advocated. In order to get a hearing for a project one had to piece it together from views which he himself had expressed or hinted at in casual conversations, and the only man possessed of the materials for devising such schemes and of the qualities and defects indispensable and adequate to this rôle of adroit intellectual *accoucheur* was Luis Cabrera, one of the best read, most versatile and plausible writers in the republic. The indirect influence of this remarkable man upon Carranza, and through him upon the course of Mexican affairs, is writ large in the contemporary annals of that ill-starred country.

That Carranza looked upon his own unquestioned ascendancy as at once the cause and the mainstay of public order and national prosperity is notorious. This conceit was blameworthy only because it was delusive. So common is it in public life, however, that it would be a blessing if the well-being of the community were the invariable consequence of the attainment of office by the successful politician. As things are, if the man who aims at power be the one who is able to wield it to the best purpose his ambition cannot reasonably be censured. If Don Venustiano had been a man of vision, grasp and moral rectitude, capable of guiding the unchained forces of the revolution, no serious objection could be taken to his striving. Unhappily he was the reverse of this. Stubbornness usurped the place of will power, and rustic shrewdness bordering upon cunning that of superior intelligence. He resembled most Mexican reformers in his set purpose so to better his country that he himself should be its lord and master.

The First Chief's Methods

But his defects were decorously concealed under an exterior which not merely inspired decent respect, but also impressed the average man with a belief in his wisdom and resolution. He read much, but he knew the outside world and—one may add—a great part of his own country solely through books and reports containing only other people's impressions, while the reality was a book of seven seals to him. His natural haughtiness and self-esteem gradually drew him into veiled antagonism to the cause of orderly government and public morality, and his shortsightedness prevented him from discerning this. It is no exaggeration to say that he was poorly equipped for any such great enterprise as that on which he embarked, and that he owed his elevation largely to Obregón and his long tenure of power to President Wilson.

Those facts and inferences impressed themselves little by little on the mind of the general, who, however, kept his gaze riveted throughout on the goal toward which the country was imperceptibly advancing.

One marked instance of Carranza's distrust and fear lest some popular leader should arise to dispute with him the supreme power occurred in the summer of 1913. Obregón was then making noteworthy headway against the usurper Huerta, and fast gaining a reputation for military invincibility which might awaken national enthusiasm if allowed to grow unchecked. Suddenly Carranza issued orders suspending offensive operations in the north and depriving the victorious troops there of the wherewithal to attack the enemy. The munitions of war he caused to be sent to Matamoros to a general of his own creation, Pablo González, who was expected to achieve the victories necessary to eclipse Obregón's successes. This fatuous measure retarded the defeat of Huerta by some six months, and protracted the sufferings of the population correspondingly.

It is but fair to say that however certain Obregón's zealous friends and Carranza's bitter enemies may feel that that ill-judged order was the outcome of mean jealousy and a desire to keep a commanding figure from rising above the dead level of mediocrity, the unbiased chronicler will have to add to the considerations which may possibly have moved Carranza a reasonable fear warranted by Mexican history that any military chief who rose high in popular estimation would seek to overthrow the constitutional government at the risk of precipitating a fratricidal war. And the late First Chief is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. None the less, Obregón, who was burning with fierce impatience to drive Huerta from the dictatorial armchair, chafed under this clogging system of checks and counterchecks.

He was all the more exasperated that Señor González was making no perceptible headway, and indeed could hardly be expected to make any; for by all accounts the troops commanded by that general were among the most undisciplined and ruthless bodies of men that even Mexico had seen. They delighted in destruction for its own sake; destruction of everything but the enemy's forces. And yet General González enjoyed the services of a highly paid staff which had no equal in military history—in point of numbers. It consisted of some four hundred and sixty members, and included a large element of female adventurers rebellious to rudimentary conventionality and avid of pelf. Many of these hetæræ had received military rank for their favors, some being colonels, others captains and lieutenants—and all of them drew corresponding pay.

That a man of Carranza's ambition and inborn shrewdness should have expected any military success from an army such as that is hardly conceivable. And yet it remains on record that he jeopardized the triumph of the revolutionary movement by withdrawing munitions from Obregón's army, consigning them to General González, and suspending the only operations of which the enemy stood in dread. He also squandered the substance of the nation, paying, feeding and clothing those dregs and scourges of the community. It is noteworthy that General González himself received, over and above his pay and all the expenses of his motley staff and of the rank and file, one thousand pesos daily for his personal needs or caprices.

No less curious and characteristic is the fact, convincing proofs of which are still available, that later on, at the very time indeed that Obregón was fighting and repulsing Villa, the First Chief, whom he was thus elevating to the highest place in the republic, had sent secret agents to the United States with instructions to get a section of the press there to insert articles against Obregónism on the ground that Obregón was a wild socialist, and if he played the game of politics would be a grave danger to order and tranquillity.

Carranza's Fear of Rivalry

This bent toward underhand maneuvers and insidious double dealing is a persistent trait in Mexican politics. In a previous chapter we saw that at a most critical moment, when a split in the forces was imminent, Obregón, intent on bridging the chasm between Carranza and Villa, had gone to Chihuahua, running the risk of being murdered by the latter. Carranza, who was fully aware of his envoy's precarious situation, rendered it quite hopeless by dispatching an angry and humiliating telegram to Villa.

That telegram was virtually tantamount to Obregón's death warrant, and if the sentence was not executed it was owing solely to the remarkable series of lucky accidents already described. It requires therefore an unusual degree of Christian charity or magnanimity to ascribe this and similar actions of the First Chief to a motive which does not challenge the current estimate either of his moral standard or of his intellectual equipment.

A nature like Obregón's, instinctively observant and superlatively impressible to the incongruous in life and action, gave their full value to those amazing facts. It was true then that a whirl of personal interests and unavoidable aims were imparting a wrong direction to the movement which he with indomitable spirit was toiling and moiling to bring to the one desirable goal. His mind was occasionally haunted by misgivings which events justified as to the changes that the vicissitudes of politics might eventually produce, even in many of those who were still the bearers of the new gospel. But these transient presentiments never caused him to falter or to hesitate.

His is not a brooding soul. He is essentially a doer, in close sympathy with the onward march of the age and the hour, and irresistibly impelled to appeal to experience and to trust to it for guidance.

But his faith in Carranza was shaken. Continued loyalty to the First Chief was thenceforth only loyalty to the cause, rooted in a desire to fructify the hard-won victory and consolidate such constructive forces as could still be gathered round the lost leader

Numerous instances might be given of Carranza's irrational distrust of Obregón as the rival from whom he had most to fear. Over the relations of those two men fate from the very outset might be said to have flung its chilling shadow, of which they were both fitfully conscious. At the height of Carranza's power the image of Obregón seems to have discharged the functions of the skeleton at the feast, acting as a sort of *memento mori*.

At times the First Chief appeared to be haunted by a superstitious dread of his military associate, inexplicable by anything that had passed between them, and yet so strong that he found it difficult to master and impossible to conceal. A mere coincidence, interesting to a child but of no significance to a man of action, would appeal to the mystical side of his nature, evoke disturbing thoughts and leave a profound impress. For example, Carranza, describing the emotion which the sudden arrest of President Madero awakened within him, told this story:

"I, who certainly am not given to pray, actually felt impelled to uplift my voice in earnest supplication to the saint of the day that he would save Madero's life and have him set at liberty. And I asked an adjutant to find me the name of that saint. Now is it not curious, to say the least, that it chanced to be on the nineteenth of February that the evil tidings reached me and that that day is dedicated to Saint Alvaro, Obregón's patron saint? It is very curious! Alvaro!"

Calling Carranza's Bluff

How constantly on the alert Carranza was to keep Obregón in sight and as far as possible under his control may be illustrated by another little story which also incidentally characterizes the circuitous methods of the one and the plain frankheartedness of the other. One day in the city of Hermosillo, at the height of the campaign, Obregón's orderly entered the room with a visiting card in his hand and announced that a gentleman wished to see him. When ushered in, the stranger presented a note of introduction from his friend Carranza. It set forth that the bearer was a friend and officer of great experience and trust who could make himself extremely useful as chief of the general's staff, and expressed the hope that Obregón would verify his fitness in the course of a friendly talk, and that if he found him qualified would give him the position.

Obregón was annoyed less by the proposal, although that, too, seemed uncalled for and offensive, than by the artful way in which it was made. After a few friendly words with his visitor, he sought out Carranza, and holding up the letter inquired, "Is this an order? If so, I should like to have it in writing."

"An order? Oh, no! It is only a recommendation; a friendly suggestion. Still I do earnestly request you to take it into consideration. X is an accomplished officer, conversant with the technic of the military art, which is a strong point, and therefore well fitted for the post."

"The post is not vacant," retorted General Obregon.

"All posts on my staff are filled by young men who have my confidence and deserve it, and if this letter is not going to be transformed into a formal written command they will all continue to occupy their present positions."

Carranza, like the cat that dearly loves the fish but shrinks from wetting its tail, hesitated to issue an order which might have grave consequences, so the matter ended there.

But Don Venustiano, in his exertions to retain the supreme power unchallenged, did not confine himself to measures of supervision, checks and kindred precautions. Incapable of comprehending the motives to which Obregón was responsive, he tried him very guardedly with the usual methods which had proved so efficacious with a

(Continued on Page 37)

Two Good Washers *in One*

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Hawaiian pineapple in cream fondant

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Fresh dairy butter, sugar, vanilla

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abuse that was brought to his notice. A trivial instance of this—one of many and valuable only as a token of the bent of his disposition—may fitly find a place here.

In the capital city furious driving was, as it still is, the cause of the death or mutilation of an appalling number of pedestrians and others who cannot be said to have contributed by negligence to bring about the mishap to which they fell victims. Nor is it possible to abate the crime—for crime it certainly is—so long as the guardians of the law connive at the breaking of the law by officials and the wealthy, and fine those who strictly obey the traffic regulations. Now one day General Obregón, then War Minister, when driving in the principal thoroughfare, was arrested by a rustic policeman and taken to the police station. The simple-minded Indian who apprehended him knew who he was, and apologized profusely for his procedure, but pleaded strict orders recently issued and his fear of the consequences if he disobeyed them. The general's chauffeur protested, but was speedily silenced by his master, who went to the police station and waited patiently there for some twenty minutes among a crowd of delinquents in an evil-smelling room until his case could be heard. When it came before the official in charge, not only was the offense forthwith condoned, but the wretched policeman who had arrested the minister was roundly abused and dismissed for failing to display the consideration due to a high official.

Thereupon Obregón, who had theretofore played but a passive part in the proceedings, said:

"This policeman has done his duty and deserves to be encouraged, not punished. You and your chief issued orders for the purpose of having them executed, and this man carried them out faithfully. I doubt whether you will find two per cent of his comrades bold enough to follow his example. Is he worthy of chastisement for this scrupulous discharge of a distasteful duty? Is it fair to him or to the police force to teach them to discriminate between privileged and unprivileged citizens instead of between lawbreakers and the law-abiding? Your words and acts are demoralizing, and I will see that they are dealt with as such. The policeman is a conscientious official, and as his exemplary conduct has brought him unmerited censure and threats, I give him this money as a token that the threats will not be executed and that the continued performance of his duty in the same spirit will lead to his promotion." And he handed a gold piece of twenty pesos to the delighted Indian.

The other trait in Obregon's career during those stirring years is the leniency with which he judged and treated men who were unworthy of his support. In some cases, it is true, as in that of the First Chief, he was guided by extrinsic considerations. Besides, he was constrained to use such human materials as were available, and this is one of those dire necessities which inspire one at times with misgivings for the future.

Organizing the Farmers

Doubtless Carranza at the outset played a useful rôle in the revolution as a rallying center. But gifted with just ability enough to discharge this momentary part and make his exit decorously—as Obregón wished him to do—he was determined to remain on the stage until the curtain should fall on the last act of the drama. And he had his way, living to see most of his decrees fulfilled. As for the sequence of deeds and misdeeds which his partisans dignified with the name of policy, the historian will characterize it as a standing challenge or invitation to foreign intervention. Fortunately, however, for Carranza and for Mexico, President Wilson's idealism was too resonant to allow him to overhear either.

His hopes abated by his discouraging experience and the presentiment that the First Chief was steering the state ship straight toward the rocks, General Obregon turned over in his mind his future plan of action. The considerations that weighed with him at first were these: If he should remain in the country, even though quiescent, he would be expected to give at least his name and moral support to the chief for whose elevation he bore the moral responsibility; whereas if he were to make it known that he withheld this minimal degree of cooperation he would at once become an object of persecution. For Carranza's maxim was "He who is not with me is against me," and he would certainly not shrink from applying it to Obregón, whose neutrality would everywhere be construed as merited censure. Furthermore, the general, if a fateful crisis were precipitated while he was in the country, could not disregard the call of duty or abandon the cause of public order and morality. And as everybody knew this, his presence, in however private a capacity, would always be a stimulus to political friends and a menace to their adversaries. In a word, his stay in Mexico might lead to a renewal of the recent troubles, and as his country sorely needed peace, he was ready to make the painful sacrifice and emigrate. He finally decided to settle in South America, and began to shape his plans accordingly.

This decision came as a stunning blow to Obregón's supporters, who had given of their best to purchase stable peace and general betterment for their fellow citizens. They argued that until the new danger was removed the one man capable of exorcising it could not in conscience let the country face it alone. It was as much his duty to remain as it had been his duty to take up arms against Orozco. Obregón yielded to the force of argument, gave up his plan of voluntary exile and set himself to found a syndicate of farmers in the states of Sonora and Sinaloa. The object of this association was so to regulate the exportation of chick peas that the crisis which menaced the growers from the practice of carrying on the business through numerous separate channels might be permanently warded off.

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I have his authority for saying that his retirement into private life was intended to be final, and that among the arguments that moved him to renounce his scheme of emigrating, the prospect of being intrusted later on with the unenviable task of cleaning the Augean stables of Mexican politics had no place. But circumstance is stronger than the will of man.

The management of the farmers' syndicate left him considerable free time, part of which he resolved to utilize for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the great North American republic, of which he had seen but a small section along the frontier states. This second visit marked an epoch in his life. The impressions he gathered during its all too brief duration were bracing, lasting and fruitful.

Fortunately General Obregon, unlike the average traveler, is endowed with the right disposition for seeing a new country. His mind is a highly sensitive film. Both his theory of international converse and his powers of observation and assimilation make him an ideal traveler. He leaves his own and his country's weights, measures and prejudices at the frontier and strives to see the foreign race as it is; to judge it by its own standards with no pretension to condemn, deride, or even pardon, but only to understand and learn. For him differences of language, religion, customs, possess no deciding significance, being the outcome of local conditions over which the inhabitants of a country have no control. He knows that a Slav becomes a patriotic German when bred and educated in Leipsic or Karlsruhe; a Christian girl lives and dies a fairly devout Moslem when kidnaped and brought to the pasha's harem as a child; and he has had officers in his army who, although of European parentage, are thoroughly Mexican. The only differences among peoples and individuals that deserve to count are those revealed by the one true standard of human worth—moral character; and these are independent of political and geographical frontiers. All other distinctions are conventional and on conventional themes "There were never in the world," as Montaigne puts it, "two opinions alike."

"My journey through the United States," General Obregón remarked to me, "taught me much that was new and confirmed several conclusions which I had reached independently. It is impossible not to admire the initiative and perseverance of the population, and not to feel keyed up by the marvelous fruits of its exertions. If we could but engraft those qualities on our people, the Mexico of the future would occupy a desirable position in the van of progressive nations.

"One of the withering blights of civilization has its source in people's utter ignorance of each other. They are constantly misjudging each other's characters and misinterpreting each other's acts, because they make to themselves caricatures instead of true pictures of foreign races. And out of this distorting medium spring the fierce hatred, the irrational fear, the constant distrust which estrange one from the other and ultimately bring about sanguinary conflicts. As an individual cannot be thoroughly understood apart from the community of which he is a member, neither can a nation be comprehended apart from the life of the whole human race.

"Now that source of misconceptions, jars and strife must be dried up as a condition *sine qua non* of the establishment of genuine human intercourse. But who will undertake the task? Diplomatists? A diplomatist usually lives in a golden cage. He knows people, but ignores the people. Even statesmen are wont to make merely partial surveys and to take short views. How many are there among them who possess the courage—for even to think soundly requires courage—to visualize their own country as an integral part of the progressive human race and to weigh its temporary interests against the larger and permanent duties?

"Unhappily there are no special institutions anywhere intrusted with the task of disseminating correct ideas about foreign nations and generating feelings of brotherhood among them. Well, it is high time to found some such bodies. In the meanwhile, it is part of my plan to send the most promising youths in the republic to complete their education abroad, so that when they return they may become earnest apostles of this gospel of universal fellowship which should and will displace the pharisaical gratitude which so many of the world's races and communities profess at not being like their neighbors. The money requisite for this work will be well spent. On the other hand, I hope to bring into the country a number of steady, hard-working foreigners who will serve as leaven for the backward masses of our people."

Troublous Questions

"Formerly the unity of religious belief was appealed to as a means of drawing races and peoples together. You know as well as I do how short-lived was its success. To-day metaphysical ideas have no such hold on the masses. Neither have the involved clauses of treaties. Some people still profess to believe in their efficacy. But what is the use of a treaty of perpetual friendship between two peoples who hate each other or who ascribe nefarious designs one to the other? What would you think of a marriage between a youth and a girl whose mutual dislike was profound? Would the marriage service produce a miraculous effect and make them love each other until death?

"What we need most of all is mutual acquaintanceship and the capacity to discern, under differences of languages, religions, customs and traditions, those enduring spiritual energies and instincts that make us all brothers. If we accomplish this, justice and equity will one day govern the world. If we fail, militarism will get the upper hand and civilization go to the wall. In the latter contingency, Mexico's lot would be calamitous. All my hopes and concrete plans are based on the assumption that justice, friendliness and morality will get the upper hand."

Here, as in most of his conceptions and schemes to realize them, Obregon displays a faculty which is neither reason only nor imagination, but might aptly be termed imaginative reason.

Thus over and above the ordinary effect of foreign travel—the fuller appreciation and warmer love of one's native land—there was another: He fell a-pondering on the causes which hindered his fellow countrymen from achieving any of the grandiose agricultural, commercial or industrial feats which stood to the credit of the citizens of the United States, despite the advantages—in many respects superior—which Nature has bestowed on Mexico. The external hindrances needed no study, being patent to all. Unrest, insecurity, destructiveness and moral exhaustion, the effects of protracted civil strife, furnished an adequate explanation of some of the obstacles to progress. But were there none others? Is there a sinister flaw deeply embedded in the soul of the Mexican people?

And coming to concrete examples: The land in large districts of Chihuahua, Sonora, Sinaloa is in some cases identical with that of the most fertile districts of California, and in others it is superior, while conditions for reclaiming and cultivating it are the same.

Whence then the enormous difference in the results?

Again, how does it happen that Mexican agricultural laborers are employed in the United States and paid as much as four and five dollars a day to raise crops which their own country could produce in even greater abundance? Why are industrial firms in the United States able to manufacture out of Mexican raw materials goods which are then imported into Mexico and sold at a profit there? If Mexico possesses the crude stuffs, the workmen, the water power and can utilize all three more cheaply than the United States, how comes it that her people fail to utilize them and are contented to pay an immense tribute to their northern neighbors who grow rich while Mexicans remain poor?

Diagnosing Mexico's Case

If Mexico is blessed with natural wealth to an incalculable extent; produces minerals valued at more than three million pesos a year; oil wells—actually explored—whose potential capacity is estimated at more than half a billion barrels annually, while the unexplored wells are believed to contain thousands of times more; if its forests yield the finest timber in the world in vast quantities; if it is endowed with all climates; has vast tracts of the most fertile soil in the world; if its rivers abound in excellent fish and its orchards in luscious fruits; if it could readily support a population of two hundred millions, as many experts aver, whence comes the blight that has stricken most of its sixteen million inhabitants with the pinch of sempiternal hunger, squalor and disease? Why is it that such of its wealth as is liquid would have lain undeveloped had it not been explored and handled by enterprising foreigners whose very presence was childishly resented by Carranza and his environment? Are the peoples of Mexico suffering from lack of initiative or lack of perseverance or both? And when the diagnosis has been ascertained, is there a remedy available? Above all, can the people endure it?

Those were some of the questions to which Obregón's visit to the States imparted painful urgency. He mused on them for long and discussed them with others. Finally he completed his diagnosis and thought out a remedy—the most efficacious remedy that a statesman and ruler who can deal only with actions, not with character, is competent to prescribe. Not the least of its advantages is that it treats the various evils as symptoms of a single malady, and the problem as one and indivisible. The various aspects of the comprehensive reforms which he contemplates have been unfolded to me by their author. In due time they are to be drafted as parliamentary bills and later on, one hopes, passed as state laws. Some of them are simple and mild, others heroic; but one and all they appear to me to be exactly what the country needs and what alone can extricate it—if statute laws and a sound educational system can extricate it—from its present lamentable condition. On this matter I propose to dwell more fully in a subsequent chapter.

During that memorable journey to the United States General Obregon, when passing some of the numerous stations in which representatives of applied science were studying important agricultural, mining and other problems which will shortly confront his own country, might have reflected that half a century previously Mexico possessed an agricultural department considerably superior to anything of which the United States at that time disposed. The general's attention, however, was directed principally to industrial enterprises

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abuse that was brought to his notice. A trivial instance of this—one of many and valuable only as a token of the bent of his disposition—may fitly find a place here.

In the capital city furious driving was, as it still is, the cause of the death or mutilation of an appalling number of pedestrians and others who cannot be said to have contributed by negligence to bring about the mishap to which they fell victims. Nor is it possible to abate the crime—for crime it certainly is—so long as the guardians of the law connive at the breaking of the law by officials and the wealthy, and fine those who strictly obey the traffic regulations. Now one day General Obregón, then War Minister, when driving in the principal thoroughfare, was arrested by a rustic policeman and taken to the police station. The simple-minded Indian who apprehended him knew who he was, and apologized profusely for his procedure, but pleaded strict orders recently issued and his fear of the consequences if he disobeyed them. The general's chauffeur protested, but was speedily silenced by his master, who went to the police station and waited patiently there for some twenty minutes among a crowd of delinquents in an evil-smelling room until his case could be heard. When it came before the official in charge, not only was the offense forthwith condoned, but the wretched policeman who had arrested the minister was roundly abused and dismissed for failing to display the consideration due to a high official.

Thereupon Obregón, who had theretofore played but a passive part in the proceedings, said:

"This policeman has done his duty and deserves to be encouraged, not punished. You and your chief issued orders for the purpose of having them executed, and this man carried them out faithfully. I doubt whether you will find two per cent of his comrades bold enough to follow his example. Is he worthy of chastisement for this scrupulous discharge of a distasteful duty? Is it fair to him or to the police force to teach them to discriminate between privileged and unprivileged citizens instead of between lawbreakers and the law-abiding? Your words and acts are demoralizing, and I will see that they are dealt with as such. The policeman is a conscientious official, and as his exemplary conduct has brought him unmerited censure and threats, I give him this money as a token that the threats will not be executed and that the continued performance of his duty in the same spirit will lead to his promotion." And he handed a gold piece of twenty pesos to the delighted Indian.

The other trait in Obregón's career during those stirring years is the leniency with which he judged and treated men who were unworthy of his support. In some cases, it is true, as in that of the First Chief, he was guided by extrinsic considerations. Besides, he was constrained to use such human materials as were available, and this is one of those dire necessities which inspire one at times with misgivings for the future.

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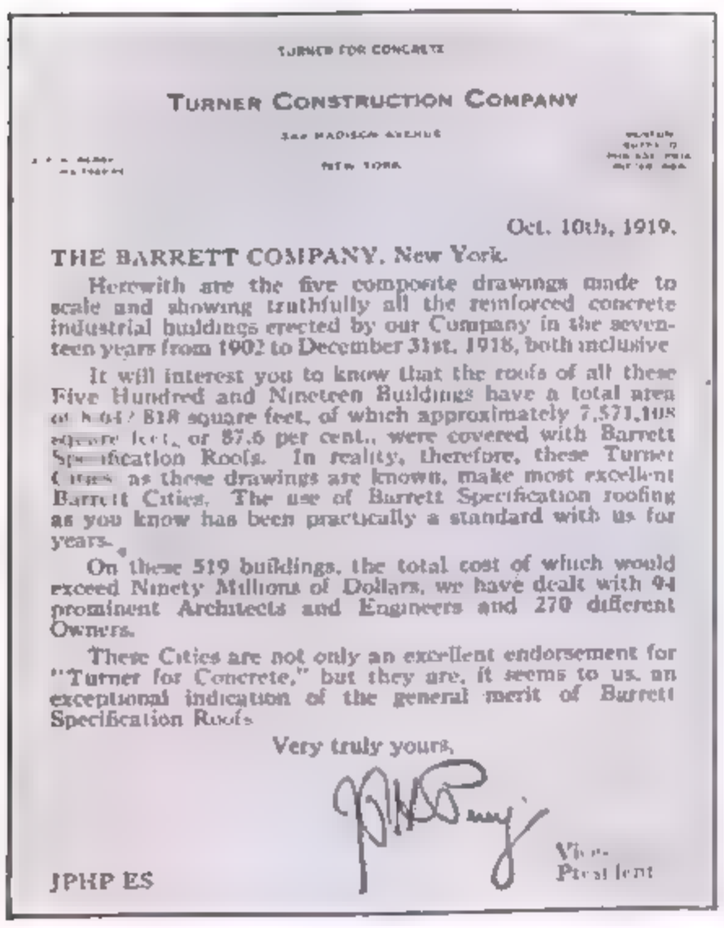
87% of all buildings erected by Turner Construction Co. during 16 years are covered with Barrett Specification Roofs—



TURNER FOR CONCRETE

TURNER CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

NEW YORK

Oct. 10th, 1919.

THE BARRETT COMPANY, New York.

Herewith are the five composite drawings made to scale and showing truthfully all the reinforced concrete industrial buildings erected by our Company in the seventeen years from 1902 to December 31st, 1918, both inclusive

It will interest you to know that the roofs of all these Five Hundred and Nineteen Buildings have a total area of 8,647,818 square feet, of which approximately 7,571,108 square feet, or 87.6 per cent., were covered with Barrett Specification Roofs. In reality, therefore, these Turner Cities as these drawings are known, make most excellent Barrett Cities. The use of Barrett Specification roofing as you know has been practically a standard with us for years.

On these 519 buildings, the total cost of which would exceed Ninety Millions of Dollars, we have dealt with 94 prominent Architects and Engineers and 270 different Owners.

These Cities are not only an excellent endorsement for "Turner for Concrete," but they are, it seems to us, an exceptional indication of the general merit of Barrett Specification Roofs

Very truly yours,

JPHP ES

Vice-President

IF experience in constructing permanent buildings counts for anything, surely the great Turner Construction Company of New York, builders of the vast Concrete "Cities" pictured here, should *know* how to select a *permanent* roof.

The figures quoted tell their own story. This great construction company, the 270 owners for whom they erected these 519 concrete buildings, and the 94 prominent architects and engineers, united in choosing Barrett Specification Roofs for over 87% of the total roof area.

Could there be more conclusive proof than this of the durability, economy and general superiority of these roofs?

The Surety Bond Guarantee

Yet the owner of a Barrett Specification Roof need not rely upon even this practically unanimous judgment of experts. He is absolutely insured against all roof trouble and upkeep expense by a Surety Bond of one of the strongest surety companies in America—The U. S. Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore.

Any Barrett Specification Roof of 50 squares or larger in size, in towns of 25,000 or more, and in many smaller places where our Inspection Service is available, may be so bonded for 20 or 10 years without cost to the owner. Our only stipulations are that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and that The Barrett Specification as *revised April 15, 1920*, shall be strictly followed.

Important Notice

The Barrett Specification Type "AA" 20-Year Bonded Roof represents the most permanent roof covering it is possible to construct, and while we bond it for twenty years only, we can name many roofs of this type that have been in service over forty years and are still in good condition.

Where the character of the building does not justify a roof of such extreme length of service, we recommend the Barrett Specification Type "A" Roof bonded for 10 years. Both roofs are built of the same high-grade materials, the only difference being in the quantity used.

Full details regarding these Bonded Roofs and copies of The Barrett Specifications sent free on request.

The Barrett Company

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New Orleans, Birmingham, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Dallas, Nashville, Syracuse, Seattle, Peoria, Atlanta, Salt Lake City, Bangor, Washington, Johnstown, Youngstown, Milwaukee, Toledo, Cincinnati, Latrobe, Bethlehem, Elizabeth, Buffalo, Omaha, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited:
Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

Five Year City (1911-15 inclusive)
2,670,000 square feet of
Barrett Specification Roofs.
(Photo at right)
1917 City
815,986 square feet of
Barrett Specification Roofs.
1916 City
612,109 square feet of
Barrett Specification Roofs
Nine Year City (1902-10 inclusive)
1,584,680 square feet of
Barrett Specification Roofs.
Note that the 1918 City shown at the top of the page exceeded the Five Year City and almost doubled the Nine Year City.

(Concluded from Page 38)

that interested the army, for the world was then hypnotized by the Great War. Had it been otherwise, he would have admired the steady, silent, efficacious work that is being accomplished at the various stations where untiring research and painstaking experiment are shaping the conditions for great industrial enterprise and far-reaching mercantile venture; in Ohio, by the staff of the oil station there; in Montana and Arizona, by specialists in copper muning; in Salt Lake City and San Francisco, by experts on silver and gold mining; in Minnesota, where the technical methods of treating iron are being studied; in Florida, where white phosphates are scientifically analyzed; and in Seattle, where skilled professors are busied perfecting hydro-electrical processes.

But if he did not actually visit those laboratories and experimental workshops where science is being made tributary to economic advancement, he heard of them, obtained an insight into their achievements and perceived that many of the urgent problems with which his own country will soon have to cope are identical with those which its progressive neighbors have already tackled and solved successfully. And he also knows—the representatives of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona have assured him—that the results which cost them so much time, labor and money are entirely and gratuitously at the service of his country.

THE RED HANDED

(Continued from Page 9)

"He will not long be here. All that he does he does quickly," said old Maeeta, whom I met in the garden. She was speaking of the American.

"He is lining his saddlebags with golden fleece while he stays," said I, my speech taking a poetic turn.

Maeeta laughed, and then I heard other soft laughter from the shadows behind the drawn curtains.

The orders for steel, which had to be forged to fit the papers, would take at least one hundred days; but the order for cement, which could be filled at once in Far Remesch, would be back in three weeks. When I heard that the Red Handed had begun to look immediately for men I smiled, for always the peasants have been promised payment for labor in our country, so that they do not hear promises any longer, but stay in their little fields. Of course they come rather than to be beaten; but surely, I thought, this white man cannot put himself in the place of the Amir, so there was hope for a halt in his purposes. Indeed, after a week's absence in the country round the capital, the American came back with but six men, and they were infirm with years, save one who was little better than a boy and had a running sore in his hand.

To Maeeta, in the garden, I pointed out the five bent ones and the boy, toiling over the hole in the ground where a pillar was to rise, saying: "Surely there will be swift changes in the garden, Maeeta, with such giants coming in from the country."

"Hah!" she answered. "Men will come to his bidding, and not men alone." And again I heard the soft laughter from the shadows.

Six days passed, and the old men and the boy labored. Then they were paid in silver money by the Red Handed and sent away for a day's rest to their own homes. When they came back each brought a young man with him, and the labor went on for six days more, and again they were paid and given a day's rest. When the cement came twenty men were there to handle it, and every day now others were applying to labor. Some were kept and some were sent away against the time that the steel girders should arrive; but the old men who came first were not sent away to save the Amir expense, but given lighter work instead, and the boy with the sore hand was given pencil and paper to make marks on for each hour that each man labored. The great abutments were laid on either side of the river, and from the window the Amir watched with staring eyes. Still there were many days left before the steelwork could possibly be delivered. Surely now, I thought, this devastator will disband the army that has come to devour us out of palace and grounds; but the Red Handed came to the Amir, saying: "They were hard to get together, chief—a good gang like this. Besides, they're getting to understand me."

"What would you have?" the Amir asked.

"Why, man, that serai of yours is a curse. I didn't see the Augean stables, but they couldn't possibly have anything on your serai. I pretty near started to walk back to Far Remesch the night I landed and you put me up there."

"You should have been brought to the palace at once, but I was indisposed," said the Amir.

"I'll forgive you for that, but we'll start in and clean it up. We'll carry the topsoil from the corral to your gardens—make 'em blossom like the rose, as Hiram here would say. Also we'll put some nice big rock boxes underneath to keep the earth dry where the animals stand."

When this was finished there were still a number of weeks before the steelwork could come, and the Red Handed came into the presence of the Amir, saying: "You need to get outdoors more, Amir. That little car which the British sent you for a present when they wanted to establish a toll station in the pass—it's an all-right little red car. I've put it in shape, but you haven't any roads. You need a few miles and my men need the work."

So with broken stone they raised the road in and out of the capital to the garden walls—more than fifty men bending to the will of this one man; not to his will alone, but to the whim and slightest wish. The Amir marveled at the industry of his people, thinking that their virtue had long been concealed from him. And then the palace walls were to mend, but the white man was often away from his men these late days—out on the road to Far Remesch, trying one after another of the Amir's Khyber ponies, watching, always watching, for his caravan of steel.

Then came the night when I saw a dark figure, to my eyes much like the figure of the Red Handed, standing among the thick trunks of the climbing roses that cover the verandas of the seraglio. From the window behind the leaves I heard the voice that could be no other than the Circassian girl, Mirsamee's; tones from her that I had never heard before, because her voice was always sorrowing. Then I could not be sure if it were a lizard I heard, or the chuckle of the Red Handed, though I should have learned all had it not been for old Maeeta raising a scream that I was spying on her womenfolk. To stop her outcry I had to make off.

When the hundred days had passed a messenger came in from Far Remesch saying that the steelwork could not start for another fortnight. It was then I saw the face of the Red Handed go white and long, and he did not leave his room for three days; but all the while the fifty men worked tirelessly, repairing the walls, like children preparing a great surprise for the return of their father. Once again, at the hour of the first darkness, I saw the tall figure standing in the shadows where the ancient rose vines climbed, but I could not go near because old Maeeta was abroad ready to scream at my approach.

Such was the nature of the dark days which had befallen the palace of our Prince. A runner came at last, saying that the shipment of steel pieces had been started, elephants carrying the heavy girders and camels the lighter ones. Several days after that came the word that changed all our lives, that robbers had descended upon the caravan and despoiled it, running off the elephants and camels and leaving the iron pieces fallen to the road, many of them tossed over into the defiles. It was then that I heard the foreigner laugh softly when he came into audience.

"Now don't start wringing your hands," he said to the Amir. "You want a bridge, all right. So do I. But we want the mountains cleaned out first. I need seventy rifles, twenty rounds each, and a whole lot of horses and camels. I'll fix those mountains so we can get our bolts and screws through when we order 'em."

Within four hours the first of the Red Handed's men filed out of the big gates. His laborers were now seventy in number, for the iron work to begin. Far out from the capital, in the mountains, the seventy were divided into several small caravans, the rest of which was attacked by robbers in the throat of the pass. It appears that the first party made no resistance until the robbers were actually among them. Then with a great cry they drew out the rifles concealed in their packs and began to fire, at the same time fleeing back the way they had come. The robbers followed, but encountered the second of the caravans—and the third—until the tide was turned against them. Then the drive into the mountains began—a drive that continued straight to the robbers' stronghold.

Still the Red Handed was not satisfied, but with explosives he broke in the caves where the mountaineers were hiding—until the few who survived came crawling out, bringing their treasure, which the American accepted, demanding also the elephants and the camels and the steel pieces. Some of the elephants had been sold into other captivity, but there were many camels other than those which had belonged to the steel caravan. Now the robbers were made to come forth and find the pieces of the Amir's bridge. Sometimes it took a whole day to bring up one piece from the khud into which it had fallen, and many days passed before the beasts were finally loaded and the start made back to the Amir's capital.

Now it is true that the labor men returned with the whole bridge, save one piece, a key piece—and into the palace grounds they came, singing, bringing their treasures. The pieces of steel were carried to the river banks and placed in rows and counted and measured. Once more it was verified that the order was correctly filled, save the one missing key piece, a very big one.

One day as I looked over the great frames, studying them, the Red Handed caught me by the shoulders, saying: "Hiram, what have we got lying round here in the way of steel?"

"Nothing," said I. "There is nothing of ironwork in this country."

"If that's true, we're hard up for a bridge, Hiram."

"It is true, sahib."

All the time he was figuring under his eyebrows and chewing his pencil and scratching the hair of his head above his ear.

"Hiram, it ain't healthy to be so cocksure," he said at last. "Come on, and we'll go and see the Old Man. Maybe he's got a watch charm or a shoe buckle or something of the kind."

And thus, regardless of the hour which was the Amir's for breakfasting with his men children, the Red Handed led the way to the palace door, demanding audience.

"You haven't been good and dutiful to me lately, Prince," he began with severe face.

"Ask him what I can do?" the Amir said quickly, when I had interpreted.

Even as I spoke Mr. Heckling thumped the table with his bare fist.

"You haven't been doing what I told you, chief. I'm going to punish you too. Hear me?"

"Ask him what I may do—again quickly," the Amir implored.

"You haven't been getting outdoors enough!"

"I will! Oh, I will!"

"Here I got your little red buggy and made a road for you, and you won't ride in it!"

"I will——"

"No, you won't! Because I'm going to melt up that little red buggy to get my key piece for the bridge!"

"Oh, do, Emmett!" said the Amir.

Then the furnace was made half underground, and the fires began filling the Amir's garden with smoke.

For a day and night we saw the Red Handed, naked to the waist, wielding a sledge too big for any of his men. And the women from the windows of the seraglio watched him in the red firelight, the great sledge rising and falling.

When the key piece was partly done, one end fashioned, the American ordered the fires to be drawn, saying, "And now, I will really be paid!"

Straightway he left the furnace and the forge, telling his men to rest, and went to his quarters in the palace. I was soon called for and told to announce to the Amir that Mr. Heckling desired audience as soon as he washed the smoke out of his eyes. From the soft laughter, as he scraped his chin, I knew there was danger; but little I knew of the nature or the extent of that danger and shame.

"Oh, the bridge is all right," he said to the Amir. "Two or three days more at the forge and I'll have that key made. After that it's only a matter of assembly—that's the fun of the show—all parts numbered and made to fit, Amir. Oh, yes, you'll be out in your bunnit and shawl to see the pieces lock into each other. But, Amir, if I should die right now, there isn't a man in your principality that could make the bridge stand up."

I placed this to the Amir, begging him to be calm.

"The Amir inquires for the state of your health, Mr. Heckling."

"It's good," the Red Handed said. "It's good, but unreliable. I'm in a queer state here, little chief. You and I've got to get together on it."

And now the great red hand was on his heart, and I began to smell fire in the walls, as our saying is. These are his words and they are many:

"Rufie's been round a whole lot, Amir—yes, a whole lot; and so far he's always walked alone. But the ways stretched out ahead don't look any more like a bridle path to me. They look like a regular road for span and yoke. It's in your house, Amir, she's living now."

Interpreting, I saw the yellow cast come to the golden brown of the Amir's rounded cheek; then the green tint of the fine oil of the olives.

"Don't take it hard, old man. You'll never miss her. It's little Mirsamee."

He stopped and looked hard at the Amir, and then to my face, where I trust he met rebuke.

"Say, you two look like cholera to me. I've only talked to her through the lattice, mister. That little white girl from the Black Sea—she's lonely, Amir. She says you've been great to her, treated her just like a little girl, only she's lonesome."

The Amir appeared to hear, but his tongue did not move. Still the shameless one talked on:

"Of course, I hesitate to use any pressure, little chief. You and I've got on fairly well in this building project. We could go on a long time without a break—barring little Mirsamee. But that ought not to be hard. I've seen her and she's seen me. It was one of those things that clip. I've told you before, I don't like it here in your country. I don't like the climate. I don't like the politics. But that don't matter now. I'll stay along and be your prime minister, if I have to—but I'm not going away without Mirsamee."

Mr. Heckling rolled a cigarette from his cloth bag while I made over his speech.

"Try one, chief."

The Amir's lips moved, but not with words.

"All right. Everyone to his tastes, but don't make a sound in your neck like that. Don't start that now just as you get over nursing your hands."

Again we heard the soft laugh.

"Think it over," he said as he turned to go. "Only I'm not leaving the palace grounds, remember; and about that bridge—I agreed to make it for you, but I didn't agree to forge the key piece myself. I'll let the rest of that work wait till I hear from you."

There was long silence after he had gone. Then the Amir's hands came together and he murmured, "And no one but him can build the bridge!"

I bowed.

"It is so—as you say, Illustrious."

"He has only talked with her through the lattice. She is nothing to me. She has only cried since she came to my household. I could make a gift of her without shame."

"Will the Prince hear his servant?" I said.

"Speak, Ingenious!"

"These laboring men are like an army to him, sire. They will obey him. They are fat and unafraid. They will, further, at the word, his most unholy desire—even to becoming prime minister."

"Speak more!"

(Concluded on Page 43)

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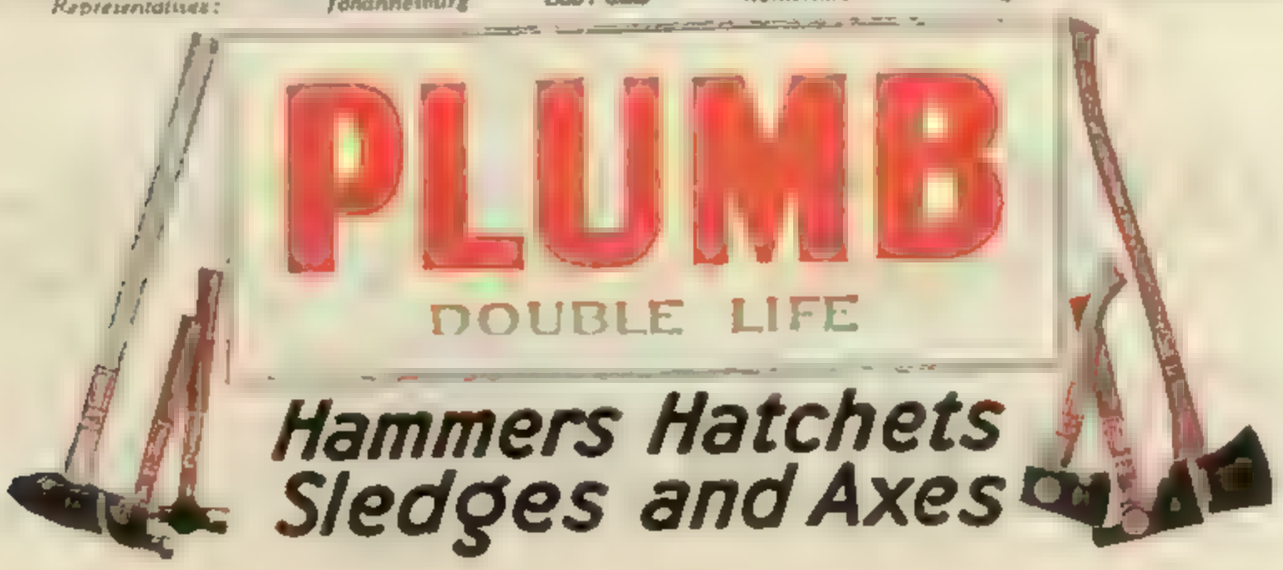

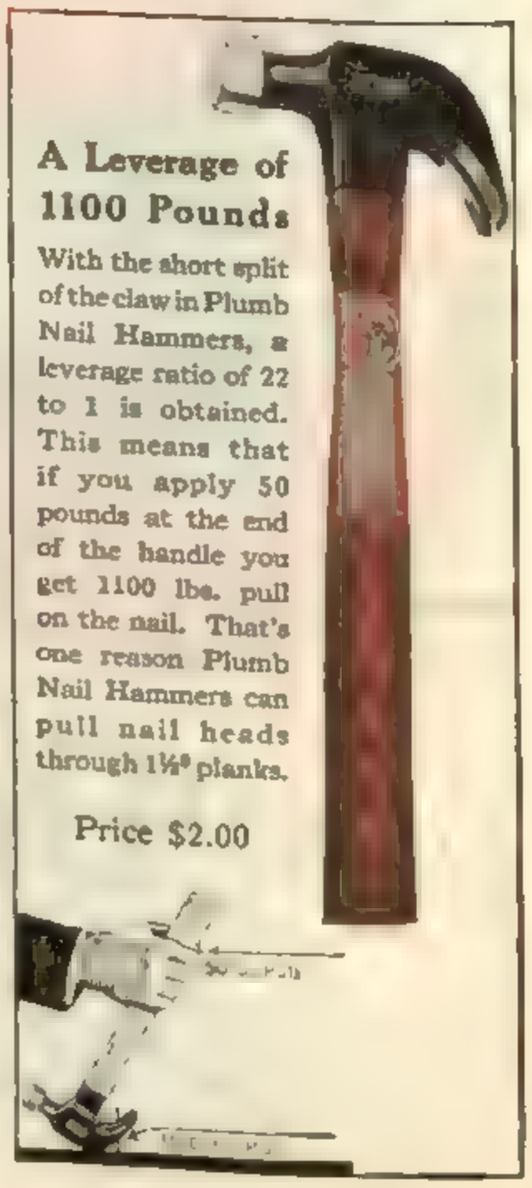

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(Concluded from Page 40)

"The woman is nothing to you—a white face that works with many tears. Make the gift as you, with such perspicacity, suggested. Command him to finish the bridge, encouraging as you alone can do, until the work is done. Then will come the departure, and you will supply the escort party to Far Remesch. As he goes over the pass to the outer world with this Mirsamee—alone, save for the escort you have chosen, having discharged all the laborers because their labors were finished ——"

"It is worthy of Medu'ullah himself!" the Amir cried. "Thou hast spoken well, Hiram, my Favored from a Child. I shall have the escort punish them both as they go over the pass because at that time I shall already have the bridge in my garden."

So it came about that little Mirsamee was brought forth from the seraglio and given in wedlock to the Red Handed, whom she seemed to know like a child of her own, though it is true that they had only talked before this day with the darkness of evening about them and the bars of the locked house of the women between their lips. And this was the Circassian girl who had known but one thing well since she came to the Amir; that one thing being to weep. And I saw the tinge of olive come to the face of our Prince as he saw her happiness, and that relaxed look that I knew so well as having to do with a plan to punish an offender.

Then the great bridge came up as by magic, diminishing the palace; the final payments were made, the papers written out, and the escort was arranged for the out journey. It was my thought that my servant, Haider Roorkh, be made mehmandar again, to deal between the American and the people on the road to Far Remesch. The Amir assented, but after he had told the American that he was to go, Haider Roorkh returned to me in great trouble.

"The white man laughed at me—but softly, Hiram Harish Singh," he said. "It is true that he pulled my beard and spoke in symbols after this fashion ——"

"Tell me quickly," I said.

"He spoke of a cross," said Haider Roorkh, "of a double cross, saying that I would double-cross my own father."

"Be at peace! It is not a grievous insult," I told him; "and as to his pulling the beard, it was but an affection. The Amir has no beard, or it would be pulled. However, there will be another mehmandar."

Then even the footboards were placed upon the bridge, and the Red Handed was given audience a last time.

"I knew you'd like the bridge, little chief," he said. "Yes, sir, she's a dandy; and the river will take the palace too if it takes her; and the new key piece shines up just as if she knew she was holding the whole thing together, and had been a gas buggy once. Hand tooled, she is, that key piece, and better stuff than they put in bridges as a rule, hey, Hiram? She's my present, sultan—present for the little key piece to the whole works, which I got from your boarding school for girls, little Mercy-me. Say, chief, I'll never get over your kindness in holding her till I got here. Yes, we're going now—starting to-day. I never say good-by twice."

The Amir spoke and I interpreted.

"He asked if you have everything for the journey, Mr. Heckling; if the bodyguard is sufficient and satisfactory."

"That reminds me, chief—one of the things I came to speak about. I'm not going to need that bodyguard, mister. You see, about fifty of my seventy men want to go on with me as far as Far Remesch. They hint that they won't be popular here when I'm gone.

"I told 'em there was nothing to that, but they wouldn't hear of me and Merc going on alone. Say, how many times have I told you about stroking your hands that way? It ain't nice, Amir!"

We heard him calling good-by from the corridor. I saw the colors change in the face of the Amir—the pale gold, the green gold, the sickness. And I was thinking of his army that had destroyed the robbers, going with the Red Handed and the woman to Far Remesch. For me there was but one brightness, in that he had gone at last. And then I saw brightness returning to the eyes of the Prince, who rose and hurried with quickened steps to the window, looking out upon the great structure there, which made the garden and the palace look small.

"But, oh," he said, "is it not a beautiful bridge?"

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Competition

FEW men have definite goals. The average man has no more definite purpose than the desire to get a living. The business of getting a living brings him into competition with his fellows, and he discovers that in many instances a gain for himself means a loss for another, while his losses mean another's profit. He discovers also that the world is intent upon the business of getting his money, and will bargain shrewdly before parting with money of its own. When he is guilty of stupidity he is penalized by a loss, and when he uses his wits he is rewarded with a profit. He plays a hard game in which the winners are a target and the losers soon forgotten.

If one would catch fish he goes to a place where fish abound. So the man who plays the game of getting money interests himself in people who have money. If a man calls at your office and, finding you absent, calls again and yet again, you feel little uneasiness when informed of his visits, for experience has taught you that one so persistent in his attentions is not actuated by a desire to give you something, but is seeking a profit for himself. It is not snobbishness but rather an understanding of opportunity that prompts men to court the attention of men who have more than themselves and give little attention to those who have less.

Will a prospector devote his days to panning thankless sand when there is a vein of rich ore within his reach? When the man who has one thousand dollars is approached by one who has but ten, he says to himself: "This man has designs on my purse." When he is approached by one who has a million dollars, he says to himself: "This man is seeking to use me in some particular; I shall be on my guard and endeavor to make him pay a price." There is very little altruism outside of story books.

Now each man plays a game according to his caliber. If he lacks confidence in himself and is filled with fear, he will envy more skillful players, and thus come to hate them. To even the score and salve his wounded vanity he will cultivate a feeling of contempt for less skillful players—a contempt tinged with jealous fear and near akin to hate.

An inferior race is often hated by members of a superior race who are nearest to its level. By expression of hate they seek to accentuate a contrast that might otherwise remain unobserved. Hate is frequently no more than a desperate effort to preserve self-respect.

If a player is conscious of a high degree of skill he is conscious also of a fellowship of excellence that links him with a skillful opponent. His desire to beat an opponent is not lessened by this fellowship. It is rather intensified. But the respect he feels for himself, coupled with the knowledge that his opponent shares it, encourages the fair play men call chivalry. He does not hate because he does not envy. He knows himself as good as the best. Nor does he hate those who have less skill; he does not hate because he does not fear. He has climbed to a high place and, being secure in his position, feels only a kindly interest in the welfare of those who attempt the ascent.

One who has arrived—who has found himself and attained the poise that is the fruit of a reasonable self-confidence—may without affectation be amiable with kings or share the peasant's burden without fear of losing caste.

There is a righteous hate of unclean things, and this all clean men share. But the hate that is either fear or envy or an admixture of fear and envy is unknown to strong men who are confident of ultimate victory or to men whose superior wit and prowess have gained them a place above the multitude.

There is a contempt for filth and cowardice, and this all respectable men hold in common. But a contempt occasioned by another's weakness, whether of purse or biceps, wit or will, is not a wholesome contempt, but a sop to vanity—an attempt to glorify oneself by exaggeration of another's misfortune.

Loyalty

THE quality of loyalty is not strained. One cannot, by force of will, make himself loyal to a cause or a country, though he may, by force of will, preserve the appearance of loyalty and thus avoid the penalty earned by those who have the courage of their treachery. So one may pretend a love he does not feel and a righteousness to which he is stranger; but pretense is a veneer easily cracked by the stress of circumstance, and a disloyal heart will in time find a vent for the treason it nurtures.

One cannot be a little loyal and a little disloyal. Loyalty demands the whole man. Love of country is not the sport of changing policies.

If one is loyal to his country when its policies please him and disloyal when its policies do not meet with his approval, he does not love his country but only himself and his opinions.

When a mother discovers faults in her child she accepts the duty of correcting them. But her love is not lessened by the faults. She does not turn her back on the child and encourage enemies who would oppress and destroy it. The love that prompts her to admonish it will as quickly prompt her to give her life for it.

So one who loves his country will exert himself to establish a national ideal of justice and liberty, and when thwarted by the greed or vice or folly of his fellows will fight for his conception of right, and still love his country. He will have his own way if he can; but he will not agree that treason is the one alternative.

Each citizen of America has the inalienable right to repeal any law on the statute books and pass any number of new ones if he can persuade a majority of his fellows to his way of thinking. Each alien in America has the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness while he remembers that he is a guest and amenable to the rules of a household in which he has no voice.

Minorities have a right to their opinions. So, also, have aliens. But they sacrifice all other rights who seek by force to impose their opinions on a majority.

A majority is the Government, and the Government is the voice of America.

Temper

WHEN the male gorilla faces danger and realizes that he must go to the mat with another denizen of the jungle, he does not rush headlong to the fray, but prudently beats himself upon the chest to work up sufficient enthusiasm to insure getting the maximum of energy behind his punches. He realizes, in his primitive way, that a little temper neutralizes a great deal of cowardice.

So two men who have found cause to quarrel will exchange hot words and yet be persuaded by caution to refrain from blows, until one or the other, having gained courage from the bellow of his own voice, gives rein to his temper and swings a fist.

Temper is inherent in man, but a hair-trigger temper is a product of lax discipline.

When a small boy discovers that a display of temper will serve to win the thing that has been denied him, he will cultivate temper as a useful servant. When crossed in any matter he will lie on the floor and kick up his heels and howl. This is not so much a display of temper as a display of intelligence. If adults could so easily gain their ends they would howl through all their days. The boy is an efficiency expert. He is getting results with the least waste of energy.

Demonstrate to him that loss of temper pays no profit but insures unpleasant contact with the business end of a razor strop and he will find other means to attain his object.

If a boy contrives unfailingly to have his way by the simple expedient of giving his temper rein, he will carry the practice with him into manhood. When opposed in any particular he will open the throttle a little and show a flashing eye and reddening cheek. If the opposition persists he will roar and clear the decks for action. If the case seems desperate he may go to the length of warning his adversary that he has a terrible temper and cannot trust himself if driven too far.

If the adversary is stubbornly bent on self-destruction the sequel will depend upon the measure of discretion possessed by the evil-tempered one.

For here is a singular thing concerning tempers that are uncontrollable: The man who has a temper prone to take charge of the works on the slightest provocation will be easily offended by his children and will punish them for the slightest infraction of his law. As he beats them his temper will feed on the violence it has inspired and add blow to blow until physical exhaustion serves to cool his wrath. When his wife does or says anything to displease him his temper will slip its leash and threaten her with instant destruction. When a man smaller than himself dares to oppose him his temper will burst into flame and drive him almost to the point of madness. When he engages in conflict with a man of his own caliber and by the fortune of war gains to a point of vantage astride the other's abdomen, his temper will burst all bounds and impel him to drive blow after blow to eye and nose and mouth while the driving is good.

But when the one who opposes him has a reputation as a bad man in a ruction or stands a head above him or reaches for a lethal weapon, the uncontrollable temper crawls into a dark corner and falls asleep, nor will any method of persuasion prevail upon it to appear in public until the coast is clear.

If a great hulk of a man comes seeking a quarrel, one possessed of temper may, by grave and unhurried speech, cool the great one's wrath and thus avert disaster. Or if a man of one's own size and degree of prowess comes seeking a quarrel, one may find need of fervid profanity to generate sufficient temper to steady his quivering knees. But when there is occasion to quarrel with a runt who is without a weapon and incapable of inflicting punishment, neither soft words nor hard ones can long postpone the conflict. The ungovernable temper quickly casts aside all restraint and rushes forth as a mighty wind to wreck and destroy the puny thing that dared to rouse it.

Thus the treatment for an unruly temper suggests itself. If discretion will in any case keep a temper in bounds, encourage the development of discretion by providing greater need of it. In the case of a small boy apply the back of a hairbrush to the seat of trouble at the first appearance of temper. In the case of the bellicose adult, now more commonly described as a hard-boiled egg, face the patient calmly and discourage his gathering temper by the application of a brick to his ear. This treatment, if persistent and conscientious, will effect a complete cure in the most desperate cases. A hair from the dog won't cure the bite, but a kick in the ribs will discourage the bark.

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MY SON

(Continued from Page 28)

she had always craved. They say one day he looked at her and said: "Well, Sarah, we were happily married after all!" And they say she told somebody that she had always known John was a good man if he hadn't been so worried with living. The marriage that turns out well is the happy marriage, no matter how hard a time the two people in it have had bearing with each other.

I had company that night in my heart, so many men and women I had known seemed to come back with their little good deeds to be recorded. As fast as I could set down as briefly as possible how Brother Hicks, at the age of seventy, waited on his bedridden wife, cooked, cleaned and made a living for her on a little old rabbit-skin farm he had, I would recall someone else who had been the patient good man in the community where he lived, but who could never get on very well with the saints in the church because he was so busy defending and building up the sinners.

I had more than a dozen of these little tales of honor and cheerful long-suffering written before Peter came up and asked me what I was doing up so late. I told him I had been writing a few letters. You are justified in concealing the truth sometimes.

The next morning I added a few hopeful sentences, like the smart paragraphs we see on the editorial page of a newspaper, only they were not smart and they did not bite. Good little words sowed in sentences which I hoped would come up and grow in the minds of those who read them.

When you are not accustomed to writing it wakens you in the night and you get up and put down something that you forgot to tell. I did this for a week. I was up and down so much with my memories that Peter heard me one night and wanted to know through the door between our rooms if I was ill. I told him no, that I had heard a noise and had risen to see what it was. You may be permitted to use a figure of speech sometimes, which is the symbol of the truth concealed. The noise I heard was of tired feet on a country road long, long ago, when Jasper Wood came in the dead hours of the night to get William to go to old Tim Herndon, who was dying and had made up his mind to repent if they could get a preacher in time to do it. I had forgotten to put Jasper in. He was a rich poor man who lived on the Rocky Road circuit. He had a hard task making a living because he was everybody's good Samaritan. If a man was in trouble he went to see Jasper about it and stopped him from plowing his corn until he had relieved his mind. If anybody wanted something quick he went to Jasper and borrowed it, even if he never paid it back. If someone was sick he sent for Jasper. And in spite of being dragged hither and thither by his good heart Jasper managed to prosper.

When I had written many pages of this stuff I sent it without a word of explanation to the editor of our leading daily paper.

Nothing happened for two weeks. I endured the strange suspense of an author. My only comfort was that no one knew that I was "hair-hung and breeze-shaken," as the old preacher used to say, between the editorial wastebasket and the world of letters. I still appeared to be the mother I had always been to Peter, and nothing else. Maybe a trifle absent-minded at times, having thought of another good deed that I might have put in, or feeling a little depressed, as no doubt real authors do when they fear the dangerously variable weather of an editor's judgments.

I had lost hope when the third week passed and there was no sign of a breach in the editorial policy of this paper to publish the worst and nothing but the worst that was going on.

One Sunday afternoon Peter, who is not above taking his Sunday paper on the Lord's Day, was in the parlor reading it. I was in the dining room helping the maid clear the table. Then I heard Peter laugh. He has a laugh that comes out of him with a joyful whoop and ends in a strictly masculine giggle. I thought he must be looking at the funny page, because he is not above that either.

"Mother! I have something to show you!" he called out.

"I will come presently, Peter," I answered, going on with what I was doing.

The next moment he came in, grinning broadly.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed, spreading a page of the paper before me.

There was the picture of an old man and woman seated side by side, looking grim and strong in their years, as if they had made a long journey together and knew they had come the right road. Beneath was printed: "Happily Married." Two or three smaller pictures, of plain virtuous-looking men and women, appeared below, the kind you see in old family albums, and made long before photographers learned the lying art of touching up their negatives, but left the light to tell the truth about your grandmother's wrinkles and her old-fashioned breastpin and the mole on your grandfather's nose.

I stared at these illustrations and glanced up inquiringly at Peter, as you do when you fail to see the joke.

"But you have not read the headline!" he said, crinkling his eyes to a keener humor at me.

Then I saw printed at the top of the page in tall type:

GOOD NEWS

And beneath, in a smaller type:

THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH

Long paragraphs and short ones followed, each with some good old motto for a title.

I experienced an overwhelming sense of guilt, confounded with the gratification of a secret pride. My name was not there, but I myself had appeared in print. I forgot for the moment the pious purpose I had when these sketches were written. I was flushed, elated and very fearful lest my son should suspect me.

"Peter, these are not my reading glasses. I cannot make out what it is all about," I said faintly.

"Well, it is all about what you talk of so much—the things good men have done, the patience with which good women have endured. It sounds so much like you that I could almost suspect you have been giving an interview to one of these smart young reporters!" he said teasingly.

"You know I would never do such a thing!" I retorted.

"Well, some fellow has put over a good thing. It comes corking near to being literature. Listen to this," he said, running his eye down one of the columns, and then beginning to read aloud what I had written about Jasper Wood coming along the dusty road at night like a whole regiment on his two feet to fetch the preacher for an old sinner who was about to die in his sins because he would not make his peace without a minister to receive and witness his confession.

"Now that sings!" Peter exclaimed. "You hear the whir of wings about that old man of God hurrying with his salvation for that old scout about to pass!"

I regarded Peter's back thoughtfully as he passed through the door into the parlor, still scanning this page of the paper. It was strange that he did not recognize this preacher as his own father. How far removed he was still from those great substances in the lives of men out of which alone poetry, religion and literature are made.

Then I took an indignant turn on my own heels because he was so far from even suspecting that his old sundown mother had written this thing. They who know us best know only our limitations best. You are much more likely to surprise your family than the world if you achieve something.

Vanity must be a very quick growth! Here I was as secretly resentful at Peter because he failed to recognize me as the author of these little candle-lit tales as if he had seen the picture of his own mother and did not know her face because her name was not written beneath it.

I went back to the table, my hand trembling so that the top tittered against the rim of the butter dish when I put it on. It is a wonder to me how real authors endure the excitement of their own performances.

Later in the afternoon, when Peter had gone somewhere, I went in and read the whole of this Good-News page, much as you repeat the prayer you said last week. My memory is not very good except for Scriptures and hymns, but I reckon I could have repeated every word on that page before I was done with it. It is odd how curious we are about the simplest little image of our own minds we create, as the homeliest woman studies the reflection of her own face in a mirror. I doubt if this is due to vanity, but probably to a sort of perpetual astonishment that what you really are is so completely hidden by this countenance. So it was a sort of miracle to see the insides of my mind spread in type on this page, and to know that no one would suspect that, least of all the feeling and purpose with which I had written.

At last I took the scissors, cut this part of the paper and climbed the stairs to the attic, where William's sermons lay neatly folded in the old tin box. What sublime imagery they contained of a good man's heart, how much more bravely they have stood out than these pale shadows of mine which I laid among them! I closed the lid and remained a while on my knees before it, not to pray but to grieve that William's son was not such a preacher, that so much of the faith that William had lay folded away out of the thoughts and minds of men, like these yellowed pages of his old sermons.

This Good-News page created much favorable comment. The wedded life of the Hightowers and Jasper Wood's cheerful goodness became the topics of social discussion. I was obliged to exercise considerable repression at a missionary tea during the week when a smart young matron said Mrs. Hightower was a fool, and that the modern wife would know a sight better how to take care of herself in the married relation, or get out of it!

Peter met Mr. Quick, the editor of the paper, at the Add and Carry Club. He said Mr. Quick told him that he had long considered some such feature as this for his Sunday edition, and considered himself lucky to have hit upon the right idea; the people needed a change from the catastrophic, and he thought there would be a reaction toward old-fashioned religious idealism. He invited Peter to contribute something to this page. He said the machinery of press news was not adapted to furnishing material for such a feature, and that was the only trouble he anticipated in keeping the thing going. Peter said he thought he had a thing or two that might help Quick out in this emergency. He had asked Quick where he obtained the copy for that first page.

"He grinned and told me that was a secret, but he admitted what I suspected, that nearly all the copy came from the same source," Peter said when he was telling me later of this conversation with Quick.

"But I doubt if he can depend on it," he added, "and I imagine he plans to get the preachers of the city to help him carry the thing. There will be one difficulty."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Most of them will want to sign their names, and he prefers that all the copy should be anonymous," he explained.

"Why should they?" I wanted to know.

"Well," he answered, smiling wittily, "preachers are like other folks—they want their children to bear their names. It is customary and natural. A man's thoughts are as much the offspring of his mind as they are of his body."

The following Sunday there was a fine short essay at the top of the Good-News page on "Be ye doers of the Word," which I suspected Peter wrote because it was so rational and ethical, but he did not legitimize the thing with his signature.

Meanwhile I was resolved that Mr. Quick should not lack for the soothing copy I thought the people needed. You may say that I entered the ministry secretly, with none of the brethren to lead me in prayer, and no choir to sing, beyond the tune of my own memories. I worked my recollections to the last little decimal of a tale. Finally I worked out, and had to begin on the secret prayers and deeds of my own life. Here I discovered an inexhaustible supply of secret matter. It is astonishing how much we have lived and suffered and believed and hoped when we have been compelled to live better than we really are.

And every Sunday my little stories filled most of this page. Peter said the only fault he had to find was with the editor. He said Mr. Quick strutted and aired himself like a hypocrite about his Good-News feature. He said the man was positively insufferable he was so boastful about how easy he found it to get more copy than he could

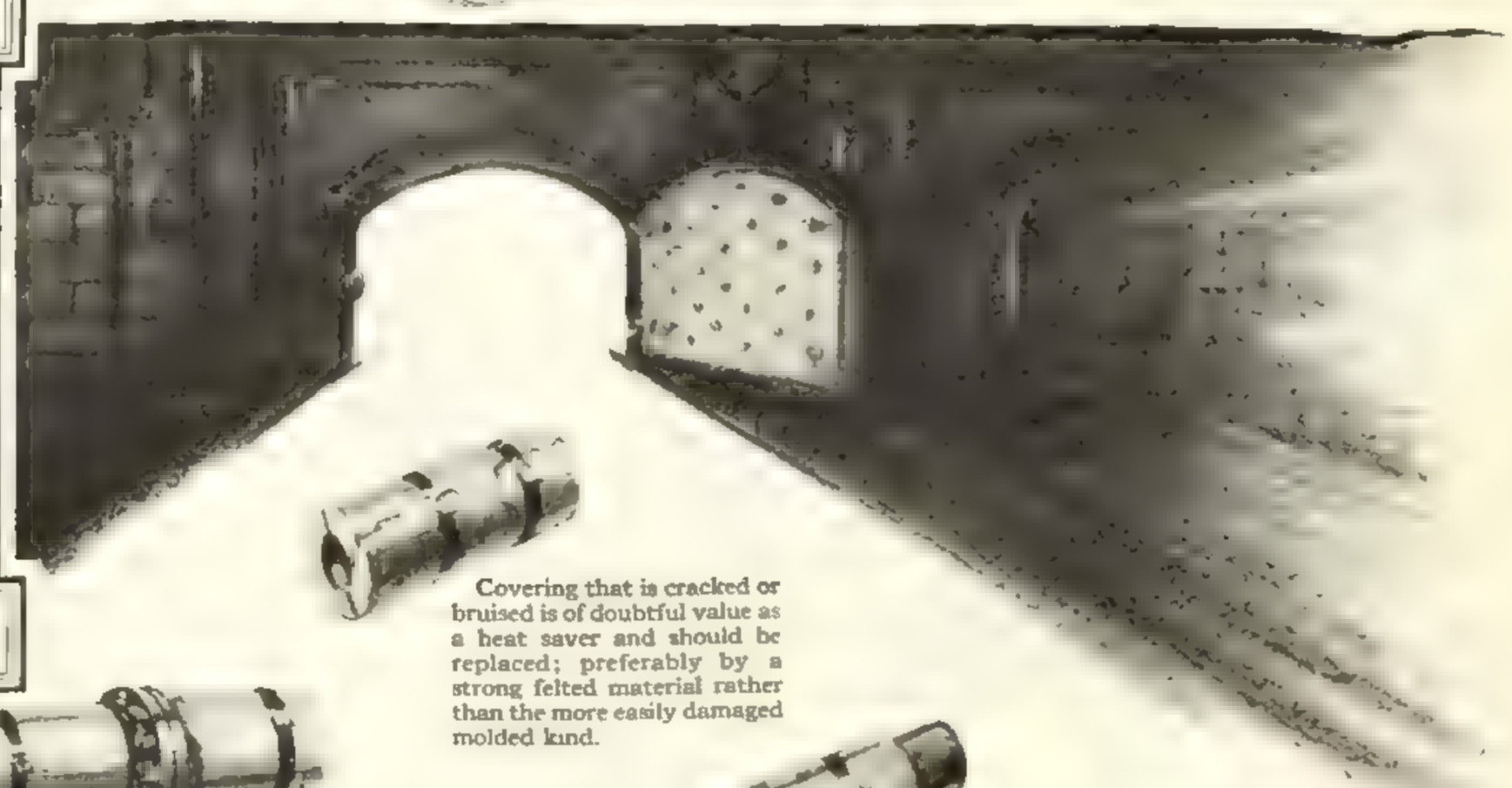
(Continued on Page 46)

Six ways to tell how your heat is wasted

TO encourage fuel saving we have thought it helpful to show some of the ways that heat is lost or wasted and how such losses can be located.

The common causes for heat loss are not deeply hidden. On the contrary, they are evident to anyone who will look for them.

If you find any one of the conditions below in your system, you can without a doubt be helped by Johns-Manville Insulation Service.

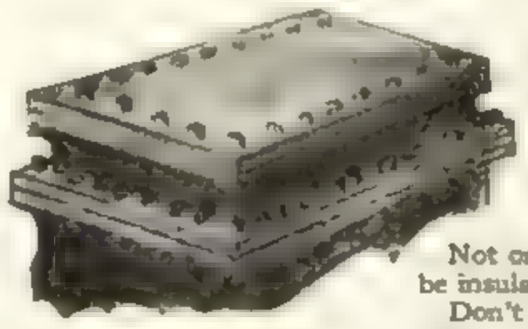


Covering that is cracked or bruised is of doubtful value as a heat saver and should be replaced; preferably by a strong felted material rather than the more easily damaged molded kind.

Often, pipes are covered but flanges and fittings left bare Very wasteful. More fuel is wasted by leaving one pair of flanges bare than if a whole foot of the pipe itself were left uncovered.

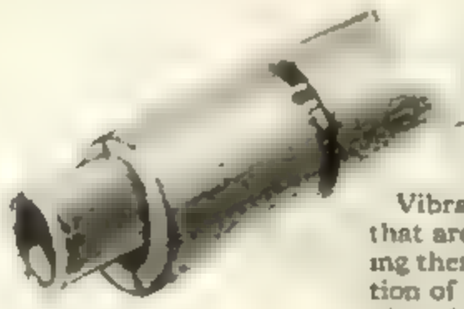
Most coverings are too thin. You cover pipes to save heat. Why not save all that is possible by using proper thickness instead of accepting the partial saving of thin, inadequate materials?

Twenty-five feet of average size bare pipe carrying steam at a medium pressure wastes 14 tons of coal a year. In the face of this fact uncovered pipes are inexcusable.



Not only pipes but every hot surface must be insulated to secure maximum fuel savings.

Don't be content with saving heat loss from pipes alone—find every hot surface and have it properly insulated.



Vibration wears away materials that are structurally weak, causing them to sag, allowing circulation of air between covering and pipe, thus reducing their effective thickness and insulating value. Moral: Be sure that the material you use has more than heat-saving value—that it has long life as well—preferably a *felted* rather than a *molded* material.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

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Madison Avenue, at 41st Street, New York City
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For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

Asbesto-Sponge Felt

The most efficient commercial insulation known, and the most durable, because felted instead of molded, hence most economical.

Asbestocel

For hot water and low pressure steam lines. Note that the corrugations run around the pipe, not along its length. This effects a marked increase in efficiency.

85% Magnesia

Johns-Manville 85% Magnesia, the most durable and efficient insulation of the molded type.

(Continued from Page 44)

publish. Several of the most prominent ministers in town had their contributions returned, and so on and so forth.

I do not know how this adventure might have ended for me, but for a circumstance characteristic of this strictly commercial period of doing everything by advertising and collecting a fund to carry it on.

The campaigns of various religious denominations for funds, totaling many millions of dollars, were scarcely over when the rumble of the much greater Interchurch World Movement smote the ears of all churches in all nations. At last the Lord God was to be securely established in the hearts of all men, regardless of creeds, by a fund. One of the officials of this organization passed through the city and saw what an excellent medium the Good-News page of our leading Sunday paper would be for his purposes. Thereafter it was devoted exclusively to the propaganda of the latest colossal spiritual enterprise for the saving of the world.

The Eighteenth Amendment went into effect in July of this year. Peter had looked forward to prohibition as the solution of many problems. He thought liquor fomented strife and stirred the evil passions of all classes. We all do. But now we had a shock. The first effect we had from prohibition was a flare of indignation among many worthy citizens who had no active relation with evil forces. Those who habitually drank to the point of drunkenness had little to say. But what disturbed Peter was the exaggerated sense many members had of their constitutional rights which had been violated by this law. He was obliged to stop calling on Mr. Hobbs to lead in prayer because, though he had long been known as a consistent member of the church and had the gift of prayer, he was violently opposed to prohibition. Mr. Steward, on the other hand, was a rabid prohibitionist, and would not be led by Hobbs in prayer.

Men are queer people. I do not say that they are so deviously queer as women, but their queerness is far less consistent with the reputation they have acquired for being reasonable. They are by nature and inclination lawmakers. They hang one another for committing murder. A man is punished who steals. He is sued if he does not pay his debts. He is watched in business, lest his profits interfere with another man's rights. Any one of them will get himself elected to the legislature so that he may pass more stringent laws. He will not allow you to expectorate on the street, even if you have a bad cold and ought not to do it in your own pocket. But the moment his own Government, which he has made and which represents him, undertakes to enforce a law against one of his physical appetites he is up in arms. It makes no difference which appetite it is. If an ordinance should be passed against the drinking of buttermilk he would die by the churn.

As for intoxicating beverages, he does not care for the stuff, never touches it, he tells you, but it is the principle of the thing to which he objects. It means paternalism in government, and paternalism means the overlording of law. A man could not call his soul his own! This was Mr. Hobbs' argument. Presently they would take his tobacco and coffee from him! He belonged to the great minority. He was entitled to representation.

I thought this was queer, considering how earnestly he favored the Government's laying a chastening hand upon profiteers. But being only a woman maybe I do not understand paternalism. I feel that it is a figurative term in politics and does not mean what it ought to mean.

In vain Peter reasoned with Hobbs, reminding him that nearly all crime, poverty and disease may be traced directly to indulgence in strong drink. That was not the point, he said. This was a free country. Somebody was tampering with the inalienable rights of free men to choose whether they would be sober or not sober. And for one he would not submit tamely to this oppression. There were more ways of killing a dog than choking him in butter, he announced darkly.

The primary preludes of electing officers for the city government came on. Hobbs espoused the wet ticket. Steward was the raging lion of the dry forces. They met in joint debate and accused each other in public places. They published cards vilifying each other. The whole congregation of Peter's church took sides. Apparently there were no more good Christian people, but the majority of those who had gone under this name were overwhelmingly for those candidates pledged to enforce prohibition. Nevertheless, every man on the wet ticket was nominated.

The next Sunday Mr. Hobbs appeared, after several weeks' absence, at the Sabbath services as usual, sitting prominently, looking satisfied and mild, like a man who is now willing to take the gospel, having carried his point in that secular matter of the election. And Mr. Steward transferred his membership to another church.

I do not know which is the best time to hold a revival. If you have it before a political campaign many of your most influential members backslide, boosting their candidate. And if you hold it afterward the mischief has already been done. And though a man may repent of everything else he will not repent of the candidate whom he helped elect, no matter how unworthy he may be to hold office.

Peter held a series of perfunctory services after this political upheaval, much as you hold a Chautauqua. Nothing happened.

If I take a bad cold, that is the least part of my trouble. What worries me much more is how I came to get it. I recall every draft that came through an open window. I remember the times I have risen in the dead hours of the night, thinly clad, and gone upstairs and downstairs to make sure that I really did lock all the doors before retiring. I consider the soles of my shoes and try to remember whether I wore my rubbers the last time I went to prayer meeting, which was on a damp evening. But I never can decide which imprudence gave me the cold.

I was in the same doubt during the latter part of this summer, about a marked change in Peter. He went doggedly on with his work, but not with the enthusiasm that had always been characteristic of him. He had lost his buoyancy, which in my opinion was never spiritual but due to the hardy conscience he had, a good conscience, but not sensitive, and never introspective. He digested his deeds, his prayers and his sermons, and lived on them as you forget the food that sustains you. But now he was not doing very well. He was moody. He practiced silence as a garrulous man practices speech. He devoted more time to the preparation of his sermons and preached like a man with a stone hung round his neck

And this was not the worst of it. His church was more than half empty. This had never happened before, even in the warmest weather, when many members of his regular congregation were away on their vacations, because he had a sort of floating audience from the outside which more than compensated in members. Now these cheerful sinners were not there. Some popular virtue had gone out of him and his ministry.

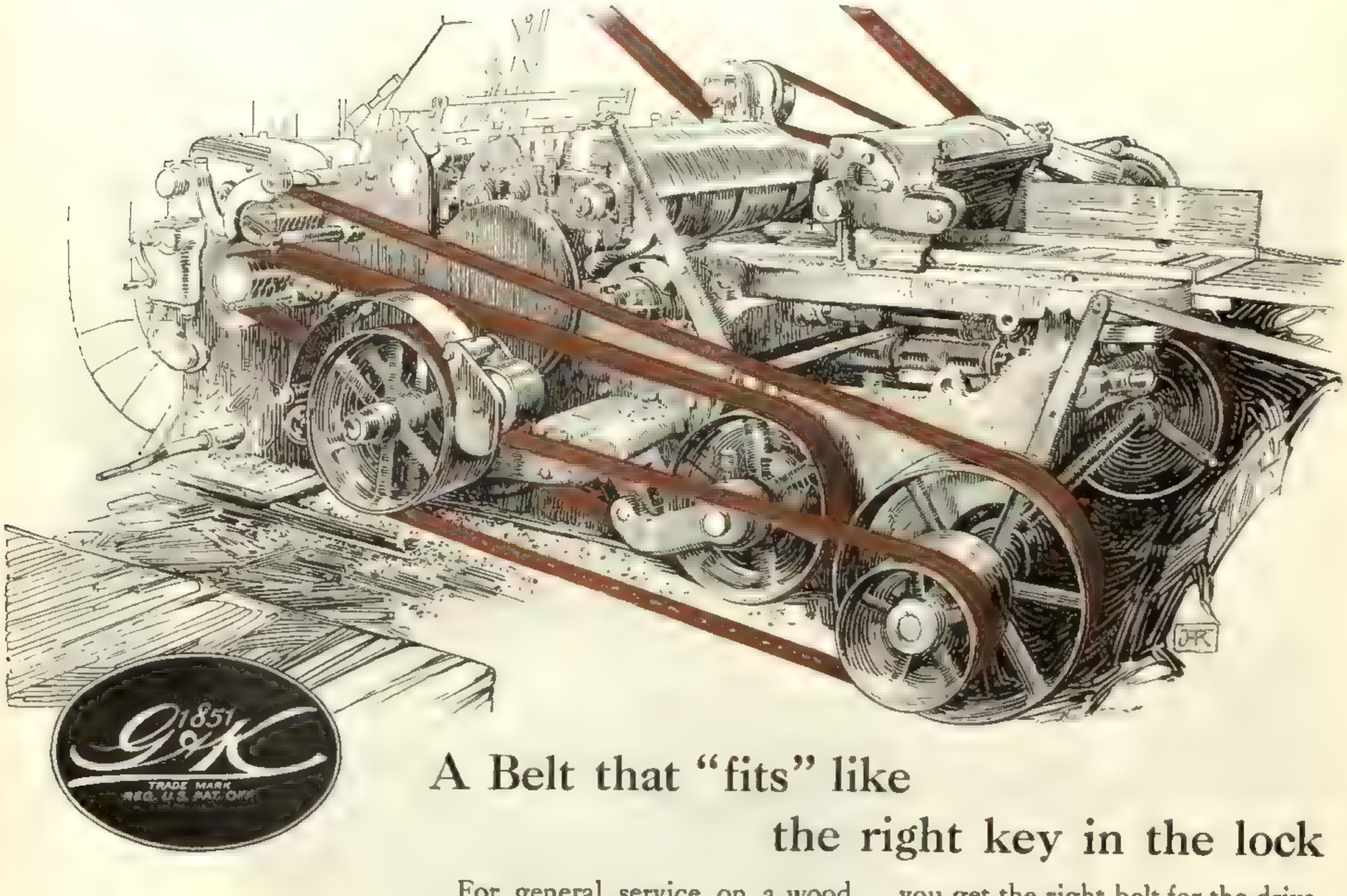
I perceived that at last my son was beginning to be uneasy, like a man who fears he may receive his sight soon and be obliged to change his course. I thought he was losing that artless faith in his fellow men which had sustained him since he entered the ministry, and which is not justified.

He was at last confounded by the confusion of spirits in men which drove them this way and that like the demoniacal possessions mentioned in the Scriptures. The mountains were shaking at last, and I trembled for my son, for I could not be sure whether he would yield to a purely rational defeat or turn to God for a right understanding of his ministry.

I experienced once more the old burdened feeling I used to have when William passed through a spiritual crisis. I could never be sure he would receive the blessing he desired of his Heavenly Father, nor what would happen if he did not get it. But I knew he would not go on preaching the gospel without it. Now in the same way I was anxious about what was going on in the heart of my son. I desired above all things that he should remain in the ministry, and I knew that this question was up for settlement in his mind. He was an honest man. He was beginning to realize what I had known from the first—that his ministry had not accomplished its purpose. That he should understand this was necessary if he ever became a true priest, but what courage it requires in spiritual things to overcome defeat by faith! I did a sight of blind praying that summer to the one end that the Lord would guide Peter.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Mount Rainier From the Southern End of Cowlitz Ridge



A Belt that "fits" like the right key in the lock

For general service on a wood planer of this kind there is one best belt—a Neptune Dynamo.

All the factors to be considered—high speed on small pulleys; sudden, full loads dropping instantaneously to no load, etc.—were studied by G & K engineers, and Neptune Dynamo was the belt chosen from the Standardized Series.

Here is the great economy of buying Graton & Knight Belts—you get the right belt for the drive. From research work covering thousands of drives and extending over many years the Standardized Series has been evolved.

The belt buyer need not waste time or money on experimental or research work. Graton & Knight engineers will analyze the requirements of a single machine, or your entire shop, and make their recommendations.

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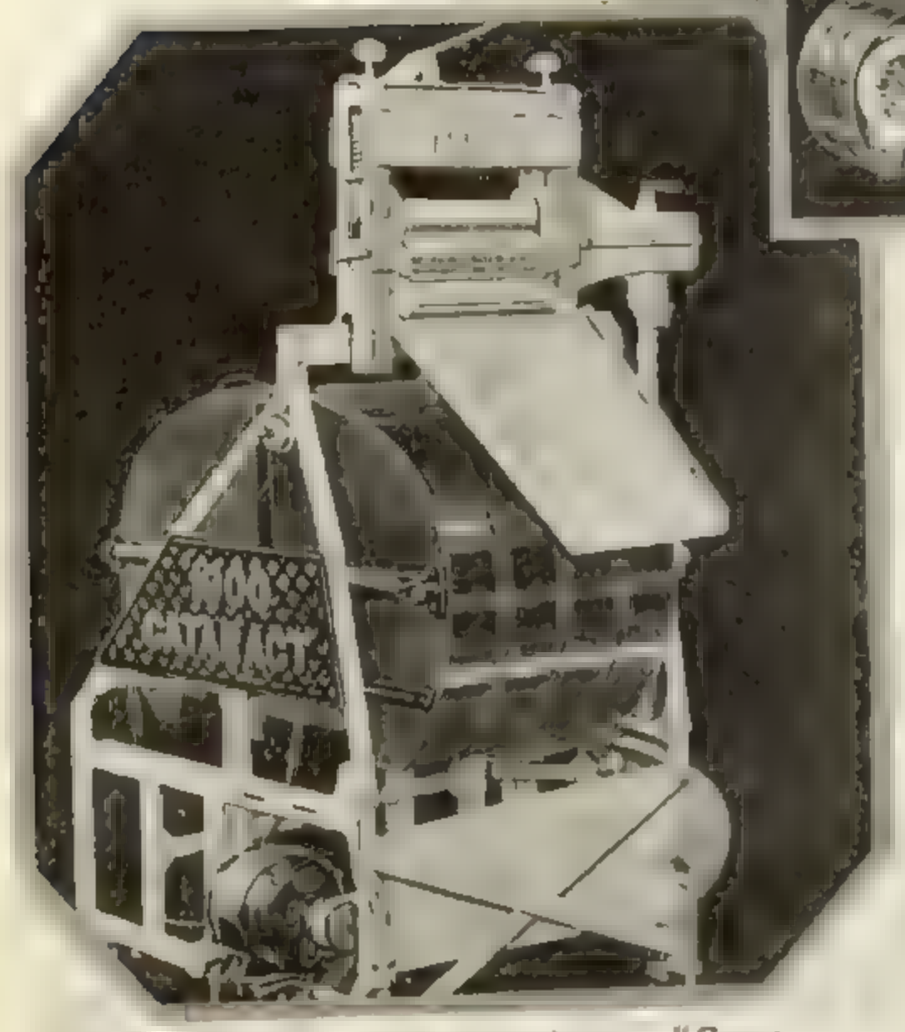
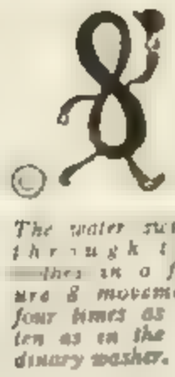


Write for a copy of the interesting story "George Brinton's Wife". It's a book you will enjoy, and you'll learn some surprising things from it.



The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 movement four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

THE DAINTY, IRRESISTIBLE BLOUSES one sees in the shops, the clinging, graceful negligees, the soft, intimate little underthings—did you know that they, too, can be popped right into the shiny copper tub of the 1900 Cataract Electric Washer and that out they will come, all their freshness restored, and sweet and clean as new?

THERE are two very definite reasons why *everything* can be washed in the 1900. First, the tub, whose lining is as smooth as the palm of your hand, has not a single thing in it to catch and tear fine fabrics. Nothing to snatch off buttons! No parts to lift out and clean after the wash is finished!

And then, there is the magic figure 8 motion—an exclusive feature. The water gently swishes back and forth through the clothes in a figure 8 movement, *four times* oftener than in the ordinary washer. Thus the clothes are washed faster.

The electric wringer is reversible, and can be shifted to any position. Only eight to ten minutes are required to wash a tubful of clothes, and the 1900 costs only a few cents an hour to operate. You can buy a 1900 Washer on deferred payments, too.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

1900 WASHER COMPANY 203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office, CANADIAN 1900 WASHER CO., 357 Yonge St., Toronto

A QUEST IN YOUBETCHERLAND

(Continued from Page 7)

garments he owns. Ma, who sits with him in the front seat, wears one-piece overalls, which are not especially beautiful but exceedingly commodious. The girls, who perch upon the quilts and the skillets behind, go in for costumes conforming patriotism with comfort, as it were. They mate the khaki breeches and the spiral putties of a doughboy with a broad-collared sailor's blouse, thereby doing honor to the Army and not forgetting the Navy either.

Thus accoutered, off the members of the household roll for an outing of a week or a fortnight or a month. Incredibly bad roads do not daunt them, for as often as not incredibly bad roads are what they are best acquainted with. Dust thicker than any dust the Easterner can conceive of disturbs them not a whit. It is mostly powdered pumice anyway, and it wipes right off, leaving the skin white and clean. In a land where rain never falls from the time summer sets in until midautumn has come our campers need take no heed of the weather. They eat in the open and they sleep under the stars. No matter how scorching hot the sun may be in the daytime, the air will chill the moment the sun goes down. And in those altitudes it's always deliciously cool in the shade at any time.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Sand Pinnacles, Crater Lake National Park

The Shade Hound

In the course of a month's coursing back and forth through Oregon I think I must have seen five hundred such parties. As the license tags attested, they came from a dozen Western and Northwestern states, but mostly we met Oregon folk. Those who composed each separate group appeared to be having a perfectly gorgeous time, and it might safely be figured that the entire cost of the outing for a whole automobile load of such sight-seers would be less than is required to board a Pomeranian pup in a fashionable New York kennel while its owner is off for the summer. Kindlier or friendlier human beings never lived than these vacationers were. Every now and then we had to ask the aid of some passing party in finding the shade hound, and never did we get a churlish reply.

The shade hound took a lot of tending. He was a loan-collection dog. One of the members of our party borrowed him from a neighbor who recommended him highly for general purposes, but was reticent—purposely reticent, we decided afterward—about going into details touching on the exact metes and bounds of his sphere of usefulness. To look at, he was not a particularly handsome animal. He was a mixed breed, being part Airedale and part, I think, lamp-chimney cleaner. He had the general shape and color of an Airedale, but the fluffy, woolly aspect which one associates with a lamp-chimney cleaner. Immediately after acquiring him we discovered that he suffered from the affliction of palsy of the hind quarters, so that when he wagged his tail a general quivering motion was imparted to his after sections. Going away from one, he suggested a fashionable dancer; but approaching head-on, he more resembled something to be run through the flues in order to remove the soot. He was also quite deaf; but, as the saying goes, his heart was in the right place. He had a wonderful disposition. A kind word from a complete stranger—if he heard it—was sufficient to start him shimmying behind.

Now we intended, if opportunity served, to hunt a variety of game—lava bear, black bear, wild fowl, deer and possibly cougar. That one of our party who had borrowed him, being an optimist, figured that the dog might qualify to hunt something or other that was on our tentative list. Events proved that the trust was misfounded. We tried him first on black bear. By request, he smelled at the fresh bear tracks which were presented for his consideration. He was polite enough about it, and very obliging, but anyone with half an eye could see that he lacked the enthusiasm which ever marks your true bear-trailing dog. He sniffed as a reluctant patient on the operating table might sniff at the approaching ether cone or as a smoker might test with his nose a bad nickel cigar selling for a quarter. Then, evidently feeling that he had done his full duty in the premises, he excused himself from the company and went back to camp and ate a ham which someone had left hanging on a low tree limb. It was plain, so his sponsor confessed that night, that this dog was not temperamentally organized to hunt black bear. Perhaps—so he hopefully suggested—perhaps his forte was chasing deer.

So we waited a few days until the bear hunt was over, and then we loaded him on the running board of the car and took him across country to where the runs of the black-tailed deer made narrow paths in a vast thicket of lodgepole pines. We unloaded him there, and by word and gesture encouraged him to show us a little something along sporting lines. It was at once made manifest that of all the subjects in this wide world the subject of deer was of the least possible interest to him. I never saw a dog display more unmistakable signs of boredom. As plain as print, his manner told us what his feelings were.

We were persistent, though; or rather the man who had borrowed him was. We carried him out of the forest and into the Great Desert and introduced him to some fresh coyote signs. Once more the result was disappointing. The dog's demeanor unmistakably indicated that if ever in his life there had been a period when he entertained any antipathy for coyotes he long before had decided, so far as the coyote was concerned, to let bygones be bygones. Live and let live—such evidently he had made his motto. Finally we tried him at jack-rabbit coursing. But instead of pursuing the smoke-gray bunnies he made unsuccessful efforts to put himself on terms of amicable understanding with this or that strange jack rabbit crossing his path.

These experiments, I should explain, extended over a period of upward of a fortnight, and long before they were concluded we had discovered what he really was. I think it was stubbornness more than anything else which toward the last kept us experimenting. For by now we knew the true nature of his calling in life. He was a shade hound by profession. Whenever he was left to his own devices he dedicated his being to finding a patch of shade; and having found it, with slight shimmying motions betokening satisfaction, he would lie down in it and stay there as long as the shade did. Then he would rise up reluctantly to go and find some more shade.

I am inclined to think that I was the first of our party to observe this peculiarity. I noticed it after we had left the timber to sojourn a while in the sagebrush. There was not much shade out on the desert. There rarely is, in the daytime, out there. The patches of shadow under the stunted greasewood and sagebrush bushes were hardly large enough to shelter field mice, and from an hour after sunrise until just before sunset the heat on clear days was unabated and intense. It came to my attention that our dog was favoring me with his company. Offhand, I decided this must be an evidence of growing friendliness on his part; but closer scrutiny of his actions revealed the fact that he was not entirely actuated by affectionate impulses. In what he did there was a trace, at least, of self-interest. I cast more shadow than any other person present did; he was trying to stay in my shade.

Times when we were motoring he would quietly drop off the running board and go to look for shade. He would strike off the road and tangent away for miles possibly before he found enough shade to suit him. Meanwhile we would bowl merrily along usually for, say, half an hour before any of the remaining occupants of the car discovered that one of our number no longer was with us. If he had belonged to us we might have abandoned him, but he was borrowed property, and we were under pledge to return him in good order to his master. So we would turn around and back-track, looking for him. In a sparsely settled country this frequently meant much added travel. It might be that we would run for an hour on the rearward trail before we met another car or until we had come to some lone homesteader's cabin or sheep herder's camp. There we would be reasonably sure to find the shade hound tucked away somewhere on the shade side of the shack.

Questing about to ascertain the whereabouts of the shade hound gave us a better opportunity than otherwise we might have had to study the desert homesteader and admire the grit which inspires him to tackle dry-farming where frequently dry-farming is one of the most uncertain and hazardous of agrarian pursuits. His claim nearly always lies out on the alkali flats, which are not always flat, but which generally do carry a high percentage of alkali. The more fertile lands along the water courses were preëmpted long ago, and the marketable timber is either privately owned or lies within the state reserves and the national parks. So he sets up his cabin on the desert and there, season in and season out, he wages a war against unfriendly elements and a Nature which begrudges its scanty gifts. He contends with bitter weather in the winter, with wind and dust in the spring, with dust and heat in the summer.

Always there is the possibility of a scant rainfall in the wet season, which means disaster for the grain he has planted; and there is a certainty of assaults on his growing crops—if his crops grow—by the jack rabbits and the gophers and the ground squirrels. It may be that he has to haul his water for miles; not only the water he drinks, but the water he washes in and the water he gives his stock. Often he must travel a considerable distance to chop the stunted juniper which serves him as firewood. He and his brood endure loneliness and alkali and sagebrush and sand storms and snowstorms. No flowers grow about his bare doorstep. No fruit trees blossom and bear in his dooryard. Of course here I am citing a typical extreme case, but there are a great many of these typical extreme cases.

To the average Easterner the greatest wonder, next only to the amazing circumstance that the desert homesteader ever settled where he did settle in the first place, is the almost equally amazing fact that he hangs on so persistently.

Sometimes he quits. Deserted shanties give proof that here or there some poor devil finally gave up and, acknowledging that the desert had licked him, moved on, leaving the place he had called home to become the abiding place of pack rats and owls. But for every one who surrenders there is another who sticks, inspired, I think, more by the craving of the native American to own a piece of this footstool for his own than by any hope of ultimate victory over natural disadvantages. He is the true pioneer of this generation; the present pathfinder in the waste places.

Rock, Sand, Alkali and Hope

He stands fast, buoyed perhaps by the faint prospect that some day irrigation may solve the problem for him by turning the sagebrush into lush green gardens or that a railroad may come through, and then perhaps if he has luck his fenced-in section of rock and sand and leprous alkali will become part of a town site. And through it all he keeps his courage and his patience and his sense of independence. He lives, somehow or other, on a trifle of rather less than nothing a year, and he grins in the face of adversity. His hospitality is as boundless as the view from his window. Whatever he has is yours for the asking or without it.

All about the edges of the particular area whither we went to kill our lava bear were the steadings of struggling dry-farmers. We knew in advance just where we should go to hunt the lava bear, although with no prior guaranty and indeed with no very good prospect that we should find him where we hunted. From the hunter's standpoint, one of the outstanding attractions of Oregon is that in certain fairly well-defined areas he is reasonably sure to find the

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Crater Lake

haunts and feeding grounds of certain huntable creatures. There are areas where the mule-tailed deer lives, but rarely or never does the black-tailed deer abide there, and vice versa. There is at least one range where the white-tailed deer of the East or a deer very much resembling him may be looked for with more or less success. But old Oregonians told me that in this particular neighborhood there was small likelihood for one to see a stray black-tail or mule-tail. It is as though all the animals had sent delegates to a congress where each variety, having selected its own abiding place, agreed to stay off the private preserves of all the rest.

This is particularly true, seemingly, of the deer; but it is true in a measure, also, of some of the flesh eaters. Black bear are fairly numerous on this or that mountain, while the cougar is rarely found there. Fifty miles away the cougar ranges, but the bear, except in exceptional circumstances, does not. This arrangement simplifies things for both the hunter and the hunted. The hunter knows approximately that the game he seeks is common to a given locality, which, however, may be the size of the state of Massachusetts or larger. Oregon is one of the roomiest states we have, and localities as defined by the Oregonians are likely to be sizable. At any rate, having decided on what he wishes to hunt, the hunter decides upon the district in which he will hunt and goes there.

Presumably the animal knows that on or about a certain date the hunter will be along looking for him, and so during the hunting season he takes a vacation and slips away into the more inaccessible parts of his domain. At least such was our experience. There are lots of deer in Oregon—oodles and scads and shoals and herds of deer. But we found remarkably few of them at home when we called at their best-known places of residence.

Fish and Fiction

What applies to the habitats of the mammals in Oregon applies, in a way of speaking, to the fishing likewise. I am not speaking now of the salmon fishing, which these times is more or less of a commercial pursuit, but rather of the trout fishing. In one stream the rainbow trout live and breed. In another the transplanted Eastern brook trout are numerous, while the rainbow may be scarce. In yet another the Dolly Varden trout or the steelhead or what not abound. We fished in one lake, and not such a very large lake either, where on a certain shoal one was reasonably sure of snaring a mess of Dolly Vardens. A mile away, around a point, the fish one caught would probably be rainbows almost exclusively, and just across the lake, near the opposite bank, the speckled trout seemed to hold a monopoly on the feeding grounds. I do not know why this should be so, but so it was.

Somewhere on this continent there may be better trout fishing than is to be found in Central Oregon, but personally I do not know where it is. Take, for example, East Lake, which for all-around fishing purposes is conceded to be about as dependable a lake as there is in Oregon. Ten years ago there were no game fish in this lake. It fills the crater of an old volcano, and it lies several thousand feet above sea level. No stream runs into it. It is fed largely by rain and melted snow and by hot springs, which last are strongly impregnated with sulphur and iron and various other minerals. When the state game commission decided to stock it, doubts were expressed as to whether under such conditions as these fish would live in East Lake, and grow and multiply.

Did they grow and multiply? On both counts I'll say they did! It has been less than a decade since the first batches of fry and fingerlings were brought in small tanks on pack trains over the mountains from the hatchery and turned loose in East Lake. Ichthyologists are divided as to whether it was the quality of the water or the abundance of the feed or the presence of hot springs along the shore and in the lake bed or a combination of all three of these which produced a piscatorial miracle. But be the cause what it may, the fact remains that it is now no uncommon thing for a twenty-pound rainbow trout or an eight-pound brook trout to be taken out of East Lake. Indeed there is authentic record that a rainbow weighing thirty-six pounds was caught there, and an approved tradition has to do with a rainbow which is said to have weighed upward of sixty pounds twenty-four hours after he was landed. But, of course, when a fish attains to any such size as this he isn't a fish any more, but a fiction, and all persons are warned against believing him, even though they behold him with their own eyes. He's an optical delusion when you look upon him, and a plain fish lie when you tell about him afterward.

I was shown a trolling tackle which has been used in the catching of some of the biggest of the East Lake trout. It consisted of two enamelware dinner plates riveted back to back with a doorknob affixed to the upper surface of the upper plate for a handle and with an iron rod passing through the bottom plate and so devised as to be made fast in a hole in the rear seat of a rowboat. Between the plates a line as heavy almost as sash cord was reeled. But of course such a rig as this isn't possible either. It overtaxes the powers of human credulity to believe that such a thing is actually used for catching trout, and I do not expect the reader to credit me when I say that I saw it.

Trolling for Whale

Three of us went trolling for part of an afternoon in East Lake. Using a five-ounce rod and a light silk line, one of my companions, after a ten-minute battle, conquered a rainbow which scaled ten pounds. With a somewhat heavier rig I took a brook trout which weighed one ounce less than five pounds—a hump-shouldered, broad-beamed monster with the head of a speckled trout and with the markings of one, but with a body which might have belonged to a big-mouthed black bass. Between us, the two of us who fished—for the third man rowed and gave advice—caught within two hours twenty rainbow and speckled trout of an average weight of about three pounds. In the eyes of greenhorns from the East the least of our catch seemed a whale, but when we landed and saw a string of thirty-one rainbow aggregating in weight nearly a hundred pounds which had been taken by two men in less than eight hours we curled up and quit.

The scenery and the series of experiments with the shade hound and the fishing and the deer hunting and one side trip to Crater Lake for sight-seeing purposes and another to the headwaters of the Metolius River in the Deschutes National Forest, which is one of the most exquisitely beautiful spots that lie outdoors, and the mountain climbing and the pack-train trips and a lot of other things, including the death of a black bear, which event is to be treated separately as befitting the spectacular and unique merits of the case—as I say, all these things so retarded the beginning of the actual hunt for the lava bear that nearly three weeks elapsed between the time we started out by motor from the town of Bend and the time we struck into the lava beds east by northeast of Fort Rock.

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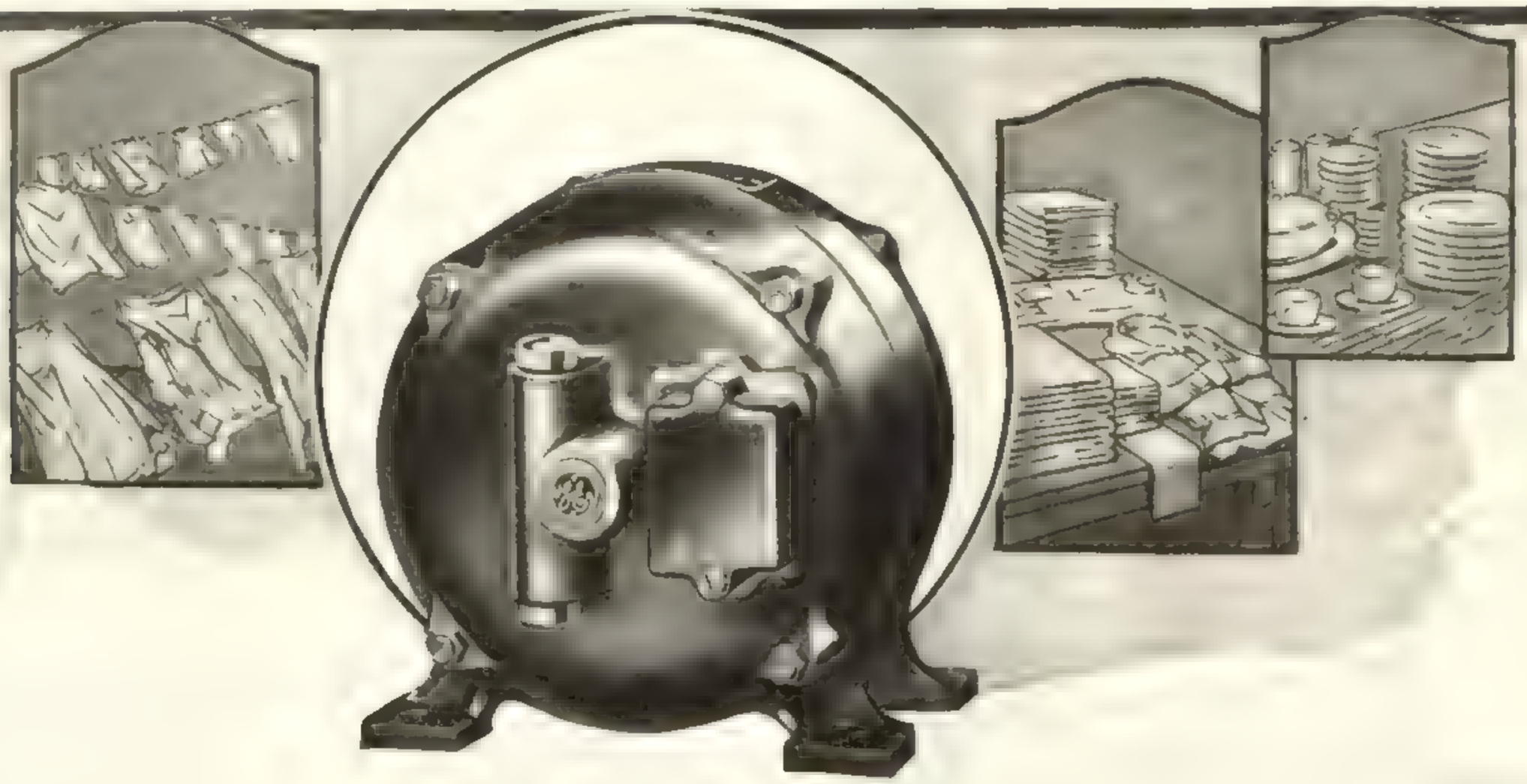
As a man judges an automobile by what is under the hood, a woman should judge a motor-driven machine for her home by its motor



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On the way, by appointment, we met and took along with us a young man who is supposed to know more about the habits of the lava bear than probably any other person in Oregon. Undoubtedly he does. His name is Andrews, and he is a trapper of predatory animals in the Federal employ—perhaps the most successful trapper on Uncle Sam's pay roll in the Northwest. He specializes in trapping coyotes. His annual bag is an astonishingly large one. He has the knack of being able to outguess Br'er Coyote at his own game. This gift is not common among human beings; indeed it is exceedingly rare, because of all created beings the coyote is one of the wisest and the wariest.

He is smart, but he has no friends. Every man's hand is against him. He is Ishmael going on four legs; Judas Iscariot in a gaberdine of mangy gray. His personal appearance is prejudicial to his own interests; his personal habits are unspeakable. The stockman dislikes him on general principles, and also because he murders the young calves. The sheep herder abhors him for that he is a constant menace to straying baa-baas. He is chronically addicted to raiding hen roosts, hence the dry-farmer views him with aversion. He preys upon sage grouse and prairie chicken, so the man who loves wing shooting carries a couple of shells loaded with buckshot for his especial unbenefit. The fur dealer pays a good price for his hide, and nation and state offer bounties on his scalp, wherefore the professional trapper spreads snares for his feet and sows poisoned titbits in his pathway, and runs him down with wolfhounds. And everybody looks upon him with the jaundiced eye of disfavor, because he is sneaky and furtive and sly and unwholesome of aspect, but most of all because he hates mankind and shows it. By day he slinks through the sagebrush, a living disfigurement to the landscape. Comes the nighttime, and he stations himself upon some convenient elevation just out of gunshot of the spot where you have pitched your camp, but within earshot of it, and there, hunkered back on his gaunt haunches, with his nose uplifted to the unsympathetic stars, he pours out the concentrated venom of his soul for hour after hour. For his sins he cannot sleep; for his vocal activities you can't either.

By his very mode of life he seems to express his contempt for the forces arrayed against him and for all his enemies. Mainly he ranges on the open plain. He digs his den, wherein his dam rears his pups, right out on the desert, making no attempt to hide its entrance hole and its exit from sight. When occasion suits him he forages in the broad daylight, for always he is hungry, and nearly always he is famished. By rights, with all creation arrayed against him, he should have vanished long ago. But he absolutely refuses thus to oblige the implacable foe. Some of our biologists maintain he is more plentiful since the white man's civilization invaded his original domain than he was when he had to contend only with bow-and-arrow Indians. Certainly he is constantly extending the limits of his hunting grounds.

The Abounding Jack Rabbit

With one exception, he is the only wild thing in America which probably is more numerous now than it was fifty years ago. The other exception is his fellow inhabitant of the staked plains, the jack rabbit. In his way the jack rabbit is a greater pest to the agriculturist than the coyote is to the ranchman; for the jack rabbit is likewise a perambulating famine with an appetite which cannot be satisfied, and having a preference in his diet for young grasses and tender grain stuffs. In every Far Western state campaigns of extermination are waged against the jack rabbit. Individuals war on him for the protection of their own crops and for the bounties paid by state or county. Many a struggling homesteader has weathered through a lean year on jackrabbit bounties. Communities organize drives and kill tens of thousands of the long-eared nuisances in a single day. Government employees go about the country showing the husbandman the latest and most approved scientific methods of slaughtering him. I may be wrong in this, but I think there are courses in intensive jackrabbit poisoning in some of the state agricultural schools beyond the Rockies.

He is an easy target for the gunner and an easy mark for the poisoner. He bobs up before you as you ride through the sagebrush, lopes along for a few yards, then squats in plain view as though determined to allow himself to be slain. Stricken with one tiny leaden pellet he lays him down and dies. He attains Nirvana after nibbling a morsel of strychnine-treated grain which would merely give a ground squirrel a good appetite. No more arsenic than would clear a gopher's complexion kills him on the spot. At intervals mysterious maladies decimate his breed. Measured as we measure things by mortal standards, he, too, should have long since disappeared; but he abounds. How he does abound! In one month in Oregon I myself saw more than nine million jack rabbits. I kept a record up to the ninth million, but after that I got careless and sort of lost count.

The Rambling Optimist

The coyote, which is so devilishly wise—so canny about pitfalls and so sapient about lures and snares—endures because he is so wise. The jack rabbit endures for another reason—his devotion to family ties. When it comes to multiplying he is the champion lightning calculator of the entire animal kingdom. Compared with him, Belgian hares are amateurs and guinea pigs are confirmed advocates of the theory of race suicide.

In pursuance of his trapping of coyotes and other predatory beasties, this young man, Andrews, has spent a dozen years more or less in and about the area where by all accounts the lava bear was most frequently encountered. Yet in all that time, so he told us, he had seen but three specimens and had killed but one. The one he killed had been a full-grown male, yet it measured, he said, a trifle less than three feet from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail, with a height at the shoulder of about twenty inches. He described its shape as having been squatty and all bunched up. I gathered that the creature was hunched in its fore quarters, with the flanks sloping away sharply in its after sections. He had saved its skull, and he gave it to me. It was little larger than the skull of a fair-sized sheep dog would be, but with much heavier jaws. Adhering to the dried scalp were wisps of a curiously pale-red fur, which probably, before exposure bleached the hairs, had been a pronounced cinnamon color. Andrews told us there had been nothing about the appearance or the coat of the bear he killed to indicate kinship with the grizzly; rather it was its behavior when he came upon it which led him to believe it might be a diminutive cousin of Old Ephraim. A black bear or a brown bear, of whatsoever size, would promptly have fled from him unless it chanced to be a female with cubs; but the lava bear exhibited no fear. On the other hand, it had shown a ferocity infinitely greater than its bulk justified.

As I said just now, he had seen just three lava bears in his life. He knew of a veteran stockman who in thirty years on the range had glimpsed just four of the pygmies. So he warned us that our chances for finding a specimen, even though we were bound for its favorite habitat, were exceedingly small. He mercifully refrained from telling the tenderfeet what the habitat itself would be like.

We found more optimism touching on the prospect in another quarter. We were replenishing our outfit in the general store of a tiny hamlet on the edge of the desert when a picturesque person rambled in. In this connection I use the word "rambled" advisedly. The gentleman in question evidently had been looking upon the lemon extract when it was yellow or the Jamaica ginger when it was red. But lemon extract is a mocker and Jamaica ginger is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. His breath was fragrant, even as a soda fountain, and his eye was rolling wide and free. As stated, he rambled in, tripping over crates of canned goods and getting himself entangled with agricultural implements, and he propped himself against a show case where we were gathered in the rear of the establishment and gave us opportunity to appraise the gorgeousness of his raiment. Just to look at him was a treat. He was attired in the most ornate and glorious gearings that a cowboy can select out of a mail-order catalogue. His boots were excessively high-heeled and carried vast silver spurs. The legs of his chaps had wide leather wings on them, and these wings were bossed with brass knobs

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(Concluded from Page 52)

and edged with broad leather fringes. His hat never cost a cent less than thirty dollars. His double-breasted blue shirt was adorned with pearl buttons the size of butter plates. For a final touch he wore upon his breast, between the twin ranks of his marching buttons, a monogram embroidered in red, and the letters of this monogram were at least two inches long. Plainly it was no trouble for him to recognize himself. One glance adown his bosom at those blazing initials, and instantly he would know exactly who he was. This should be a great convenience to a lemon-extract fancier.

Without waiting for an invitation he joined in the conversation then going on between the members of our party and the storekeeper. Since we had come thus far to hunt lava bear, naturally lava bear was the subject under consideration at the moment.

Immediately he took over the burden of the talk. At inopportune moments, though, he involuntarily interpolated into his remarks symptomatic sounds indicative of some passing derangement of the digestive apparatus.

"Hic!" thus he began. "Why, say—hic—ain't no troub' find old lav' bearsch an'wheres out yonder." He waved his arm to include at least two points of the compass. "Yasshur, an'wheres out there find 'em li'l' ole lav' bearsch. Way to do is jes—hic—'em to death." He paused, looking at us reproachfully as though silently blaming us for the labial miscue. Then he tried again. "Don' need take no gunsch 'long kill lav' bearsch. Jes lellum come at you an' w'en get closch jes haul off an'—hic—'em to death. Thasch way I do—hic—'em to death. Like thisch." Illustrating, he aimed a violent stroke with his right toe at space. "Thasch c'rect way! Youbetcher!"

At least two of our group were pleased to hear this. If a bear could be hicked to death the undertaking would simplify itself for persons whose marksmanship with a high-powered rifle was inclined to be erratic, especially in moments of excitement. We had never done any hicking, but we were willing to try. It seemed you did it with your foot.

Cheered by his words, we packed and went away. Twenty-odd miles farther along, when we had passed the last ranch and the most outlying homesteader's shack, we dipped down into a waste known as Squaw Flats, and made camp in the abandoned cabin of a sheep herder. Next morning early we set out, bumping in our car through the trackless desert to where, north of the flats, the lava bed reared its low parapets. Within a quarter of a mile of the lava wall, and just after we had quit the automobile, we found bear tracks—fresh ones, and smaller than any bear tracks which any of us, with the exception of Andrews, had ever seen. We had struck the trail of the lava bear right off the reel! The tracks led through the greasewood and the sagebrush and on into the lava bed. We followed, all exhilarated. We came speedily to the boundary where, abruptly, the lava met the alkali. At the heels of the trapper we invaded that lava.

A Sea of Gray Rock

I fear me my typewriter and I have traveled a long and rambling way to reach a briefened and disappointing climax. We invaded that lava bed to a depth of perhaps a hundred yards, and there the invasion came to a halt.

Creation surely was acting up in a most reactionary manner when this part of the world was cooling off. Volcanoes spouted, mountains moved, the face of the earth was reft into deep cracks and clefts, the melted basalt flowed in rivers, the obsidian was heaved up into rounded hillocks of smooth, glistening black glass; altogether conditions were decidedly unsettled in those good old Archæozoic times. By and by, after a million years or so—but what's a million years among geologists?—the old-line or pre-Cambrian Republicans carried the country and confidence was restored and things quieted down again. The upthrown buttes put upon them garments of green verdure. The mountains took on pines and firs.

Some of the craters filled with water and were transformed into lake beds. Others, dead now as volcanoes, yet still functioning funnelwise, were left to yawn as the dead fireplaces of a dead age when the planet was in flux, but became garlanded about their rims with the laurel and the manzanita. Only the lava beds, as a real-estater would say, resisted the onward march of improvement. As they were at the beginning of measurable time, so have they remained unchanged, and so always they will remain unchanged—the dreerest, grimmest, dourest, most forbidding, most inhospitable things of Nature's contriving that ever were.

Imagine a sea that is crested with breakers and tempest-tossed into all manner of shapes—but it is not a sea of water. Imagine it as a sea of gray rock eternally congealed into the aspect it took on as it hardened after it poured forth out of the bowels of the earth—pocked with sink holes, furrowed with troughs, seamed with fissures, lifted into sharply serrated waves, then dropping away into caves and caverns so deep that in their lower chambers the whole year through ice may be found where the rainwater, dripping down through cracks from above, froze in a temperature which never changes. Imagine a stretch of this that is ten miles long, or twenty or thirty, and perhaps half as wide as it is long.

This space is treeless and grassless and almost shrubless. Nowhere does it rise to a height of more than fifty or seventy-five feet above the level of the flat upon which it rests, yet to traverse it is a harder task than your seasoned mountain climber would care, offhand, to undertake. The edged lava underfoot literally cuts the soles off your boots. The glassy surfaces tear your palms when you seek for handgrips to climb upward over a ridge or to slide downward into a depression. It takes hours of incredibly hard work for one to penetrate into a lava bed for a mile; and when you have penetrated that far the chances are that you will be completely and teetotally lost, because every square rod of it looks identically like every other square rod of it.

No More Hunts for Lava Bear

At least, so I am given to understand. Personally I did not test the thing out. Our guide was willing enough to keep on going indefinitely in the direction which he figured that lava bear had taken, and the two other Oregonians in our party seemed to regard lava-bedding as a pleasant recreation for a hot day, but inside of ten minutes from the time we invaded that hell's township the remaining pair of us had accumulated enough reminiscences of lava-bed exploring to last both of us through the balance of our lives. We felt that we had lost our ambition to cross the table. We were satisfied, and more than satisfied, when we rolled into one of the aide pockets.

I think there must have been something about us—about our expressions, perhaps, or our manner, or in the words we let fall—which caused our companions to read in our faces that simultaneously we had reached a decision to reconsider. However, we made ourselves clear to them on one point: We had not abandoned the quest. We merely had postponed it.

We did not say for how long—we merely said we had postponed it, and let it go at that.

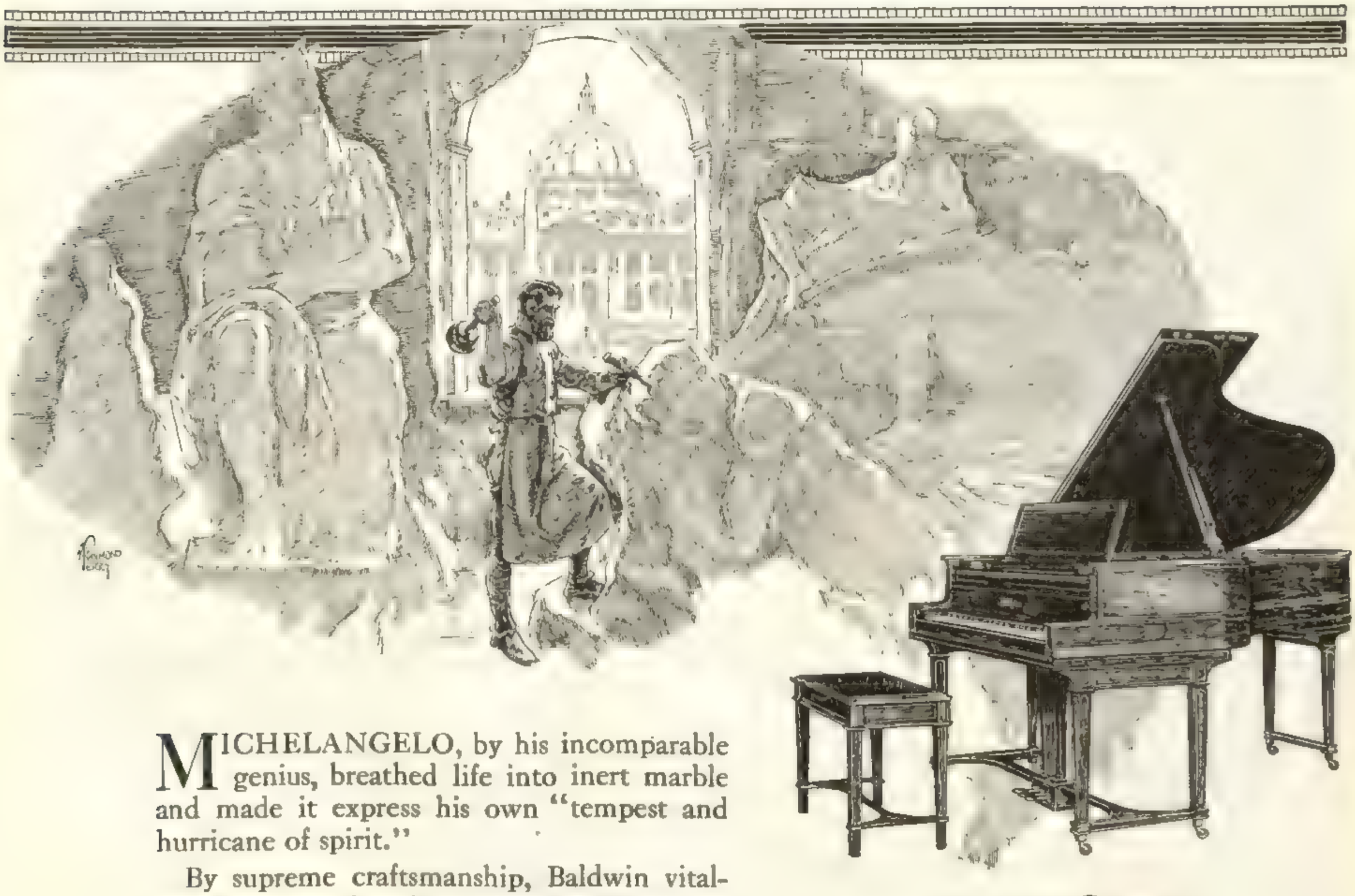
So then we crawfished back down out of there and patched up our wounds and shot jack rabbits for the rest of the week. A jack rabbit is not particularly good to eat, and as a target he does not offer a great deal, but as a sporting proposition he had to us one great outstanding attraction—he didn't reside in any lava bed.

Some of these days, when opportunity suits, I mean to go back to Youbetcherland, for to my way of thinking it is as fine a place for vacation purposes as lies outdoors. But when I go I think I shall not invade the Oregon lava beds to find the Oregon lava bear.

To begin with, I now realize that I have not lost any lava bear. In the second place, the undertaking is one for a professional naturalist. A weak-minded naturalist who doesn't care what becomes of him would make the best possible candidate for the job.

I wish him luck. I hope he finds a perfect specimen and brings it out. And then in the days to come, when again I feel the craving to hunt lava bear stealing over me, I can get on a train and run down to Washington and go over to the Smithsonian Institution and hunt it there.

Youbetcher!



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THE MAN WHO

(Continued from Page 5)

"I'll give you yards," responded Horton, unable to hide his pleasure that his dissuasion had been unsuccessful. "Humorous stuff is the hardest thing in the world for a newspaper to get. Some idiot like you is worth more to us than fifty statesmen handing out double-leaded platitudes. Though as I said before, Beddy, you will simply be flinging away every ——"

"Oh, piffle!" exclaimed Beddy, who was in no humor for further warnings. "Every reformer is a joke and a crank and an idiot at the beginning. The first man who carried an umbrella shook London to its foundations and was almost killed by the mob. Plimsoll was torn to ribbons in the press for trying to save seamen from coffin ships. Darwin was the joke of his period. Pasteur was constantly arrested for practicing medicine without a license."

Still speaking, he had risen to his feet and taken his hat and gloves.

"Come along," he said gayly, though internally there was a terrible sinking in the pit of his stomach. "The way to begin is to begin! Zero hour, boys!"

The elevator was dark, and the descent was made at no cost of Beddy's assurance. The yawning colored elevator boy seemed to look everywhere except at Beddy's feet. But in the lobby, flooded with spring sunshine, whom should they meet but Miss Félice Turner. Miss Turner was an adorably pretty brunette who had a studio apartment all to herself on the same floor as Beddy's, and with whom all three young men had been trying in vain for months to scrape acquaintance. Cooper and Haynes were madly in love with her; Beddy, for all his devotion to Helen Jessop, never passed the sparkling Félice without a catch at his heart. Mrs. Briggs, who knew everything, said the girl had left home and wealth to study art and earn her own living as a designer. But whether this were true or not, she was certainly one of the prettiest and most unapproachable of young women.

Well, here she was, prettier than ever, with some packages on her arm, and—as she looked at Beddy—the most astonished expression he had ever seen on a feminine countenance. Ordinarily the beautiful Félice was wholly unable to see a young man. She could gaze right through a young man as though he were invisible. But she did see Beddy's feet.

The rest of him might be invisible, but there was no doubt she saw his feet; and, seeing, showed every symptom of unconcealed amazement.

Beddy hurried by her with a flaming face. His feet seemed to swell and, at her pursuing scrutiny, grow nakeder every second. And how cold they felt on the pavement outside, which had been newly sprinkled and was unexpectedly stubby to sensitive and tenderly reared soles! A wave of hatred for Miss Turner rose within him, though a strictly logical mind could scarcely have held her culpable. Why had she chosen that morning, of all mornings, to meet him face to face? The wave of hatred rose till it included Horton also. How perky and expectant Horton looked! It was nothing to Horton that a young man with excellent prospect was sacrificing himself for the public good. Horton wore the aspect of a sportsman who knew it was a good day for ducks.

Beddy decided to walk to the bank, not wishing to reach it before the official hour of opening. The horrified surprise of friends and acquaintances seemed more to be dreaded than the stare of strangers. Strangers would give him a startled look and then edge away—often with the suddenness of a shying horse. Sometimes when they were small and young and ragged they would walk backward in front of him, screamingly inviting the world to behold the sight. But in general the Upper West Side was very intent on its own affairs and wouldn't have turned round to look at a striped elephant.

But on Fifth Avenue, the haunt of leisure, it was very different. Beddy acquired a tail. Horton, looking back, said that there were at least twenty people following them. At Fifty-sixth Street, the tail still swelling, there came the first clash with the police.

"Hey, what's the matter here?" demanded a big policeman, placing himself in front of Beddy and blocking the entire procession. "Hey, young fellow, where's your shoes?"

"I can't afford to buy shoes," exclaimed Beddy in an oratorical voice. "They are so expensive I can't afford to buy them, and I am going to go barefooted till the price comes down. This profiteering has got to stop, and I am going to stop it!"

The policeman eyed him with bewilderment. The crowd, growing prodigiously, repeated Beddy's remarks with crisp variations.

"If you are advertising something, you can't do it here," said Authority, turning Beddy round to look at his back.

"I am advertising human misery," said Beddy. "I am advertising the plight of thousands."

"Well, you must do it on Sixth," said the policeman. "Anything goes on Sixth. But here you are liable to be run in for indecent exposure, disorderly conduct, leading a procession without a permit and resisting an officer. If you don't want ten days on the Island you had better beat it."

By this time the mob, constantly augmenting, had spread into the Avenue, blocking the traffic. The windows of the high buildings on either side began to fill with faces. The Man Who, much happier now that he was angry, vociferously stood on his rights as a citizen. He was still vociferating when the patrol wagon arrived out of nowhere and engorged him.

But the grave, gray sergeant at the desk would allow no charge to be entered against Beddy. Making some caustic remarks about young trouble makers in plaited shirts and ascot ties and the inadvisability of rousing an overworked police, he requested Beddy to "get out of here, and get out quick!"

Beddy obeyed and, soon accumulating a new procession, toiled slowly back to Fifth Avenue. He reached it at Fiftieth Street, where history repeated itself even more tumultuously—mob, blocked traffic, browbeating policemen, crowding windows, oratory and insults and, finally, the inevitable patrol automobile. But this time it was a very different sergeant—a terrible old fellow with a white mustache, who had no scruples in charging Beddy with all the crimes in the calendar.

As they were being entered, however, White Mustache, after several sharp glances at Horton Meiklejohn, suddenly beheld a great light. The police dread the press; and the masquerading reporter, who writes them up next day and gets them in hot water with their superiors, is not a person they willingly interfere with.

"On consideration I don't see as this young man has committed any particular harm," the sergeant observed with an extraordinary softening of manner. "Sure, the price of shoes is something fierce, and we may all have to imitate him if the prices stay up. Dismissed!"

With that he waved Beddy away.

"Where now?" asked Horton, still briskly sportsmanlike.

Beddy's feet ached. He was tired and cross and humiliated. It taxed all his resolution to say, "Back to Fifth." But he said it in a voice now a little hoarsened by declamation.

At Forty-fifth Street, five blocks nearer the bank, there was a weary repetition of the whole business. If anything the crowd was larger, the police more blustering, the general commotion and uproar on an enhanced scale. Horton nodded here and there to a dozen other reporters. Newspaper Row had heard of Beddy and was out in force. Staff photographers photographed him from the tops of green busses. A moving-picture outfit tore up just as he was being loaded into his third patrol wagon and went into action with the precision of a machine-gun squad. Beddy was glad to get into the patrol wagon. It meant seclusion and a chance to sit down and rest his feet. He smiled at the moving-picture operators and waved his hand. He was becoming used to celebrity.

This time he was taken directly to a police court, where after a short but not unwelcome waiting he was called before the magistrate, a severe-looking Jew with a pouncing way of getting at facts as though they were mice, and he a grizzled old Tom who knew just when to dart out his paw. No fact, however small, scurried past Judge Abrahams. Beddy wilted under the glare of those bloodshot old eyes that seemed to stare at him with such animosity. No mercy here, that was plain. The smooth, glib cop had everything his own way. The magistrate cleared his throat and, gazing at Beddy more menacingly than ever, said:

"It is an intolerable thing that the police should interfere with this ex-soldier, whose only crime is being poor. In the court's opinion a man who cannot pay the present extortionate price of shoes and who courageously does without is highly to be commended. Mr. Mills, sir, you are discharged."

Beddy bowed, and was turning to go when there was a terrific flash and report, and he realized he had been photographed with the judge. The fumes were still in his eyes and throat as Horton, more used to such proceedings, guided him out of the building.

On the curb outside, as the newspaper men and photographers gathered about him like expectant bird dogs, he decided he would continue his further progress in a taxicab. After three arrests in the forenoon even the most robust young man is entitled to feel a trifle tired.

In the past of the night before, now incredibly dim and distant, as though half a lifetime had intervened, Beddy had looked up the address of a press-clipping bureau, planning to take out a subscription. To know what the public is saying of you is very important to a Man Who. A press-clipping bureau provides the mirror in which he can see himself. Beddy gave the address, which was repeated down a line of taxis behind him, and sank into his seat. Becoming a Man Who was certainly an arduous business. You needed a constitution of iron to become a Man Who.

Horton was in high spirits.

"It's simply unbelievable—the way you are ripping up the town," he exclaimed. "If anybody had told me that one barefooted man could make all this hullabaloo, I would have thought him plumb crazy. I guess you must have hit the exact psychological moment when such a tomfool thing would go.

"If there isn't a big murder between now and Wednesday, or some tremendous scandal, you are going to be the most-talked-of man in New York."

After a pause he added: "How shall I ever be able to thank you for letting me in on this? Oh, and before I forget it—you will give me the first interview, won't you? Just a twenty-four-hour start over the others, that's all. To-night at eight—will that do?"

Beddy nodded his assent. He was in no humor to talk, and his feet were smarting. His friend's elation, instead of being a help, was almost an infliction. As they drew near the big building where the bureau had its offices he decided to beg Horton to go in his place.

"If it is not too much trouble," he said, getting a ten-dollar bill out of his wallet.

Nothing was too much trouble for Horton, who jumped out with alacrity, grinning at his brother journalists, whose arriving taxis were lining their rear. Beddy sank deeper in the luxury of his seat and lit a cigarette. You had to be a celebrity to appreciate such lulls as these. But his repose was only momentary. Two camera men ran up, begging for a close-up of his feet. They said they did not wish to trouble him—they were the politest young men imaginable—but would he not oblige them by putting his legs over the side of the car? It would only take a moment, and they would be so much obliged. Beddy obliged, while the moving-picture people, whose automobile bore a gilt inscription, "All the News of the World in Pictures," reeled off photographs of the photographers. The inevitable crowd rose out of nowhere, and once again Beddy was the center of a surging sea.

Horton returned, elbowing his way through the jam.

"I went a little beyond your order," he said, taking his place beside Beddy. "You would hardly believe it, but the fellow up there already knew all about you—that's how news travels in this burg—and when I planked down the ten bucks he burst out laughing. Then he said I had better put in an order for ten thousand as a starter, and it ended by my promising you would send him a hundred dollars on account. Is it all right?"

Beddy answered that it was all right, and his face showed his satisfaction. Yesterday not a newspaper would have printed his name unless he got married—or died. Now in only a few hours the press-clipping bureau had put him in the ten-thousand class, and All the News of the World in Pictures was running after him like a pet dog. He was a Man Who, and nobody could deny it. As his exhilaration mounted he suddenly realized he was famishing. Let the bank wait! Lunch—that was what he needed. He mentioned the name of an excellent little grill to Horton. Horton was shocked.

"I was endowing you with a genius for publicity," he cried out, "and here you want to take me to a little hole and corner joint like that! No; the right place to go to is the Watteau-Victoria at the head of your cohorts and unloose as much pandemonium as possible in their gilded halls. You are out to startle New York, aren't you? Well, let's hit them in the high spots, and hit them hard."

Shivers ran down Beddy's spine as Horton gave the order to the chauffeur.

"Watteau-Victoria," he said. "Main entrance on Forty-second Street."

It was an admirable choice—from the point of view of unloosing pandemonium. They flooded into the spacious lobby like a Red army invading the home of all the Czars. Pale clerks, stupefied with horror, gazed at the barefooted intruder who led the way so jauntily. Then bells began to ring; bell boys scurried; like an invaded hive the great hotel hummed with an ominous note.

A foreign lady, very bejeweled and in the shortest skirt ever beheld, screamed out, "Ze revolution!" Commotion! Uproar! Guests flattening themselves against walls; camera men leaping on chairs like goats; the Red army advancing down the famous Alley toward the dining room. But ha! Devoted Cossacks block the way—two house detectives, several husky porters in blue-flannel shirts and a stalwart engineer from the dynamo room swinging a monkey wrench.

There was no parley. The technic of the Watteau-Victoria was evidently to throw itself on an undesirable and rush him subterraneanward, with the minimum of noise and the maximum of kicks. At that palpitating instant, as Beddy gave himself up for lost, but with a determination to fight to his last breath, All the News of the World in Pictures bounded on an onyx table while confederates instantaneously unfurled two immense white sheets by way of reflectors.

The defense was paralyzed. The sheets were even more daunting than the clicking camera.

There was no real command in the chief detective's voice as he ordered Beddy to "get the hell out of here!" His half-whispered request to one of the porters showed his desperation.

"Quick! Get Mr. Bratzi!" he exclaimed.

His discomfiture was complete when Horton remarked in his high, thin, incisive voice:

"The Morning Clarion, which I represent, is interested to see how this hotel treats friendless ex-service men."

Mr. Bratzi appeared at this juncture; a sallow, imperious man, with snapping black eyes, who gave the impression of a volcanic nature under iron restraint. As a photographer shouted to him, "Please hold that pose, mister," he visibly gritted his teeth.

Addressing Beddy, after looking him up and down with extreme disdain, he said in accents that would have cut corundum, "Will you kindly inform me what you are doing here?"

"Oh, just lunching with my friend, Mr. Meiklejohn, of the Morning Clarion," returned Beddy.

"And do you consider that a suitable way of appearing in public?" asked Mr. Bratzi, indicating Beddy's feet with a dramatic finger. "There are ladies here, sir, and it cannot be permitted."

"I don't see why the ladies should mind," retorted Beddy. "The fact is, I am conducting a campaign to reduce the price of shoes by doing without them. Perhaps I might have the privilege of enrolling you as a member of my association?"

Mr. Bratzi gasped.

"It is nothing to me whether you wear shoes or not," he said. "One thing only I know, and that is no shoeless individual may enter my dining room."

(Continued on Page 59)

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The Varnish That Won't Turn White

(Continued from Page 56)

"This one is going to enter it!" exclaimed Beddy with battling eyes. As he spoke he took a step forward.

"Moreover, every table is engaged," protested Mr. Bratzi, evidently abandoning the front-line trenches to win by stratagem. He glanced meaningly at a subordinate, who hurried away.

"I am afraid I can't take your word for that," said Beddy, pushing past him. "Come along, Horton, let's get there before they can close the doors."

The pair almost ran, while cameras clicked and reporters trotted after. But the doors had not been closed. On the contrary, they were wide open, disclosing dozens of empty tables which waiters were frantically dotting with cards marked "Reserved." Beddy and Horton burst out laughing at these attempts to forestall them. The lunchers, of whom there were at least a hundred, laughed too, and uproariously, as they saw the barefooted man racing to secure a table that was as yet unmarked. The general hilarity increased when waiters appeared with screens and segregated Beddy and Horton in a room of their own.

Here luncheon was served to them without further trouble, except for people who mounted chairs outside the inclosure to stare down at such mysterious and secluded strangers. Beddy, amid much merriment, was kept busy explaining his campaign to these broadly smiling faces, which were constantly renewed. In all its history that dining room had never been the scene of such indecorum. The scraping of chairs was incessant. Once the wabbly walls fell down and had to be restored by smiling waiters. Everybody was friendly and interested.

But it was not wise to linger in this Capua. Horton, with his diabolical inventiveness, suggested that they move over to the Metz for coffee and cause a fresh disturbance in that ultra-aristocratic hotel. A sensation should never be allowed to slump, said Horton. Once let it get cold and—poof, it was gone! Beddy acquiesced, though with a sinking heart. He was weary of riots; weary of patrol wagons and inflamed human countenances; weary of jams and jeers and rough hands on his coat collar. But to endure them was the price of becoming a Man Who; and so up he got, with a semblance of determination.

But as their string of taxis reached the imposing entrance to the Metz, and as the Red army descended and massed behind their barefooted leader, Beddy was astounded at the lack of attention he—and they—excited. The door men and starters never turned a hair, no one gave them a second look, and inside the great lobby, considerably filled at that hour, there was no such commotion as had attended their invasion of the Watteau-Victoria. A few languid fashion plates gazed at Beddy's feet with supercilious surprise; a few lorgnettes were raised; a child pointed, and was suppressed—and that was all! Oh, no, not all! What was that big transparency above the long desk? Horton clutched at Beddy's arm, and the pair gazed at it transfixed

GUESTS AND STAFF WILL KINDLY TREAT THE SHOELESS SENSATION MONGER WITH THE SILENT CONTEMPT HE DESERVES

"Bratzi has tipped them off," whispered the journalist. "Everybody has been primed to ignore you. If you let them get away with this you will fizzle!"

Poor Beddy felt that he was already fizzling. He knew how silly and ignominious he must appear with no outraged management to sustain him. How could he roar for his rights as a citizen when they were thus freely accorded—with silent contempt? He had flourished on fury and scandal; without them he was merely a hotly flushing young man with dirty bare feet. The Red army, with obviously shaken confidence, followed him to the vast dining room. Oh, that his way might have been barred—but it wasn't! A waiter took his order without the wiggle of an eyelash. It was heart-rending.

Sipping his black coffee, Beddy took counsel with Horton. Horton felt the gravity of the situation, and his confidence, too, was ebbing. The depressed Red army yawned in the doorway. All the News of the World in Pictures, sunk in gloom, were eating ices at an adjoining table.

"You can't sit here like this," whispered Horton. "You'll have to start something—or die. Why not go the round of the tables, making a little speech at every one and playing up the ex-service man stuff? It's your only chance in the world. Hop, boy, hop!"

Beddy sprang to his feet and, with a sensation of the room swimming about him, stepped over to an adjoining table where half a dozen people were seated. There was a breathless instant as they stared up at him and he stared down at them. Then with the deferential and engaging air that came to him so easily, he said:

"I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, but I am Bedford Mills, the man who is trying to reduce the price of shoes by going barefooted. Though appearances are against me, I ask you to believe that I am neither a crank nor a lunatic, but simply a young ex-service man who sees that something must be done before this profiteering causes a revolution. I should be greatly pleased to enlist any lady or gentleman in my crusade."

There was more—very much more—but this was the preamble he carried from table to table by way of self-introduction. He was extraordinarily successful. The friendliness and mirth at the first table carried him on like a fair wind to the next. Had he been less good-looking it might all perhaps have been very different. But Beddy, to do him justice, was a most attractive fellow, with a well-bred air and an irresistible smile. The women were always on his side.

But in a world where even true love does not run smoothly Beddy's success could not continue indefinitely. At the eighth or ninth table he roused a hornets' nest of three shoe manufacturers, disguised—as he said afterward—as gentlemen, who had been awaiting his arrival with bursting resentment. In no time at all he was in the thick of a heated controversy. One of them, penciling fiercely on the menu, shook it in his face while demanding he analyze the figures then and there and admit on his knees—yes, sir, on his knees—that twelve dollars was the very cheapest at which you could turn out a decent pair of shoes. While attempting to controvert this he was loudly assailed by the others as a Bolshevist, a Red and an I. W. W.—as an anarchist, pro-German and self-advertising soap-box humbug. Insults flew so fast you couldn't count them. One apoplectic individual vociferously demanded a noose and a lamppost, being ready, dammit, to string up all such cattle single-handed.

Growing ashamed of the din, Beddy ostentatiously shrugged his shoulders and turned away. As he did so one of the trio kicked him viciously in the leg. Beddy, pivoting, and incensed beyond control, struck him in the face. Over crashed the table. The air seemed to fill with clenched fists. Women screamed, waiters ran and there was a wild, frenzied, indiscriminate punching. Bing, bang! Bleeding noses and blackened eyes! Upraised gilt chairs, dodging heads and flying crockery! Pandemonium, more pandemonium, superpandemonium! Then the combatants were torn apart, rumpled, disheveled, collarless and gasping for breath. Then police, notebooks, incoherent explanations and a headlong exodus to the patrol wagon.

At the police court charges and countercharges were entered in a greasy tome; and while the manufacturers were telephoning frantically for legal aid Beddy leaned back on a bench in a state of agreeable lassitude. His mouth was swollen; one ear felt as though it had been torn off; his side ached; the knuckles of his left hand were badly sprained—yet he was happy, blissfully happy. He had not fizzled; he had not succumbed to silent contempt; he had kept his following busy and together when they had been on the eve of disintegration. So he rested peacefully, with the pleasant assurance of still being in the public eye.

Theirs was the last case to be called, and the magistrate, as he gazed at Beddy's feet, wore an expression of entertainment. The magistrate had an Irish name and an Irish sense of humor, and he could hardly keep his face decorous as the eminent Mr. Peabody Quinn, himself broadly smiling, began to outline his clients' complaint. Eminent counsel had not relished his call to this trumpery affair, and he revenged himself by an exaggeration of epithet and description that made everyone titter. He had not gone far before the magistrate interrupted him.

"The court hesitates to interrupt so distinguished an orator in one of his finest flights," he said, "but the hour is late and the matter at issue seems comparatively unimportant. The court suggests that these gentlemen, all of whom seem to be at fault, should withdraw their respective charges and shake hands."

"Amen!" exclaimed Mr. Quinn in his booming voice; and with that the proceedings terminated in general hilarity.

It was dusk by the time Beddy got home in a taxi, with all the evening papers, which he had bought by the way, bundled under his arm. He found Mrs. Briggs in tears and Cooper and Haynes in a state of inappeasable wrath. The joint establishment was to be dissolved at once. Cooper and Haynes could not continue living with a barefooted idiot. They were explosively indignant, and demanded to have the question of the player piano settled at once. Would Beddy buy them out, or would they buy him out?

But Beddy was in no condition to discuss the fate of joint player pianos. He was so tired that he staggered in his walk. His back ached, his side ached, his sprained knuckles ached and his feet were burning as though they had been seared with hot iron. Mrs. Briggs rubbed them with bacon fat while he lay on a sofa—a Samaritan act which roused Cooper and Haynes to fresh paroxysms of exasperation. But to Beddy their talk was no more than a meaningless buzzing. He was too exhausted for either sarcasm or insult to hurt him. Wearily he glued himself to the evening papers while Mrs. Briggs rubbed in that healing balm.

He was on the front page of every paper—columns and columns of him, under staring headlines. His name sprang out at him with horrible distinctness, and it was like being skinned alive to read the stuff. He was represented as a ludicrous young fool who was convulsing the town with his absurdities—a sort of Happy Hooligan who had risen in the flesh from the comic supplement. He was own brother to Pup and Jup; he was a Hoogleboogle Kid, grown up. The only oasis in this howling desert of derision was an editorial in the New York Evening Tory, headed "An Ominous Manifestation." Beddy was the ominous manifestation—the first of the new sans-culottes invading the haunts of an aristocracy too stupid to tremble. A guillotine in Times Square was darkly hinted at. Although this was scarcely the outcome Beddy had planned for his crusade, he was pleased nevertheless. That editorial was spiritual bacon fat for his smarting soul.

Horton, arriving later to interview him, was no less comforting. Horton said that in all his experience he had never seen such a stir. He said solemnly that it was symptomatic, and astonished Beddy by adding that the New York Evening Tory was not altogether wrong in its alarm.

"It's because everybody is so sore about these prices that you make a sensation," he went on. "You are putting into action what is more or less floating in everybody's mind. In 1914 who would have cared a doit whether you went barefooted or not? Now, though the press is guying you to death, it feels the immense ground swell of public opinion on your side. See how lenient those magistrates were! Look at the way the Metz knuckled under! Why, even the police handled you with kid gloves! And it is all due—every bit of it is due—to the same ground swell of outraged millions!"

The ground swell, however, was very poorly apparent in the morning papers. The space they gave Beddy—and they gave it without stint—seemed but for elbow room to laugh him to scorn. The ridicule was merciless. As Beddy Barefoot he was more than ever in the class of those egregious heroes of the Sunday sup. The nickname was universal, and with the use of it he seemed almost to hear the accompanying guffaws.

As Beddy read those endless columns his skin seemed to peel off and hang from him in strips. An excruciating humiliation afflicted every particle of his being. His heart swelled to his throat. He visualized St. John Jessop at breakfast, combining grilled bacon with grilled Beddy; visualized Helen—no, no, no! He could not bear to pursue the thought. Putting both hands to his head and clutching his hair, he rocked to and fro in an utter abandonment of despair.

But he had still the Morning Clarion, which with premonition he had put by to the last. Nor was he disappointed. Horton had drawn a picture of a young Don Quixote, simple-minded and sincere, who innocently believed he could track the

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It's Queer About Druggists

So many people seem to have it in for them. Manufacturers of drugs get sore because a druggist declines to devote a window, for which he pays $5000 rent, to display the manufacturer's goods just because the druggist knows the article isn't much good and nobody wants it.

Girls edge into a three deep crowd at a soda fountain and complain about the service.

Self dosers blame the druggist because one of the twenty odd thousand remedies he carries in stock didn't happen to coincide with the amateur diagnosis.

Lots of people don't ask for what they want by name and then talk about substitution.

Is there any more useful, convenient, indispensable store than your nearest corner druggist?

Study the people in a drug store: A haggard faced father, frantic for the prescription which may save a baby's life. A dainty miss, slightly embarrassed in her first quest of beauty aids. Tired shoppers seeking the sundae that cheers. Happy children spending their dimes and youths nonchalantly squandering their day's earnings on girls just starting their careers as "Gold Diggers." A sidewalk accident rushed in for first aid.

It's a cheery, clean social center—a guardian of health—an inexhaustible provider of almost anything you need in a hurry from stamps to the things which mean life and death.

I am glad to say a good word for druggists in general because pretty nearly every single one of them from Maine to the Mexican border keeps Mennen Shaving Cream prominently displayed. That is because every druggist knows that a large proportion of his male customers would no more think of shaving with anything but Mennen's than they would of trying to raise a beard.

If you doubt that statement, send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

Western Hemlock
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine

HOW CHOOSING THE RIGHT WOOD MAY DOUBLE THE SERVICE YOU GET FROM LUMBER

"I cannot conceive at this time of a greater service to more people than to put order and system into the marketing of lumber."

This was said recently by one of the great industrial men of America.

He spoke as a buyer and user of lumber—thinking of the needs of industrial America, the big construction plans and the great era of home-building ahead; of the fact that every building project involves the use of lumber wholly or in part; and that the question touches every farm, every business, every town and city in the land.

Wood is the natural building material of America, just as stone is of France and Italy.

It is a startling fact that the service value of the average purchase of lumber could be increased 100%, if the buyer chose the most practical wood for a given purpose.

Putting order and system into the lumber business means wood in its right place.

It means selecting the kind of wood best suited for a given use.

It means specifying the grade best adapted for the job.

As substantial factors in the lumber business the Weyerhaeuser people wish to render real service to you and to everyone who uses lumber.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public any desired information as to the qualities of different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether it is a kind we handle or not.

What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

If we could insure your getting the wood you ought to have, it might mean a difference of years in the life and service of the lumber—fifty years perhaps as against a few months. So important is the selection of the right wood or grade of wood for a given use.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on their product. You can see it for yourself at the lumber yard or on the job after it is delivered.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States.

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dragon of H. C. L. to his lair and personally slay him amid the plaudits of the multitude. It was gayly written; brightly and sympathetically written; and its vivid little touches of character and dialogue lifted it out of the rut of ordinary reporting. It enormously restored Beddy to his own self-esteem. It enabled him to endure an agonizing breakfast with Cooper and Haynes. Later it strengthened him to resist a fond woman's tears, as Mrs. Briggs, with her devoted old face all screwed up, hysterically besought him to bring no further disgrace on his head.

In the lobby he found a shrunken following awaiting his descent—five or six in place of the little army of the day before. Horton had sent a substitute—and excuses. All the News of the World in Pictures was conspicuously absent. It looked to Beddy as though he had outlived his newspaper welcome. Inconsistently, he felt depressed and aggrieved. His plan, too, of invading the Fifth Avenue shoe stores suddenly appeared to him as lacking in originality; yet without Horton's unfailing inventiveness he could think of no better. It was in a gloomy humor that he sallied forth, scowling at the passers-by as they nudged one another and whispered, "That's him—that's Beddy Barefoot!" The press had introduced him to New York's millions, and he was now endowed with the ambiguous celebrity of "Say, look, that's him—that's Beddy Barefoot!"

He was very miserable, very forlorn and lonely; and, to make matters worse, he could not get Helen out of his head. How was her liking ever to survive this ignominious fame? In imagination he saw her fastidious lips curl; saw her lovely, shocked eyes. She had craved a Man Who, and he had given her—Beddy Barefoot! Or had she demanded the impossible merely to get rid of him? Had it not been, perhaps, a cruel subterfuge? And if so how idiotic it had been of him to take her at her word, discovering the truth when it was too late to stop and borne on by a momentum of pride.

Then he remembered he must smile. All the papers had commented on his irresistible smile. So he grinned and grinned, feeling like the Cheshire cat in the picture book of his infancy; grinned and grinned, while his feet ached and his heart grew heavier and heavier. But it became a real smile a few blocks farther on, when he first snarled up the traffic—the fighting smile of a Man Who whose blood was mounting. He whiffed battle. There was an encouraging tramp and jostle behind him. He knew he had regained his following. He had only to stop for it to flood into the Avenue and congest everything.

At the first shoe store on his way there was a terrible crush as he entered its portals. Hundreds followed him, pressing at his heels. It was like a wave bursting into a cavern. An indignant manager met him—indignant, scandalized and just a little cowed. Yes, sir, they had inexpensive shoes. It didn't matter what kind so long as they were cheap? George, show the gentleman those marked-down Oxfords. William, get these people out of here—gettimout, gettimout! But William, though he tried, couldn't gettimout. Instead they packed in closer than ever, while the windows outside darkened with more, and green omnibuses floundered and stopped in a sea of heads. Twelve dollars, sir. But you said they were marked down! yes, sir, certainly sir—marked down from sixteen. The tag ——

Then Beddy exploded oratorically. It was outrageous, it was intolerable, it was profiteering gone crazy! His voice rose as base persons in the crowd booed and catcalled in an indiscrimination that was possibly meant to favor the champion of the people. Manager and clerks rejoined heatedly. Arguments became insults; and insults personalities. Faces crimsoned and fists clenched. William blew deafeningly on a police whistle.

Base persons yelled: "Hook it, Beddy! Hook it, Beddy Barefoot!"

It was good advice, and Beddy took it, but with dignity and without precipitation, dropping his assumed anger like an actor coming off the stage. He was learning the technic of systematic trouble making. When an altercation had reached a certain temperature which might be allegorically expressed as ninety-nine centigrade, he left—left just before boiling point. Indeed, he contrived, with great skill, to keep within the fatal one hundred degrees all along the Avenue, and emerged unscathed and smiling from places where a less practiced hand might have perished. The police, it must be admitted, were strangely tolerant, evidently under orders from P. H. Q. They regarded him stonily, but lifted not a finger. In a fuller sense than to most celebrities Beddy had been accorded the freedom of the city.

Thus he proceeded from shoe store to shoe store on a task that at last became almost commonplace. Surging in at the head of his followers, he would ask to be shown some inexpensive shoes; would be horrified at the price; would give vehement vent to his dissatisfaction; and then, raising the ensuing altercation slowly to ninety-nine degrees C., would leave in the nick of time. The program scarcely varied. It functioned with machinelike precision till noon, when an extraordinary thing happened.

It was the hour when the sweatshop army, having descended in its myriads from innumerable lofts, congests the pavements of Fifth Avenue while it enjoys its brief leisure. It is a huge, surly, ill-dressed, ill-favored mob, which idles, smokes, spits and soils with its dingy presence the most fashionable thoroughfare in the world. Although besought in fourteen languages, and in the most urgent, emphatic type, to hide itself on the side streets and not impair real-estate values, the army defiantly masses daily on holy Fifth, refusing—as the family skeleton—to hide itself in the cupboard.

Beddy, emerging from a shoe store, gave it no special thought. There is nothing novel to a New Yorker in the sweatshop army, which he accepts as he does snowdrifts or torn-up streets or any other obstacle to progress. It was only when the army began to cheer him that Beddy awakened to its existence. Yes, to his amazement they were cheering him, splitting their throats in hoarse, shrill bellows, extending their grimy hands and belaboring him on the back with excited friendliness.

It was a spontaneous ovation, startling and tremendous, which he carried with him like the swirling center of a tornado as he struggled through the press.

It was inexpressibly elating, embarrassing and absurd. These poor ninnies, in their simplicity, were taking him seriously as a champion of the oppressed. Hip, hip, zoom, boom—vivas, huzzas—in earsplitting proximity; sallow, bearded faces reddening with excitement; guttural blessings called down on him from fourteen separate heavens; his arm a pump handle as in tousled and hatless triumph, and not without the aspect of being dragged to a lynching, he ran the gantlet of fame.

And there were blocks on blocks of it; blocks on blocks of cheers, outcry and heart-stirring, pulse-thumping acclaim. Beddy, who had at first thought of escaping, saw that he had to see it through. Soon he was enjoying it; was drunk with it as he carried these thunders down the Avenue and heard them bursting about him with the measure of a stupendous surf. The high-up windows filled; motors in droves came to a standstill to watch the sight. New York in years had never seen anything so sensational as Beddy's progress from Thirty-fifth Street to Twenty-third.

But in the very zenith of it all, whom should he see, by one of those miracles of coincidence, but Helen Jessop! She was standing on the rear seat of her arrested landaulet, with one gloved hand on her father's shoulder, a lovely, slender patrician gazing at the mob with an air of amused disdain. Pride radiated from her, spread about her like an aura in her tapestried nest pride of race and caste, wealth and elegance, distinction, beauty—a pride that was just a little petulant, a beauty that was just a little cold in its blond perfection, though never had she seemed to Beddy more intolerably beautiful than at that moment when her eyes met his in amazed recognition. It was but for the briefest instant through a rift of heads, a glance caught and lost again; but the piercing memory of it remained with him like a dagger in his side.

His exhilaration vanished, and a benumbing misery took its place. He saw himself as he was, disgraced, humiliated by this grotesque ovation, a ludicrous parody of a Man Who. And it was she—she in the pitiless power she had over him—who had cast him into this furnace. But it was no place to consider the wounds of the heart. His inexhaustible admirers were shattering his eardrums and grabbing at his person in tireless relays. He had to grimace, pretend

CLEAN COAL AND WHAT IT MEANS

BESIDE the loading tipple of one of The Consolidation Coal Company's big mines, there stands a tremendous mound that closely resembles coal. It looks so much like coal that the ordinary layman would probably buy it as such. It really is not coal, but slate—a waste substance of no fuel value. Piled ton upon ton that would cost many thousands of dollars to haul to tidewater, it stands there, a silent testimonial to our tradition and our ideal that Consolidation Coal must be clean coal.

From the first days of its operation, The Consolidation Coal Company has invariably supplied clean coal to its customers. No matter what the condition of the times, we have unfailingly sent from our mines only the fuel from which slate, rock, bone, dirt and sulphur balls had been removed. Sulphur balls produce about one-third as much heat as the same weight of coal, but the other impurities which we eliminate have practically no heating value. They represent mere worthless material bought by the coal consumer in uncleaned coal at the same price and freight rate charged for real fuel.

Only the closest inspection and consistent instilling of this tradition in the miners can produce clean coal.

In the midst of war, when the Government controlled the fuel industry, all mines were ordered to produce clean coal. Because of our fixed practice, the order necessitated no change for us. In the period of fuel shortage when many consumers were glad and anxious to purchase "anything that was black," we adhered to the Consolidation standard.

Clean coal maintains the reputation of our Company, provides our customers with maximum fuel value for money expended, and produces a feeling of institutional pride in every part of the Consolidation organization.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Bankers Trust Building · New York City

to be gratified, exert his lame and aching arm. The worst day in the Argonne would have been paradise to this.

But nothing lasts forever. Freedom came; luncheon in a marble morgue with chummy newspaper cubs, who vied in suggestions for his afternoon. But Beddy would have none of them. Beddy was tired; his feet were burning; and there was always that dagger in his side. Nor was he in any mood to persecute more shoe stores. He was tired of shoe stores—of harangues, convulsed faces and insults. He pined for peace, and decided, as the nearest approach to it, to take a ride in the park. To ride in the park would still keep him in the public eye while affording an interlude in his miserable career.

They knew him at Dalton's, where he often hired a mount on Saturdays and Sundays; knew him in faultless breeches and boots—an excellent rider and very liberal with his tips. These last now served him well as he made his scarecrow appearance. Old Sam, grinning from ear to ear, saddled Bessie for him—Bessie, the best horse in the stable and given to only a few favored riders. The twilight of the place and the self-absorption of the other riders made it easy for Beddy to come and go with comparatively little attention. But in the open air he regained his celebrity; regained it much more than he could have wished. Fortunately Bessie was a spirited animal, and the sensation he made on her was not wholly ignominious. The more people stared and tittered the more he showed off his military horsemanship. It salved the gnawing bitterness within him to rouse Bessie to frenzy. They were both in a bad temper, and fought each other all round the park.

It was about five when he returned home. Jake, the colored elevator boy, said that a lady had left a card for him, and fumblingly produced it. There was some penciling on it which had suffered from being rubbed in Jake's pocket, but the engraved name stood out with paralyzing distinctness—Miss Helen Jessop:

"*Beddy:* Don't ever see me again. Don't ever think of me again. Don't write or telephone or bow or even look as though you had ever known me. Words cannot express the finality of this farewell. H. J."

"Fierce, ain't it?" said Jake, who had evidently absorbed the blurred message. "She was so awful mad that she gave me a dollar."

The boy would have contributed further chuckling reminiscences had not Beddy turned to the stairway to escape him. He ran up three steps at a time in a state of mind that baffles all description; in such rage and misery, resentment and despair that he moaned aloud. Helen had thrown him over; had ended everything between them. And with what cruelty, with what utter heartlessness, and not even screening in an envelope the terms of his dismissal!

But what was the matter with the apartment? The familiar sitting room had disappeared. It was bare, carpetless, almost denuded of furniture. The rugs were gone, the curtains were gone, chairs, table, divan, desk, Persian lamp—all had flown. Beddy needed no sobbing Mrs. Briggs to explain what had happened. With a provision of possible parting, each of the partners had contributed from his own pocket. There had been an individual ownership in everything except the piano. That was why it had been left, of course; that was why there still remained a picture of an undraped lady, a rocking-chair, a bookcase, a cellaret, a German helmet, two crossed bayonets and an engraving of Rheims Cathedral.

Mrs. Briggs, in tears, told him that Mr. Cooper and Mr. Haynes had left. My, and the things they had said! It was awful—boohoo! And they had left it to him to decide about the piano; they would buy him out or let him buy them out, and they wanted to know about it at once—and about the lease. Would he please ring up Prospect 2249 between six and eight! Oh, it was awful—they who had all been so happy together—boohoo! And what boohoo about the kitchen things, which had been bought in common? Mr. Cooper and Mr. Haynes particularly wanted to know about the kitchen things, having none of their own to go on with. And what about Mrs. Briggs herself, who, like the piano, had been held in thirds? What was to become of Mrs. Briggs in the upheaval? Would Beddy please say at once, though she had quite made up her mind to go with Mr. Cooper and Mr. Haynes. She was too self-respecting to work for a barefooted young man whose name was in all the papers like a murderer, and they had a nice room for her in the new apartment, with southern ex——

But what were those strange heaps in the shadow of the wall that looked like dumped-out sugar or something? Oh, those were the letters! Hadn't she told him about the letters? Thousands and thousands of them, and telegrams. More telegrams than she had ever seen in her whole life. That's how they had come, in sacks and sacks, with the mail carrier half crazy and the bell ringing every other minute. There was the bell now—more of those dreadful telegrams! Well, he could sign for them himself; Mrs. Briggs was through; Mrs. Briggs was quitting; it had only been a sense of dooty that had kept her till his arrival. Beddy noticed for the first time that she was attired for immediate departure, and as he opened the door to a messenger boy she disappeared.

There were four telegrams, which Beddy opened and read with a wondering brow:

"CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

"Fired by your splendid example and with enthusiastic permission of faculty, Class One, Jackson Military School, pledges itself to go barefooted for one month."

"OAKVILLE FORKS, IA.

"Well done! Bravo! Go it, Beddy Barefoot! Hurrah, nine of us, four ladies, cast off our shoes to-day and march with you till the battle is won! ELMER SWAN."

"LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"Assembled Southern California astrologers and phrenologists in biggest conclave ever seen south of the Tehachapi applaud your efforts and appoint special barefoot committee to enlist adherents, beginning with seventeen and growing like prairie fire. Unsurpassed climate of world's garden spot makes crusade a pleasure as well as high public duty. Cordially and fraternally,

"ORRIS NORDHEIM, Hon. Sec."

"GERONA, N M

"Lonely one-lunger, exiled but in longing touch with world movements, feels even here the throb of your superb purpose, and lays in mind if not in person her homage at your fearless feet. Also husband.

"MRS. H. F. WELKINRINGER."

Beddy had the feeling of a man in a dream. It was all like one of those incredibilities when you touch yourself to make sure you are awake. Moving toward the wall, he surveyed the mass of letters and telegrams with a wonder that was almost awe. To think that they were all for him! That his name was on every one, and within an unknown voice seeking him out of the void! He opened one at random:

"*Dear Mr. Mills:* Having excessively tender feet, should I be violating the spirit of the crusade by wearing moccasins to and from business made by a deserving blind man in the neighborhood? I am employed as a bookkeeper in the Ajax Pump Works, where everybody is greatly interested. Hoping for a reply at your earliest convenience, Sincerely yours,

"MISS BIRDIE COHAN,
"—— Halworth Street, Chicago."

He picked up another:

"LATAPIE, NORTH DAKOTA.

"*Dear Exalted and Supreme Ruler:* Having just organized a Bedford Mills Club with a hundred and fifty ardently enthusiastic young business men and women, we desire to obtain a charter and official recognition. Please reply collect, with rousing telegram. ERIC OLSEN."

There was another ring at the door, and Beddy went, not very willingly, to open it. But it was not a messenger boy with more telegrams, but a young lady, very pink and confused, whom he was astonished to recognize as Miss Felice Turner. Her voice was a little breathless as she spoke and her dark eyes were shining.

"I—I am Miss Turner, who has the studio on this floor," she said, struggling against an obvious timidity. "And, being very impulsive, as I hope you are—as all really nice people are, don't you think?—I—I just wanted to tell you that I am one of your warmest admirers, and ——"

She stopped in the most captivating distress, as though had he not smiled she would have turned and fled.

"Please come in," said Beddy, himself flushing from an intensity of pleasure, and almost as confused as his attractive visitor. She was so deliciously girlish, piquant and shyly daring that his heart filled with elation. He murmured something about her great kindness; that he was flattered beyond expression, and so on. But it was the cadence, not the words, that constituted his response and gave it the warmth of smitten young manhood.

"Oh, I meant more than that," she continued, entering, but with one hand timidly on the door as though appealing to him not to close it. "I want to take you back to my studio and give you a cup of tea—and dinner later—and afterward, if you think I type well enough, may I be your secretary? Surely you need one."

They both laughed as they regarded those heaps and heaps of letters and telegrams. Beddy hardly knew what he said—it was all so gay and happy and unexpected and delightful. And he needn't wash his hands or prink, but come as he was, and receive first aid and eat electric toast and be waited on hand and foot like a knight of old after a particularly trying vow. Still talking eagerly, and in a glow of tumultuously mutual liking, they walked down the long hall to the studio door, which Félice opened and made him enter first.

It was the most oddly beautiful room that Beddy had ever seen, quivering with vivid colors that ought to have clashed but instead were intriguingly harmonious, sparingly but most invitingly furnished with furniture that had been painted or stained in the same bewildering key of brilliancy. There were yellow Chinese rugs on the black floor; the ceiling was yellow; and the walls, where they showed between gleaming old embroideries, were of a strange peacock blue. Here and there was a picture of fantastic incoherence, glittering like a panel of jewels. Enjoying his exclamations, and saying something about hoping that he, too, was a modernist—whatever that meant—Félice led him to a divan and, taking no denial, made him lie his length on it while she propped up his head with pillows.

Then she retired for a minute, returning with a long linen smock over her dress, and proceeded to arrange a little tea table, cutting bread for toast and uncovering the most appetizing of strawberry jam; and all this so archly and prettily that Beddy, commanded to silence, felt as though he were in a seventh heaven and entertained by an angel.

Across the tea table it seemed the most natural thing in the world he should be telling her everything about himself—everything, that is, except about Helen, whom he tried to omit from his thoughts. Why spoil the present? A heartache ignored might become a heartache forgotten. It was already extraordinarily assuaged. Félice had such understanding, such humor, such warm, quick sympathy that just to be with her was to be happy. If she were not so beautiful as Helen, she was certainly maddeningly attractive. You felt somehow that if she cared for anyone her love would have a protective quality; that her instinct would be to close her arms about the man she loved and try to protect him from every harm, no matter at what cost to herself. Beddy endeavored to tell her this and, though he expressed himself poorly, she colored with pleasure. The great profundities vied with the strawberry jam and electric toast. When Beddy was dismissed it was with the conviction that Felice Turner was the most wonderful girl he had ever known.

He returned later in evening clothes, looking very fresh and restored, and enjoying what seemed almost a treachery to his principles—silk socks and pumps. Félice, too, had changed into a shimmering, shining blue garment she said was mermaid's skin and which fitted her almost as closely. Its really-truly name was a delphos, and the ancient Greek women had worn it. Beddy was asked to recall it on statues, but he couldn't, never having seen any statues to speak of except the highly tailored cast iron of New York's great departed and the sumptuous young Eves which decorate Paris. He was gazing at it, entranced, and just a trifle abashed at the apparent absence of anything save Félice beneath it.

Then there was a little dinner in the coziest of dining rooms—casserole chicken with mushrooms and potatoes, a salad, a small bottle of California champagne, and some fruit and French pastry; such an excellent little dinner, and so gay, with such swift advances in intimacy and mutual confidences. Beddy confessed that he had admired Félice for months and would have given his soul for an introduction; while she admitted, in shades as fine as the texture of a soap bubble, that his desire had been no less ardently reciprocated. Incidentally he learned that she was the youngest of three sisters, and had broken away from her family to be independent and earn her own living as a designer while studying art; and how at first they had tried to starve her into submission and then had gone to the other extreme of giving her too big an allowance.

"That wretched thousand a month has been the ruin of me," she said. "At first I was too poor, and now I am too rich, and feel equally aggrieved. The thankless child, you know, that was even a bother in the Bible—with bobbed hair, probably, and yearnings to carve rocks and live a freer life in Babylon."

Beddy wondered at her frankness in thus speaking of her allowance. It hardly seemed to accord with her delicate reserve. But a little later, as they had finished their black coffee in the studio, he was to discover why. His heart was fluttering. The situation was one that might have impelled the least forward of young men to rashness. His hand, almost of its own volition, suddenly closed over hers. But before anything more could follow she had daunted him with her wide-open eyes. Outwardly calm, her voice was a little breathless as she took his hand in both her own and laid it back like a package to where she said it belonged.

That was not what they were there for at all, she remarked. Not that she was against holding hands. Holding hands had its place, of course—a rapturous place; but they were there just now to set their minds on higher things.

What, for instance, did Beddy Barefoot intend to do about all those stacks and stacks and stacks of letters and telegrams? This, in fact, was to be a business talk of the businessiest kind, and would Mister Barefoot kindly give her question an immediate consideration and reply to same at earliest convenience?

Mister Barefoot ran his hands through his auburn locks and, much ruffled, both in hair and spirit, said that for the life of him he had not the faintest idea what to do.

"And there will be tons more to-morrow," continued Félice.

Beddy murmured something about its being awful, and that he would soon have to climb over them like an Alpine climber and buy himself snowshoes to get to bed.

"That's what I meant by saying we had to set our minds on higher things," said Félice. "We must grapple with the problem instead of ignoring it. To hold hands now would be as bad as sailors breaking into the spirit room of a sinking ship. Please arrange yourself to look like Rodin's Penseur while listening to wisdom from the mouths of babes and sucklings."

Beddy said he could listen better if permitted to smoke a cigar. Might he smoke a cigar, unless of course babes and sucklings—no, they would like it. Well, this was the idea—her idea—to get Sarah Butler, with her three girls and the mimeograph thing, and install them in Beddy's apartment. Make an office of it, you know, from nine to six, with four expert stenographers, and the mimeograph reeling off form letters by thousands a minute, with a nice little pink boy running his little legs off to mail them as they dropped from the machinery.

This rather confused statement took time to shape itself succinctly in the Penseur's head. Sarah Butler, it seemed, was a young college girl, a chum of Félice's, who had, started an efficiency bureau. Sarah was a miracle of trained expertness and whatsisname; organized you while you waited and doubled your income by rearranging your chairs. Show Sarah chaos, and in two hours everything would be card indexed, and she could tell you where the hatpin was you lost last year in the Subway. Oh, a marvelous person!

But had Beddy ever noticed that all organizing geniuses are apt to be a little sharp, lacking in suavity and getting-on-ness with people? Sarah was not doing well at all; wasn't prospering, you know. Only yesterday she had spoken rather dismally about her prospects. People seemed to prefer chaos to her energetic efforts. Even making lots more money was less tempting than getting rid of Sarah—after she had once started. That was why this job—Beddy's job—would be such a godsend to

(Concluded on Page 67)

They didn't have Firefoam

THREE below zero and the only protection against fire—a lightning rod! Is it any wonder country and suburban homes succumb to fire in winter?

Fire plugs and water tanks frozen tight. Roads buried deep in snow. Fire departments and timely neighborly assistance beyond reach. Burning coal and wood in stoves and fireplaces. A careless match, an upturned lamp, a child's playfulness—then fire and ruin!

And why? Simply because most country and suburban dwellers fail to realize the importance and necessity of adequate *home* fire protection. Adequate fire protection in your home means—Firefoam protection.

With Firefoam protection in your home, you need not worry about low water pressure, frozen fire plugs and water tanks or any of the usual or unusual causes of country fires. Firefoam is effective on any kind of fire—even blazing oil and gasoline.

The action of Firefoam upon fire is totally different from that of water and all other fire-extinguishing agents. It expands eight-fold upon release, forming a thick blanket of fire-smothering bubbles, which coats and clings fast to all materials, all objects, all surfaces, and floats on burning liquids.

No surface—liquid or solid—coated with Firefoam can burn. Firefoam does its work in seconds and minutes—not hours. It does not soak in, drip through or damage as water does. It is harmless to life and property and assists in *lowering insurance rates*.

Firefoam apparatus, endorsed by leading fire and fire insurance authorities, covers the entire field of farm, country and suburban fire protection. The apparatus shown here would prevent a disastrous fire in any country or suburban home. Firefoam apparatus is simple to operate. The pressure is self-generated and always effective and ready for use.

Today, with the high cost of replacing everything that goes into the home, real fire protection is real economy. Fire insurance only repays in part for actual loss. Firefoam prevents the loss. Can you afford to be without it any longer? For full information write nearest Sales Company.

THE FOAMITE FIREFOAM COMPANY offers a complete engineering and inspection service, which includes unbiased recommendations as to the type of fire protection equipment best suited to the individual risk.

FIREFOAM 2½-GALLON APPROVED HAND EXTINGUISHER. For farms, country and suburban homes, public buildings, hotels, garages, factories and stores. Ordinary fires, oil fires, gasoline fires, enamel, varnish and chemical fires all smothered quickly. No reflash—no rekindling. Fire out to stay out.

FIREFOAM 3-GALLON PAIL. A most remarkable fire-fighting device. Produces 24 gallons of Firefoam. No skill required. Anybody can dash its contents on a fire.

FIREFOAM 40 GALLON ENGINE. For farms, country and suburban homes, factories and other places where hand extinguishers would prove of insufficient capacity. Easily discharged on any burning surface at a distance of 50 ft. or more. Pressure self-generated. One man can handle it.

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Foamite Firefoam Company
BOSTON, 929 Old South Bldg
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Firefoam Engineering Co.
CLEVELAND, 6 St. Clair Ave. W.
Foamite Firefoam Co. of Ohio
DENVER, 1109 Broadway
Rocky Mountain Firefoam Co.
KANSAS CITY, 1012 Baltimore Ave.
Foamite Firefoam Company
PHILADELPHIA, 1509 Arch St
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PITTSBURGH, 105 Wood Street
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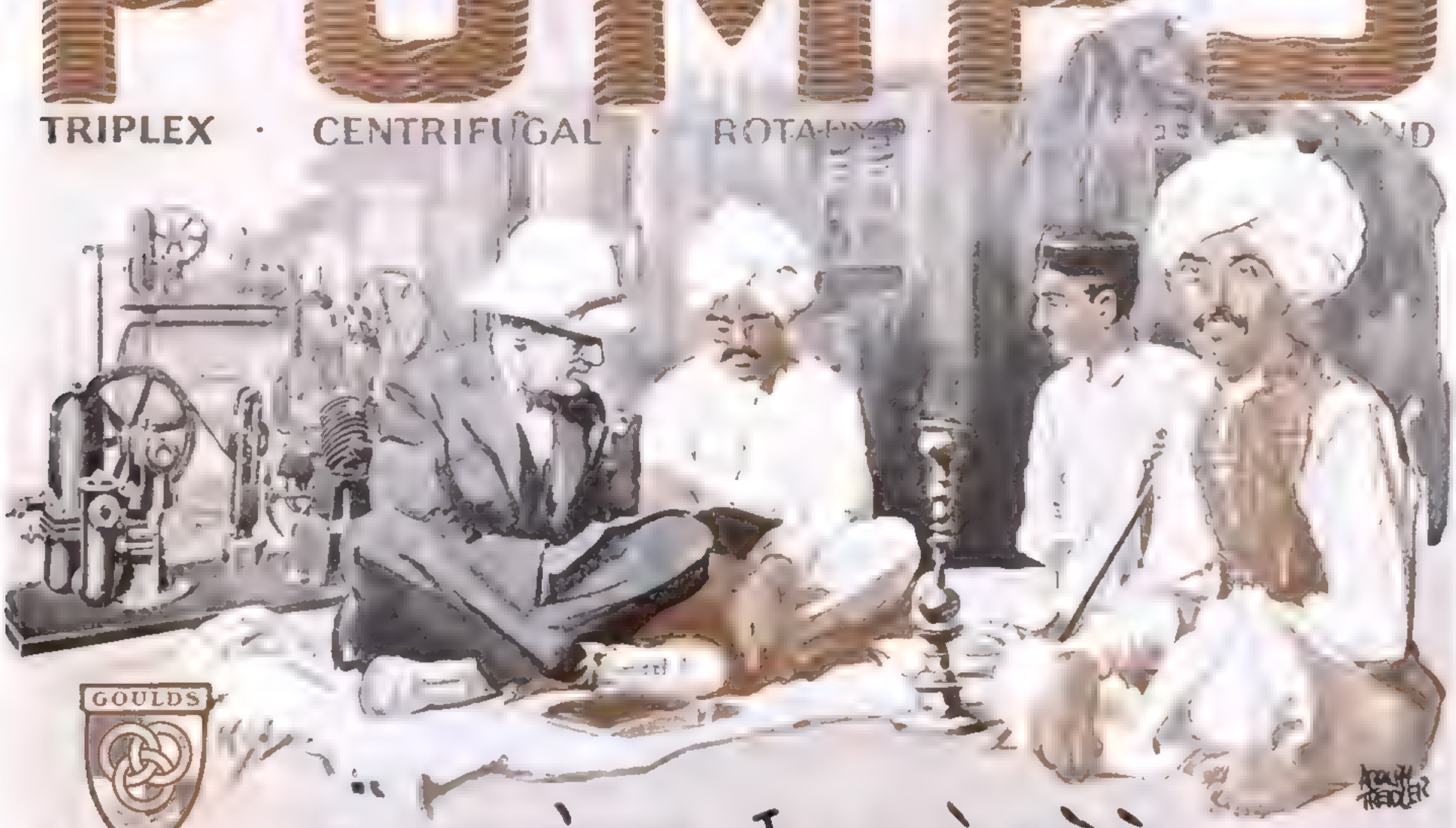

GOULDS

ਗੂ ਨ੍ਸ ਪੇ ਪ੍ਸ ਯੰ ਦੁ ਰ ਲੇ ਚ ਨੇ ਡੇ

Drawn from a photograph of Goulds representative in shop of native merchant at Lahore, India

(*Punjabi for* GOULDS PUMPS FOR SALE HERE)

ON the banks of the Ravi in the Punjab stands the ancient city of Lahore. For some two thousand years its people carried water from the river by hand or raised it by *shadoofs*. Now they use Goulds Pumps.

When one of China's 400,000,000 inhabitants built the first modern textile mill in his country, he equipped it with Goulds Pumps.

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THUS Goulds Pumps serve distant parts of the world, and have done so for more than forty years. Here in America, they have become essential to the structure of our modern life. You will find them today in California's orange groves, in Oregon's canneries, and on the farms of Iowa; in the textile mills of Massachusetts, the oil fields of Texas, the mines of Montana; in Pennsylvania's steel mills and West Virginia's paper mills.

The experience of Goulds Engineers is as broad as the world-wide service of Goulds Pumps. If you have a pumping problem, take it to Gould-

THE GOULDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Seneca Falls, N. Y.*

Boston - New York - Philadelphia - Pittsburgh - Chicago - Detroit - Atlanta - Houston - Agencies in All Principal Cities

GOULDS

(Concluded from Page 62)

her, and Félice guaranteed it would be done to perfection. What did Beddy think about it? Might she telephone to Sarah and arrange it all? There was more than a hint that the "all" was to be at Félice's expense—disguised assistance to a chum in distress.

Beddy said he would jump at it. Why, to get Miss Butler would be like lifting a nightmare off his chest! If she could dig holes in that avalanche, for heaven's sake let her dig! In the exuberance of his gratitude he would have knelt down then and there and kissed Félice's sandals.

Félice's idea was to supply Sarah with half a dozen form letters and form telegrams, which might be varied in trifles to suit the circumstances. God-bless-you letters, you know, with a pat on the back in them. Go-to-it letters, bursting with whoop and enthusiasm.

Beddy said it was a splendid idea and, returning to his rooms, brought back as much of that unopened correspondence as he could carry in a bath towel. For an hour this was sorted over and analyzed, and then they commenced to concoct the form answers—concocting them with giggles and in an animated out-loud competition that often ended in peals of laughter. It was the jolliest evening Beddy had ever spent, and when the task was done both he and Félice were surprised to find it past midnight. The young lion was hurried forth, with an invitation as hurried to a mouse breakfast at eight-thirty.

The next day began noisily, with two sacks of mail and an ensuing trickle of telegrams. It was all Beddy could do to bathe and shave and dress in the intervals of the doorbell. On going to the studio at the appointed time he found it in a bustle. Miss Butler was there; also Miss Smith, Miss Nordhoff and Miss Stubbs; also their typewriters, their mimeograph, their luncheons and two suitcases full of necessaries; also Félice in an apron, in the rowdiest of spirits.

For a moment or two Beddy cast a damper on the party. A before-breakfast celebrity is a trying person to unfed young womanhood. But in a little time he had become Beddy Barefoot and was getting out the butter and setting the table and seeing that the mush did not boil over, much more like a big brother than a pedestaled Man Who. Had the party refrained from quoting the morning papers aloud he would have been altogether happy. His name was on every front page and in many of the editorials, and the general tone in regard to him was one of staggered amazement.

It seemed that his campaign was spreading like wildfire. This derided, disparaged Happy Hooligan was assuming the proportions of a national figure. People in thousands everywhere were casting off their footgear and looking to him for leadership. Bedford Mills clubs and associations were springing up in hundreds of towns and cities—spontaneously, unguided, self-generated—each a burning bush in a nation-wide conflagration. It was a phenomenon. It was absurd, incredible, unjust—for why pick out shoes in the universal enhancement of everything? But there it was, phenomenoning all over our broad and once-happy land. The press that had guyed Beddy into fame was now regarding him with an embittered respect. Grudging every word about him, they had now no choice but to give him whole columns.

Beddy ought to have been pleased, but he wasn't. He was sick of notoriety. How he longed for the irrevocable peace of the dear old bank! The thought of the bank made his eyes moisten. He felt like a woman who had eloped with an unworthy lover and learned too late, and so on. He had eloped with fame, and the bank he had disgraced was forever closed against him. If only he might be back there, an eligible young man, with brilliant prospects, who could offer Félice ——

These random imaginings, which persisted in the chatter of the breakfast table, showed the intensity of his preoccupation.

And Helen? Helen had disappeared over the horizon. It was as though the acuteness of his humiliation had acted like a sponge, obliterating her from his heart. Félice, too, had been a good deal of a sponge in that obliterating sense. And what a hypocrite he felt among all those girls who took it for granted that he was in earnest with his imbecile campaign! Beddy, in his heart of hearts, agreed with his detractors, and winced in dreadful secret agreement at every stinging point they scored against him. It was indeed not nearly so cheerful a breakfast as he pretended it was.

And afterward? After the efficiency experts, with their form letters and mimeograph and suitcases and luncheons had been installed in his apartment? What was it Félice was saying in that pretty, pleading way? And—and—ye gods—barefooted? Was going with him? Was going like that? Insisted on it, with such sparkling eyes and eagerness and urging that the poor stunned fellow was unable to do anything but gasp? He was appalled. The truth almost came out of him; but instead, in a sort of desperation, he kissed her hands to make her let go his coat. But she only clutched the tighter, still begging, still pleading. Then, altogether beside himself, he kissed her upturned mouth, again and again and again, while he heard her repeating in a panting whisper: "I am going with you! I am going with you! I am going with you!"

What could you do with a girl like that except succumb? With a girl so softly obstinate and determined that even when half squeezed to death could still whisper: "I am going with you! I am going with you! I am going with you!"

Dizzy with delight, Beddy's kisses of denial turned swiftly into those of impassioned young manhood. It was not till then that Félice tore herself free, strangely beautiful in her shame and dishevelment; and somehow in the incoherent moments that followed Beddy had consented to her wish and had crossed his heart like the good little lion he really was. Not a word of love had been spoken, yet as they looked at each other, spent and smiling, it was with the realization of a plighted troth.

Manlike, Beddy would have stayed; but woman, always practical, was for the business in hand. Where were they to go, Mister Lion? The papers had said that the Lower East Side was twenty-five per cent shoeless; that in the Bronx hoodlums were breaking shoe-store windows; that the Italian quarter, south of Washington Square, was in such a ferment that the police had been doubled to prevent shoes being taken forcibly from passers-by. Where were they to go, Mister Lion?

Mister Lion, being a confirmed New Yorker, could not conceive of any itinerary that did not include Fifth Avenue. Fifth Avenue is an ingrained habit. The New Yorker turns to it as the Persian turns to the sun. Thus it was decided, after some discussion, that they would stroll down the great thoroughfare, cross Washington Square and sustain—while also perhaps curbing—the fermented Italians.

"You owe it to yourself not to allow the crusade to go to excesses," said Félice sagely. "I know I would hate anybody who pulled off my shoes in the street, yelling 'Viva Beddy Barefoot!' That's what they are doing down there—the poor, excited dears!"

Félice was a poor, excited dear herself as she left the building with Beddy, and not nearly so brave as she pretended. They had not gone far before she was clinging very pitifully to his arm; and at the inevitable jeers that greeted their appearance she trembled and turned pale. But nothing could induce her to turn back, even when a host of little ragamuffins ran in front of them, shrilly crying out: "Beddy Barefoot's got a doll! Beddy Barefoot's got a doll!"

Beddy would gladly have killed the whole human race. It was purgatory to expose Félice to all this grinning crowd, which grew in numbers with every step, clogging their progress in the way he knew so well. It was little good to remember that he was a phenomenon. To have been a Nero or a Herod would have pleased him far more just then. But he was too much in love to blame Félice or hold her accountable. The devotion that had prompted her was superb, and his misery was due to the price she was paying for it. The girl who could do that for a man ——

Jostled from behind, he turned, and as he turned a heavy heel came down squarely on the toes of his right foot. Whose heel he had no means of knowing; in the thickening mob it was impossible to identify any culprit. But geewhillikins, how it hurt! For an instant the pain was almost unbearable. But one couldn't nurse injured toes in that surge of staring, elbowing humanity. One could only swear under one's breath and clench one's fist. Then suddenly he was kicked in the heel with all the viciousness possible in so cramped a space. Boiling with rage and inflamed by the pain and insult, Beddy again found himself helplessly at a loss to discover a face that wore the least look of guilt. It was an infuriating situation, nor was it alleviated by a rising chorus of "Beddy Barefoot's got a doll! Beddy Barefoot's got a doll!" through which he tried to warn Félice of these detestable attacks.

But he was interrupted by her cry of anguish. Her whole weight seemed to hang on his arm. She, too, had been stamped on and was in an agony of distress. It was all she could do to control herself—not to break down utterly. Beddy was at his wit's end to know what to do. His reeling brain had no counsel to give him. To turn back would be no advantage, for when you are the focus of a mob your personal direction counts for nothing.

Suddenly he received another himself—like the squnch of an elephant's hoof. It nearly doubled him up. The minions of the shoe trust, mingling with the crowd, were only too evidently taking their revenge; and this so craftily that there was none to hold to account. Félice was sobbing aloud. Beddy, with blazing eyes, had the sensation of a goaded bull at bay. All about them was that intolerable refrain of "Beddy Barefoot's got a doll! Beddy Barefoot's got a doll!"

What a moment for the poor doll to say, in the most piteous voice Beddy had ever heard, "I am afraid I am going to faint"!

Fortunately she didn't, as with one arm about her, and in savage desperation, Beddy contrived to force a way to the curb. Minions resisted every inch; minions stamped and trod; minions booed farewell as that blessed taxi bore them off. By the time they had reached home they had laughed themselves into a hilarious humor. A common humiliation can at times be an extraordinary bond. Their feet were black and blue, and it was all they could manage to limp to the elevator and then to the studio—but still they laughed with rueful and inextinguishable entertainment.

This served them in good stead for a new disaster—the almost immediate arrival of a blustering little house superintendent, who flourished a lease and ordered them to vacate their respective apartments by nine the next morning. He had already cleared out those typewriting women and had instructed the post office to deliver no more mail.

"I herewith give you legal notice that you are objectionable," he roared at Félice, and drowned her protest in a loud repetition of the same remark to Beddy—"I herewith give you legal notice that you are objectionable."

With that he laid down two letters with the gesture of a miner depositing two sizzling sticks of dynamite, and tramped out before the atmosphere could become too surcharged for his personal safety.

Beddy and Félice gazed at each other in smiling consternation. They had been ordered out into the wide, wide world! That wretched lease permitted the landlord to adjudge them objectionable at his own sweet will and eject them at a few hours' notice.

"And the spitty way he said it, as though we were hairs off his shaving brush!" exclaimed Félice indignantly. "It made me feel like Jonah getting out of the whale."

They were both seated on the divan, side by side, holding hands—with their poor feet on chairs in front of them.

"What does anything matter as long as we have each other?" said Beddy cheerfully.

Félice answered with a squeeze—such a comforting squeeze.

"Do you know what I think we ought to do?" said Beddy in an odd sort of voice. "I think we ought to get married."

"Married!"

"Yes, I mean it, Félice. Truly and seriously, I mean it. Why should we pretend we don't love each other?"

"Oh, I am not pretending I don't!" said Félice. "The trouble is I do, of course. But it's rather suddenly sudden, isn't it? And will you promise and vow to cherish my poor feet?"

"Please don't laugh about it," protested Betty. "You admit you care, and you know I care—and it's all terribly important, Félice."

"But how important was it two days ago?" With a little shake of her head, she added before he could reply: "I don't want to be repented of at leisure, you dear infant. It's very alluring; I don't say it isn't; but I cannot let myself be marked 'Rush' matrimonially. Why can't we admit, quite frankly and kissingly, that we like each other a lot—and let it go at that?"

"You don't realize what a hole I am in," went on Beddy with a note of entreaty in his voice. "I can't limp about New York for everybody to laugh at the way the tables have been turned on me. I am beaten, and I may as well admit it. The idiotic crusade is over, as far as I am concerned, and my problem is where to hide my diminished head. It's going to be a heartbreaking exile without you."

Félice reflected.

"There's Bermuda," she said at last. "Papa and mamma are in Bermuda, and papa chose it because it was the nearest place he could get a drink without a passport. He says if the golf course is good he will buy an estate there and alternate between Bermuda and New York."

"Then why not be engaged and go to Bermuda?" exclaimed Beddy joyfully. "That would be perfectly in order, wouldn't it? It only takes two days and, anyway, you spend most of that in being seasick. Let's go to Bermuda, Félice."

"There's a boat at noon to-morrow," she said with a pretty seriousness that might mean much or nothing. "I know there is, because I write to papa by every mail. But I really couldn't go—engaged."

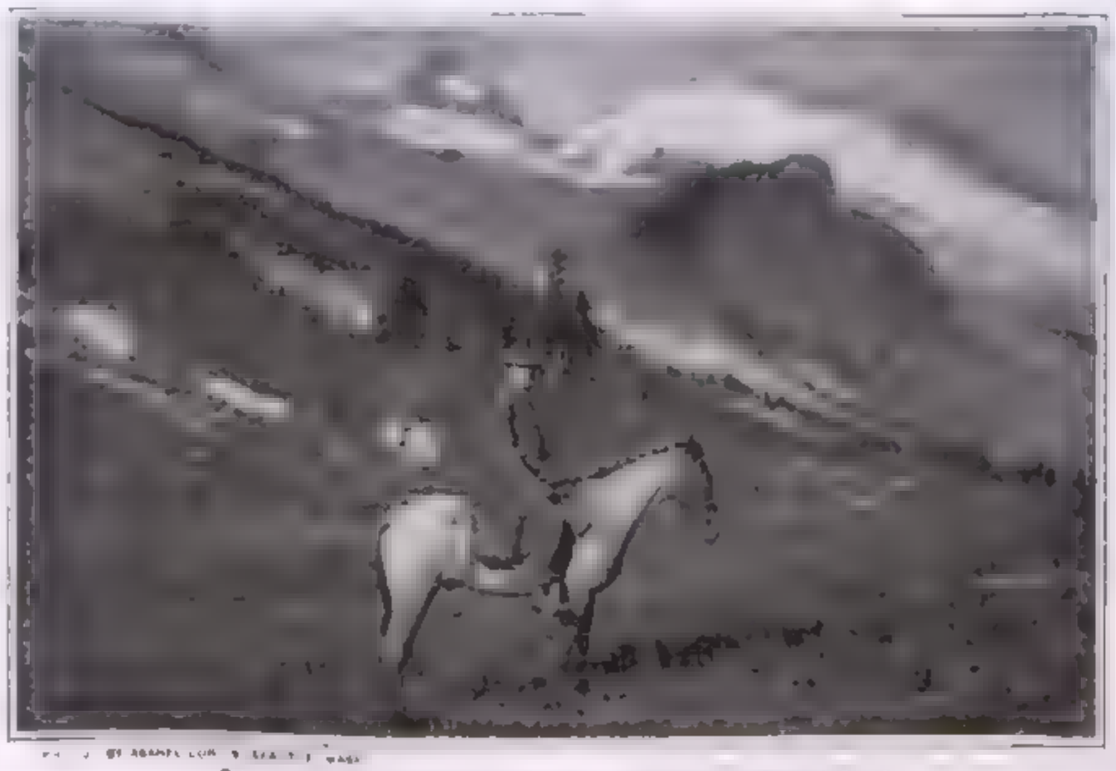
"Could you go unengaged?"

She snuggled closer to him and her arms stole round his neck.

"Yes," she whispered. "A thousand times yes, and my love isn't two days old at all, but months and months old. I used to call you my sun-god boy—so silly of me, wasn't it?—and if a week passed without my seeing you I was miserable. And now shut your eyes and I will tell you my shameful secret. I am not the girl you think I am, and perhaps you will never speak to me again. Shut your pretty blue eyes, and try to love me in spite of it."

Beddy, with Helen on his conscience, and remembering what he had read of artists, braced himself for an avowal he dreaded to hear.

"Papa is the shoe trust," she said.



Summerland, Northeast Part of Rainier National Park

BLABON ART Linoleums

Floors of beauty that lighten labor

With the servant problem more serious than ever before, household management seemingly becomes more complex. Happily, means are at hand to lighten the duties of the home.

Conspicuous among such helps are Blabon floors of Art Linoleum. Their beautiful patterns enlarge their use and adapt them for every room in the house. Fabric rugs may be thrown over them or not, as you prefer.

Their smooth surface is easy to keep clean—merely a light, regular going over with a damp cloth or mop, and it is always bright and sanitary.

Especially in the sewing-room is this feature welcomed, for keeping such floors free from threads, ravelings and cuttings of cloth is usually quite a tiresome task.

On the floor above Carpet Inlaid pattern No. 615 is shown. The designs and colorings go through to the burlap back, insuring continuous beauty through years of service.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

Important Notice: Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia

Established 69 years

Look for the label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

THE WRONG TWIN

(Continued from Page 19)

deprecatingly with his tongue as Winona became detailed in her narrative.

"My great glory!" he exclaimed at last. "You mean to say they mix it down there every afternoon?"

"Every single day," confirmed Winona. "He's been going to that low dive for weeks and weeks. Think of the debasing associations!"

"Just think of it!" said Sharon impatiently. "Every afternoon—and me not hearing a word of it!"

"If you could only say a word to him," besought Winona. "Coming from you it might have an influence for good."

"I will, I will!" promised Sharon fervently, and there was a gleam of honest determination in his quick old eyes.

That very afternoon, in Pegleg McCarron's shed, he said words to Wilbur that might have an influence for good.

"Quit sticking your jaw out that way or he'll knock it off!" had been his first advice. And again: "Cover up that stomach—you want to get killed?"

He was sitting at one end of the arena, on a plank supported by the ends of two beer kegs, and he held open a large, thick, respectable gold watch.

"Time!" he called.

Beside him sat the red-eyed and disreputable Pegleg McCarron, who whacked the floor with the end of his crutch from time to time in testimony of his low pleasure.

The round closed with one of Wilbur Cowan's right crosses—started from not too far back—landing upon the jaw of Spike Brennon with what seemed to be a shattering impact. Sharon Whipple yelled and Pegleg McCarron pounded the floor in applause. Spike merely shook his head once

"The kid's showing speed," he admitted cordially. "If he just had something back of them punches!"

"It was a daisy!" exclaimed Sharon. "My suffering stars, what a daisy!"

"'Twas neatly placed!" said Pegleg.

"I'm surprised at you!" said Sharon later to the panting apprentice. "I'm surprised and grieved! You boys mixing it here every day for weeks and never letting on!"

"I never thought you'd like it," said Wilbur.

"Like it!" said Sharon. He said it unctuously. "And say, don't you let on to Miss Penniman that I set here and held the watch for you. I ain't wanting that to get out on me."

"No, sir," said Wilbur.

Later Sharon tried to avoid Winona one day on River Street, but when he saw that she would not be avoided he met her like a man.

"I've reasoned with the boy from time to time," he confessed gloomily, "but he's self-headed; talking huge high about being a good lightweight and all that. I don't know—mebbe I haven't taken just the right tack with him yet."

Winona thought him curiously evasive in manner. She believed that he feared the worst for the boy, but was concealing it from her.

"His eye is almost well where that cowardly bully struck him," she told Sharon. "If only we could get him into something where he could hold his head up."

"He does that too much now," began Sharon impulsively, but stopped, floundering.

"I mean he ain't enough ashamed," he concluded feebly, and feigned that someone had called him imperatively from the door of the First National Bank.

From time to time Spike's boxing manner grew tense for a period of days. He tightened up, as Sharon put it, and left a sore and battered apprentice while he went off to some distant larger town to fight, stepping nonchalantly aboard the six-fifty-eight with his fighting trunks and shoes wrapped in a copy of the Newbern Advance, and shifting his gum as he said good-by to Wilbur, who would come down to see him off.

Sometimes Spike returned from these sorties unscathed and with money. Oftener he came back without money and with a face—from abrasive thrusts—looking as if a careless golfer had gone over him and neglected to replace the divota. After these times there were likely to follow complicated episodes of dentistry at the office of Doctor Patten. These would render the invincible smile of Spike more refulgent than ever.

III

THE next birthday of Merle Whipple was celebrated at a time when Spike had been particularly painstaking in view of an approaching combat. Not only did he leave his young friend with an eye that compelled the notice, an eye lavishly displaying all the tints yet revealed by spectroscopic analysis, and which by itself would have rendered him socially undesirable, but he bore a swollen nose and a split and puffy lip; bore them proudly, it should be said, and was not enough cast down, in Winona's opinion, that his shameful wounds would deter him from mingling with decent folk. Indeed, Winona had to be outspoken before she convinced him that a birthday party was now no place for him. He would have gone without misgiving, and would have pridefully recounted the sickening details of that last round in which Spike Brennon had permitted himself to fancy he faced a veritable antagonist. Still, he cared little for the festivity.

He saw Patricia from a distance in River Street, but pulled the dingy cap lower and avoided her notice. She was still bony and animated and looked quite capable of commanding his attendance over eighteen holes of the most utterly futile golf in all the world. His only real regret in the matter of his facial blemishes was that Spike came back with the mere loser's end of an inconsiderable purse, and had to suffer another infliction of the most intricate bridge work at the hands of Doctor Patten before he could properly enjoy at the board of T-bone Tommy that diet so essential to active men of affairs.

CHAPTER XII

ONCE more the aging Wilbur Cowan stood alone by night thrillingly to watch the arched splendor of stars above and muse upon the fleeting years that carried off his youth. The moment marked another tremendous epoch, for he was done with school. Now for all the years to come he could hear the bell sound its warning and feel no qualm; never again need sit confined in a stuffy room, breathing chalk dust, and compel his errant mind to bookish abstractions. He had graduated from the Newbern High School, respectably if not with distinguished honor, and the superintendent had said, in conferring his rolled and neatly tied diploma, that he was facing the battle of life and must acquit himself with credit to Newbern.

The superintendent had seemed to believe it was a great moment; there had been a tremor in his voice as he addressed the class, each in turn. He was a small, nervous, intent man whose daily worries showed plainly through the uplift of the moment, and Wilbur had wondered what he found to be so thrilled about. His own battle with life—he must have gone out to the fight years ago under much the same circumstances—had apparently brought him none of the glory he was now urging his young charges to strive for. He had to stay in a schoolroom and breathe chalk dust.

Whatever the battle of life might be, he was going to fight it out-of-doors; not like imprisoned school-teachers and clerks and bookkeepers in First National Banks. Only when alone under that splatter of stars did he feel the moment big with more than a mere release from textbooks. Then at last he knew that he had become a man and must put away childish things, and his mind floated on the thought, off to those distant stars where other boys had that night, perhaps unwittingly, become men.

He wished that people would not pester him with solemn questions about what he now meant to make of himself. They seemed to believe that he should be concerned about this. Winona was especially insistent. She said he stood at the parting of the ways; that all his future hung upon his making a seemly choice; and she said it gloomily, with frank foreboding, as one more than half expecting him to choose amiss.

Judge Penniman was another who warned him heavily that it was time to quit being a Jack-of-all-trades. The judge spoke as from a topless tower of achievement, relating anecdotes of his own persistence under difficulties at the beginning

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Tak-hom-a Biscuit Toasted Cheese Sandwich

From the Thousand Window Bakeries

The Sunshine Cracker that Splits-in-two

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of a career which he allowed his hearer to infer had been of shining merit, hampered, it is true, by the most trying ill health. Even Mrs. Penniman said that they were expecting great things of him, now that he had become a man.

The boy dimly felt that there was something false in all this urgency. The superintendent of schools and Winona and the judge and Mrs. Penniman seemed to be tightly wound up with expectancy about him, yet lived their own lives not too tensely. The superintendent of schools was not inspiring as a model; the judge, for all his talk, lived a life of fat idleness, with convenient maladies when the Penniman lawn needed mowing. Mrs. Penniman, it is true, fought the battle of life steadily with her plain and fancy dressmaking, but with no visible glory; and Winona herself was becoming a drab, sedate spinster, troubled about many things. He wondered why they should all conceive him to be meant for so much more than they had achieved. Why couldn't he relax into a life such as they led, without all this talk of effort and planning? It seemed to him that people pretty much allowed life to make itself for them, and lived it as it came. He was not going to bother about it. Let it come. He would find a way to live it. People managed. Judge Penniman was never so ailing that he couldn't reach the harness shop for his game of checkers. The only person he knew who had really worked hard to make something of himself was Spike Brennon.

So he resorted to the golf links that summer, heedless and happy. "Without ideals so far as one can read him," wrote Winona in her journal, underlining the indictment and closing it with three bold exclamation points. He was welcomed effusively to the golf course by John Knox McTavish.

"Good!" said John on the morning of his appearance, which was effusive for any McTavish.

He liked the boy, not only because he drove a sweet ball, but because you could talk to him in a way you couldn't to par-r-r-rties you was teaching to hold a club proper-r-r-r and to quit callin' it a stick.

He caddied that summer only for golfers of the better sort, and for Sharon Whipple, choosing his employ with nice discrimination. John had said golf was a grand game, because more than any other game it showed how many kinds of a fool a man could be betwixt his mind and his muscles. His apprentice was already sensitive to the grosser kinds. In addition to caddying he taught the secrets of the game when pupils came too plenteously for John. But he lacked John's tried patience, and for the ideal teacher was too likely to utter brutal truths instead of polite and meandering diplomacies. He had caught perhaps a bit too much of Spike Brennon's manner of instruction, a certain strained brusquerie, out of place with people who are willing to pay largely for instruction which they ignore in spite of its monotonous repetition. John warned him that he must soften his clients—but-ter-r-r 'em up with nice words—or they wouldn't come back. He must say they was doing gr-r-rand. He did say it now and then, but with no ring of conviction.

Still it was a good summer. Especially good, because all the time he knew he was waiting for that morning in early September when the school bell would ring and he would laugh carelessly at what had once been the imperious summons. He thought that after this high moment he might be able to plan his life at least a little—not too minutely.

II

LATE that summer Merle and Patricia Whipple came by appointment to play the course with him. Merle too had become a man—he would enter college that fall. Apparently no one was bothering about the plan of his life. And Patricia had become, if not a woman, at least less of a girl, though she was still bony and utterly freckled. They drove off, Patricia not far but straight, and Merle, after impressive preliminaries that should have intimidated any golf ball, far but not straight. After his shot he lectured instructively upon its faults. When he had done they knew why he had sliced into the miry fen on the right. Then with an expert eye he studied his brother's stance and swing. The ball of Wilbur went low and straight and far, but the shot was prefaced apparently by no nice adjustment of the feet or by any preliminary waggles of the club.

"No form," said Merle. "You ought to have form by this time, but you don't show any; and you put no force into your swing. Now let me show you just one little thing about your stance."

With generous enthusiasm he showed his brother not only one little thing, but two or three that should be a buckler to him in time of need; and his brother thanked him, and so authoritative was the platform manner of Merle that he nearly said "Yes, sir." After which Patricia played a brassy shot, and they all went to find Merle's ball among the oaks. After that they went on to Wilbur's ball, which—still without a trace of form—he dropped on the green with a mashie, in spite of Merle's warning that he would need a mid-iron to reach it.

"Prize Fighting!" Said the Judge Scornfully. "What'll He be Doing Next? Never Settles Down to Anything. Jack-of-All-Trades and Good at None"

They drove, and again Merle lectured upon the three reasons why his ball came to rest in a sand trap that flanked the fairway. He seemed to feel this information was expected from him, nor did he neglect a generous exposition of his brother's failure to exhibit form commensurate with his far, straight drive. His brother was this time less effusive in his thanks, and in no danger whatever of replying "Yes, sir!" He merely retorted, "Don't lunge—keep down!" advice which the lecturer received with a frowning "I know—I know!" as if he had lunged intentionally, with a secret purpose that would some day become known, to the confusion of so-called golf experts. Wilbur and Patricia waited while Merle went to retrieve his ball. They saw repeated sand showers rise over the top of a bunker. From where they stood the player seemed to be inventing a new kind of golf, to be played without a ball. A pale mist hung over the scene.

"I know just what he's saying," Patricia told Wilbur.

"Shame on you!" said he, and they both laughed, after which Patricia glanced at him oftener.

It should be said that he was now arrayed as Winona would have him, in summer-sports attire of careless but expensive appearance, including a silk shirt alleged by the maker to be snappy, and a cap of real character. The instinct of the male for noticeable plumage had at last worked the reform that not all of Winona's pleading had sufficed for. Wilbur Cowan at the moment might, but for his excellent golf, have been mistaken for a genuine Whipple.

Merle's homilies continued after each shot. He subjected his own drives to a masterly analysis, and strove to incite his brother to correct form, illustrating this for his instruction with practice swings that were marvels of nicety, and learnedly quoting Braid and Vardon.

It was after one of these informative intervals, succeeding a brilliantly topped drive by the lecturer, that Patricia Whipple, full in the flooding current of Merle's discourse, turned her speckled face aside and flagrantly winked a greenish eye at Wilbur Cowan; whereupon Wilbur Cowan winked his own left eye, that one being farthest from the speaker. The latter, having concluded his remarks, went to find his ball, and the two walked on.

"He just ought to be taken down," suggested Patricia malevolently.

"Think so?" demanded Wilbur.

"Know so!" declared the girl. "'Tisn't only golf. He's that way about everything—telling people things—how to do it and everything. Only no one at our house dares come down on him. Harvey D. and Ella and even grandfather—they all jump through hoops for him, the cowards! I give him a jolt now and then, but I get talked to for it."

"The boy needs some golf talk—he certainly does," conceded the other.

"Too bad you're afraid to do it," Patricia said resignedly.

She looked sadly away, then quickly back at him to see if it had taken. She thought it hadn't. He was merely looking as if he also considered it too bad. But on the next tee he astonishingly asserted himself as—comparatively—a golfing expert. He wasn't going to have this splendid brother, truly his brother for all the change of name, making a fool of himself before a girl. Full in the tide of Merle's jaunty discourse he blazed out with an authority of his own, and in tones so arrogant that the importance of the other oozed almost pitiably from him.

"Quit that! Listen! We've played ten holes, and you haven't made one clean drive, and I've got off every one clean. I make this course in seventy-three, and you'd never make it in one hundred and twenty the way you're going. But every time you stand there and tell me things about your drive and about mine as if you could really play golf."

"Well, but my dear chap"—Merle paused, trying to regain some lost spiritual value—"I'm merely telling you some little things about form."

"Forget it!" commanded the other. "You haven't any form yourself; you don't have form until you can play the game, and then you don't think about it. Maybe my form doesn't stick out, but you bet it must be tucked in there somewhere or I couldn't hit the ball. You don't want to think I haven't any just because I don't stand there and make a long speech to the ball before swatting it."

"Well, I was only saying——" Merle began again, but in meekness such as Patricia had never observed in him.

Hearing a sound in the background Wilbur turned. She was staging a pantomime of excessive delight, noiselessly clapping her thin brown hands. He frowned at her—he was not going to have any girl laughing at his brother—and returned his attention to the late exponent of Braid and Vardon.

"Here"—he teed a ball—"you do about every wrong thing you could. You don't overlook a single one. Now I'll show you. Take your stance, address the ball!"

He had forgotten, in the heat of his real affection, all the difference in their stations. He was talking crisply to this Whipple as if he were merely a Cowan twin. Merle, silent, dazed, meek, did as he was directed.

"Now take your back swing slower. You've been going up too quick—go up slow—stay there! Wait—bend that left wrist under your club—not out but under—here"—he adjusted the limp wrist. "Now keep your weight on the left foot and come down easy. Don't try to knock the ball a mile—it can't be done. Now up again and swing—easy!"

Merle swung and the topped ball went a dozen feet.

"There, now I suppose you're satisfied!" he said sulkily, but his instructor was not satisfied.

"Don't be silly! You lifted your head. You have to do more than one thing right to hit that ball. You have to stay down to it. Here"—he teed another ball—"take your stance and see if you can't keep down. I'll hold you down." In front of the player he grasped his own driver and rested it lightly upon the other's head. "Just think that club weighs a hundred pounds and you couldn't lift your head if you wanted to. Now swing again, turn the left wrist under, swing easy—there!"

They watched the ball go high and straight, even if not far.

"A Texas leaguer," said Wilbur, "but it's all right. It's the first time this afternoon you've stayed in the fairway. Now again!"

He teed another ball, and the threesomes had become a mere golf lesson plus a clash of personalities. Wilbur Cowan did all the talking; he was grim, steely eyed, imperious. His splendid brother was mute and submissive, after a few feeble essays at assertion that were brutally stifled. Patricia danced disrespectfully in the background when neither brother observed her. She had no wish to incur again the tightly drawn scowl of Wilbur. The venom of that had made her uncomfortable.

"See now how you hit 'em out when you do what I tell you!" said the instructor at last, when Merle had a dozen clean drives to his credit. But the sun had fallen low and the lesson must end.

"Awfully obliged, old chap—thanks a heap!" said Merle, recovering slightly from his abjectness. "I dare say I shall be able to smack the little pill after this."

The old chap hurled a last grenade.

"You won't if you keep thinking about form," he warned. "Best way to forget that—quit talking so much about it. After you make a shot, keep still, or talk to yourself."

"Awfully good of you," Merle responded graciously, for he was no longer swinging at a ball, but merely walking back to the clubhouse, where one man was as good as another. "There may be something in what you say."

"There is," said Wilbur.

He waved them a curt farewell as they entered the latest Whipple car.

(Continued on Page 75)

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WE SHALL KEEP FAITH

(Continued from Page 70)

"But, you know, the poor kid after all hasn't any form," the convalescent Merle announced to Patricia when they were seated.

"He has nice hair and teeth," said the girl, looking far ahead as the car moved off.

"Oh, hair—teeth!" murmured Merle, loftily careless, as one possessing hair and teeth of his own. "I'm talking about golf."

"He lines 'em out," said Patricia cattishly.

"Too much like a professional." Merle lifted a hand from the wheel to wave deprecation. "That's what the poor kid gets for hanging about that clubhouse all the time."

"The poor kid!" murmured Patricia. "I never noticed him much before."

"Beastly overbearing sort of chap," said Merle.

"Isn't he?" said Patricia. "I couldn't help but notice that." She shifted her eyes sidewise at Merle. "I do wish some of the folks could have been there," she added listlessly.

"Is that so?" he demanded, remembering then that this girl was never to be trusted, even in moods seemingly honeyed. He spurted the new roadster in rank defiance of Newbern's lately enacted ordinance regulating the speed of motor vehicles.

Yet the night must have brought him counsel, for he appeared the next afternoon—though without Patricia—to beseech further instruction from the competent brother. He did this rather humbly, for one of his station.

"I know my game must be pretty rotten," he said. "Maybe you can show me one or two more little things."

"I'll show you the same old things over again," said Wilbur, overjoyed at this friendly advance, and forthwith he did.

For a week they played the course together, not only to the betterment of Merle's technic but to the promotion of a real friendliness between this Whipple and a mere Cowan. They became as brothers again, seeming to have leaped the span of years during which they had been alien. During those years Wilbur had kept secret his pride in his brother, his exultation that Merle should have been called for this high eminence and not found wanting. There had been no one to whom he could reveal it, except to Winona, perhaps, in little flashes. Now that they were alone in a curious renewal of their old intimacy, he permitted it to shine forth in all its fullness, and Merle became pleasantly aware that this sharp-speaking brother—where golf was concerned—felt for him something much like worship. The glow warmed them both as they loitered over the course, stopping at leisure to recall ancient happenings of their boyhood together. Far apart now in their points of view, the expensively nurtured Merle, and Wilbur, who had grown as he would, whose education was of the street and the open, they found a common ground and rejoiced in their contact.

"I don't understand why we haven't seen more of each other all these years," said Merle on a late day of this renewed companionship. "Of course I've been away a lot—school and trips and all that."

"And I'm still a small-towner," said Wilbur, though delightedly. It was worth being a small-towner to have a brother so splendid.

"We must see a lot of each other from now on," insisted Merle. "We must get together this way every time I come back."

"We must," said Wilbur. "I hope we do, anyway," he added, reflecting that this would be one of those things too good to come true.

"What I don't understand," went on Merle, "you haven't had the advantages I have, not gone off to school or met lots of people, as I'm always doing, not seen the world, you know, but you seem so much older than I am. I guess you seem at least ten years older."

"Well, I don't know." Wilbur pondered this. "You do seem younger some way. Maybe a small town makes people old quicker, knocking round one the way I have, bumping up against things here and there. I don't know at all. Sharon Whipple says the whole world is made up mostly of small towns; if you know one through and through you come pretty near knowing the world. Maybe that's just his talk."

"Surly old beggar. Somehow I never hit it off well with him. Too sarcastic, thinking he's funny; uncouth too."

"Well, perhaps so." Wilbur was willing to let this go. He did not consider Sharon Whipple surly or uncouth or sarcastic, but he was not going to dispute with this curiously restored brother. "Try a brassy on that," he suggested, to drop the character of Sharon Whipple.

Merle tried the brassy, and they played out the hole. Merle made an eight.

"I should have had a six at most," he protested, "after that lovely long brassy shot."

Wilbur grinned.

"John McTavish says the should-have-had score for this course is a mar-r-rvel. He says if these people could count their should-have-hads they'd all be playing under par. He's got a wicked tongue, that John."

"Well, anyway," insisted Merle, "you should have had a four, because you were talking to me when you flubbed that approach shot; that cost you a couple."

"John says the cards should have another column added to write in excuses; after each hole you could put down just why you didn't get it in two less. He says that would be gr-r-r-and f'r th' dubs."

"The hole is four hundred and eighty yards, and you were thirty yards from the green in two," said Merle. "You should have had ——"

"I guess I should have had what I got. Sharon Whipple says that's the way with a lot of people in this life—make fine starts, and then flub their short game, fall down on easy putts and all that, after they get on the lawn. He calls the fair greens lawns."

"Awful old liar when he counts his own score," said Merle. "I played with him just once."

Wilbur grinned again. He would cheerfully permit this one slander of his friend.

"You certainly can't trust him out of sight in a sand trap," he conceded. "You'll say, 'How many, Mr. Whipple?' and he'll say, 'Well, let me see—eight and a short tote—that's it, eight and a tote.' He means that he made eight, or about eight, by lifting it from the rough about ten feet onto the fairway."

"Rotten sportsmanship," declared Merle.

"No, no, he's a good sport all right! He'd expect you to do the same, or tee up a little bit for a mid-iron shot. He says he won't read the rules, because they're too fine print. I like the old boy a lot," he concluded firmly. He wanted no misunderstanding about that, even if Merle should esteem him less for it.

They drove from the next tee. One hundred and fifty yards ahead the fairway was intersected by a ditch. It was deep, and its cruel maw yawned hungrily for golf balls. These it was fed in abundance daily.

"Rottenly placed, that ditch!" complained Merle as he prepared to drive.

"Only because you think so," replied his brother. "Forget it's there and you'll carry it every time. That's what Sharon Whipple does. It's what they call psychology. It's a mental hazard. Sharon Whipple says that's another thing about golf that's like real life. He says most all things that scare us are just mental hazards."

"Stuff!" said Merle. "Stuffy stuffness! The ditch is there, isn't it, psychology or no psychology? You might ignore a hungry tiger, but calling him a mental hazard wouldn't stop him from eating you, would it? Sharon Whipple makes me tired." He placed a drive neatly in the ditch. "There!" he exploded triumphantly. "I guess that shows you what the old gas bag knows about it."

"Oh, you'll soon learn to carry that hole!" his brother soothed. "Now let's see what you can do with that niblick." He grinned again as they went on to the ditch. "Sharon Whipple calls his niblick his gitter." Merle, however, would not join in the grin. Sharon Whipple still made him tired.

In the course of their desultory playing they discussed the other Whipples.

"Of course they're awfully fond of me," said Merle.

"Of course," said Wilbur.

"I guess Harvey D.—father—would give me anything in the world I asked for, ever since I was a kid. Horses, dogs, guns, motor cars—notice the swell little roadster I'm driving? Birthday! Says he expects great things of me."

"Why wouldn't he?"

"Oh, of course, of course!" Merle waved this aside. "And Grandfather Gideon, he's an old brick. College man himself—class of sixty-five. Think of that, way back in the last century! Sharon Whipple never got to college. Ran off to fight in the Civil War or something. That's why he's so countrified, I s'pose. You take Gideon now—he's a gentleman. Anyone could see that. Not like Sharon. Polished old boy you'd meet in a club. And Mrs. Harvey D.—mother—say, she can't do enough for me! Bores me stiff lots of times about whether I'm not going to be sick or something. And money—Lord! I'm supposed to have an allowance, but they all hand me money and tell me not to say anything about it to the others. Of course I don't. And Harvey D. himself—he tries to let on he's very strict about the allowance, then he'll pretend he didn't pay me the last quarter and hand me two quarters at once. He knows he's a liar, and he knows I know it too. I guess I couldn't have fallen in with a nicer bunch. Even that funny daughter of Sharon's, Cousin Juliana, she warms up now and then—slips me a couple of twenties or so. You should have seen the hit I made at prep! Fellows there owe me money now that I bet I never do get paid back. But no matter, of course."

"That Juliana always makes me kind of shiver," admitted Wilbur. "She looks so kind of—well, kind of lemonish."

"She's all of that, that old girl. She's the only one I never do get close to. Soured old maid, I guess. Looks at you a lot, but doesn't say much, like she was sizing you up. That nose of hers certainly does stand out like a peak or something. You wouldn't think it either, but she reads poetry—mushiest kind—awful stuff. Say, I looked into a book of hers one day over at the Old Place—Something-or-Other Love Lyrics was the title—murder! I caught two or three things—talk about raw stuff—you know, fellows and girls and all that! What she gets out of it beats me, with that frozen face of hers."

A little later he portrayed the character of Patricia Whipple in terms that would have incensed her, but that moved Wilbur to little but mild interest.

"You never know when you got your thumb on that kid," he said. "She's the shifty one, all right. Talk along to you sweet as honey, but all the time she's watching for some chance to throw the harpoon into you. Venomous—regular vixen. No sense of humor—laughs at almost anything a fellow says or does. Trim you in a minute with that tongue of hers. And mushy! Reads stories about a young girl falling in love with strange men that come along when her car busts down on a lonely road. Got that bug now. Drives round a whole lot all alone looking for the car to go blooey and a lovely stranger to happen along and fix it for her that turns out to be a duke or something in disguise. Sickening!

"Two years ago she got confidential one night and told me she was going to Italy some day and get carried off to a cave by a handsome bandit in spite of her struggles. Yes, she would struggle—not! Talk about mental hazards, she's one, all right! She'll make it lively for that family some day. With Harvey D. depending on me a lot, I'm expecting to have no end of trouble with her when she gets to going good. Of course she's only a kid now, but you can plot her curves easy. One of these kind that'll say one thing and mean another. And wild? Like that time when she started to run off and found us in the graveyard—remember?"

They laughed about this, rehearsing that far-off day with its vicissitudes and sudden fall of wealth.

"That was the first day the Whipples noticed me," said Merle. "I made such a good impression on them they decided to take me."

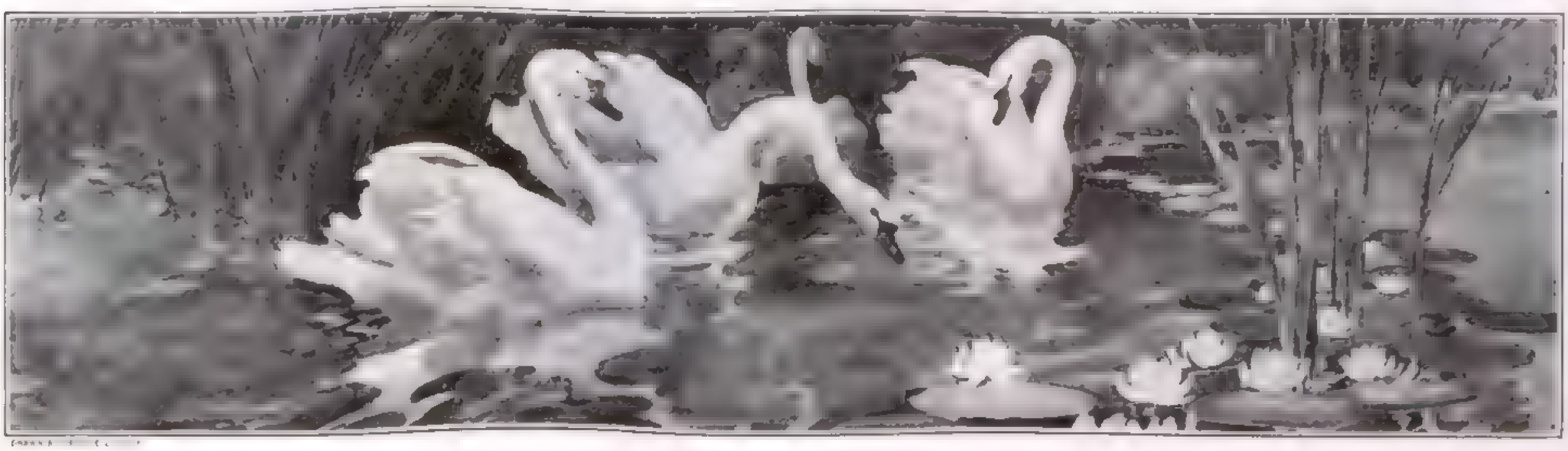
At another time they talked of their futures. Wilbur was hazy about his own. He was going to wait and see. Merle was happily definite.

"I'll tell you," said he when they had played out the last hole one day, "it's like this. I feel the need to express my best thoughts in writing, so I've decided to become a great writer—you know, take up literature. I don't mean poetry or muck of that sort—serious literature. Of course Harvey D. talks about my taking charge of the Whipple interests, but I'll work him round. Big writers are somebody—not bankers and things like that. You could be the biggest kind of a banker, and people would never know it or think much about it. Writers are different. They get all kinds of notice. I don't know just what branch of writing I'll take up first, but I'll find out at college. Anyway, not mucky stories about a handsome stranger coming along just because a girl's car busts down. I'll pick out something dignified, you bet!"

"I bet you will," said his admiring brother. "I bet you'll get a lot of notice."

"Oh"—Merle waved an assenting hand—"naturally, after I get started good."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



CIRCLING DUN

THE GLOBE

Go into the great cities or out along the highways of Europe—in England, Ireland, France, Italy, Spain or wherever else you will, and note the many motor cars that ride on Dunlop Tires.

Travel the hot and dusty roads of far-off India, the ancient thoroughfares of Pekin and Tokio or the modern streets of Sydney and Melbourne and observe how frequently the passing automobile leaves behind the imprint of Dunlop.

From London to Capetown, from Bombay to Buenos Aires, the trail of the motor is, in large measure, the trail of Dunlop Tires.

How true this is you would have realized had you attended any of the big international motor shows across the seas in the past few years. At one of these, for example, sixteen makes of tires were represented on the cars exhibited, and 59 per cent of these tires were Dunlop's, the fifteen other makes dividing the remaining 41 per cent. At another, Dunlop represented 52 per cent, thirteen other manufacturers absorbing the remainder.

In the thirty-two years that have passed since Dunlop gave to the world the first pneumatic tire, both Dunlop idea and Dunlop institution have circled the globe.

Today nine tire factories and scores of branch factories and depots scattered over both hemispheres are kept busy supplying the large share of the world's tire business that is Dunlop's.

Moreover, Dunlop's activities in the growing of rubber and the making of cotton fabric for Dunlop Tires, in themselves, represent great businesses.

Set out on a tour of Dunlop properties, and you will truly circle the globe, for you will traverse both hemispheres and visit every one of the following countries and cities:

EUROPE

ENGLAND
Tire Factories, Birmingham (3)
Rim and Wheel Factories, Coventry (2)
Cotton Mills, Rochdale, Bacup, Hollinwood, Hebdenbridge.
Factory Branches, London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Norwich, Nottingham, Bristol, Coventry.

SCOTLAND
Factory Branches, Glasgow, Edinburgh.

IRELAND
Factory Branches, Dublin, Belfast.

FRANCE
Factories, Argenteuil, Mont Lucon.
Factory Branches in principal cities.

BELGIUM
Factory Branch, Brussels.

ITALY
Factory Branches, Rome, Milan, Bologna.

SCANDINAVIA
Factory Branches, Copenhagen, Stockholm.

HOLLAND
Factory Branch, Amsterdam.

SPAIN
Factory Branch, Madrid.

GERMANY
Factory, Hanau-A-M.

ASIA

JAPAN
Factory, Kobe. *Branches* in principal cities.

CHINA
Factory Branch, Hong Kong.

INDIA
Factory Branches, Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi, Madras.

CEYLON
Factory Branch, Colombo.

MALAY
Factory Branch, Singapore.

JAVA
Factory Branch, Sourabaya.

AFRICA

SOUTH AFRICA
Factory Branches, Capetown, Johannesburg, Durban.

NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Factory, Buffalo, N. Y.
Cotton Mill, Utica, N. Y.
Branch Offices now being established in principal cities.

CANADA
Factory, Toronto.
Factory Branches, Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax.

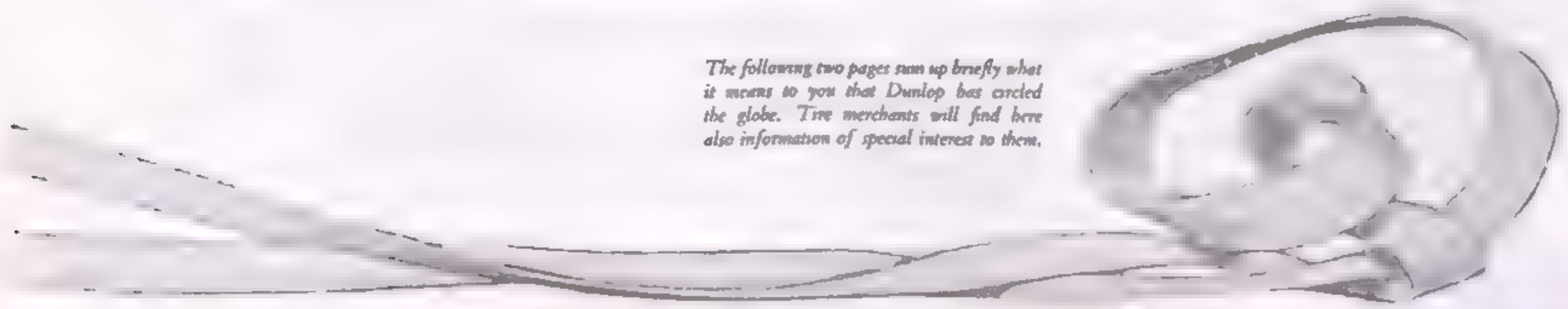
SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA
Factory Branch, Buenos Aires.

BRAZIL
Factory Branch, Rio de Janeiro.

In serving such a vast portion of the world for many years, Dunlop has touched all sides of the subject of tires and has gained an experience in tire-making and tire-marketing second to none—an experience which is now being turned to the distinct advantage of the motor car and motor truck owners of the United States.

The following two pages sum up briefly what it means to you that Dunlop has circled the globe. Tire merchants will find here also information of special interest to them.



LOOP

SERVING

That America was the last of the great tire markets for Dunlop to enter is a fact of no little consequence to you who use tires and you who sell them.

Dunlop comes to the United States now, after thirty-two years of tire-making, not only as a pioneer of the industry but as a long-established international institution with long-established and successful methods.

It comes with a product which has been tried by many years of performance under the varying and often extremely difficult conditions of world-wide service.

It comes with full recognition of the magnitude of the task and with abundant resources in men, materials and money.

It comes, too, with something else equally important—its conception of responsibility to those with whom it deals, whether these be manufacturers, merchants or tire-users.

The great plant which Dunlop has built at Buffalo is evidence in brick and steel of the way in which it is going about its work in America.

Picture to yourself a broad tract of land, fronting on the Niagara River and containing 214 acres. On this property has been erected a series of buildings covering thirty-five acres, so arranged that their capacity to produce over twelve thousand tires a day can easily be doubled when expansion becomes necessary—so easily, in fact, that the continuous operation of the plant need not be interrupted.

This modern tire-building city contains every material means necessary for producing the highest-grade pneumatic and solid tires, as well as tubes and tire accessories.

To this material equipment and this name of international reputation is added the established Dunlop policy. In brief, it is a policy whose corner-stone is the mutual interest of you who buy and use tires, of us who make them and of the Dunlop merchants who sell them.

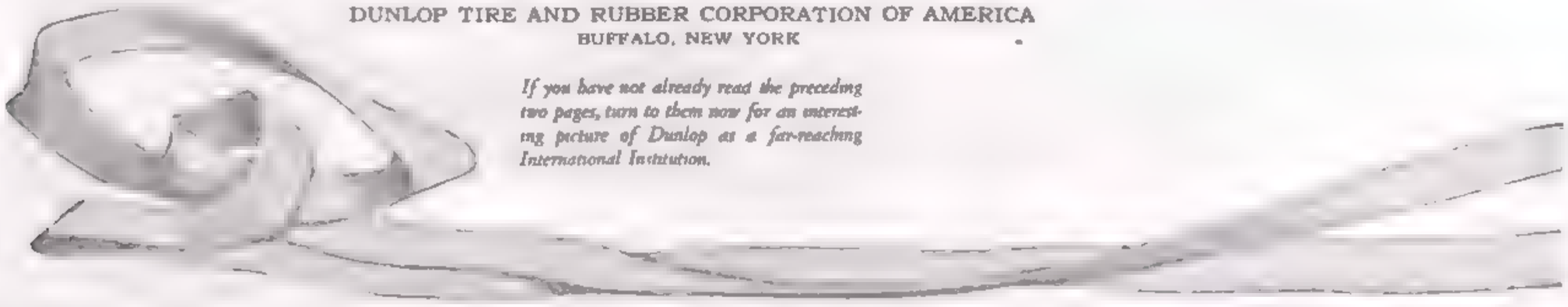
Dunlop considers that this mutual interest represents a Dunlop obligation to build only the best product possible; to make it accessible to tire-users; to improve it in every way and, finally, to consider that Dunlop responsibility goes beyond mileage limitations and ends only with the last day the tire is in service.

Dunlop merchants are men who believe as we do—who have selected us as truly as we have selected them—who are your representatives to us as they are our representatives to you. These and all other points in Dunlop policy are founded on the firm belief that what aids one aids all, and that, in the last summing up, your best interests and ours are identical.

* * *

Dunlop distribution is through retail channels. It will be national in scope and completely effected as rapidly as is consistent with the best interests of tire-users and Dunlop merchants. We will welcome the opportunity to discuss distribution plans with responsible tire merchants who are interested.

DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



If you have not already read the preceding two pages, turn to them now for an interesting picture of Dunlop as a far-reaching International Institution.

DUN

AMERICA

LOP

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

(Continued from Page 21)

So far there weren't any details. Rodney Sands hadn't the slightest notion that she was considering the possibility of marrying him.

"I really want to know," Sophie said.

Mr. Blodgett's face became grave.

"No," he said, pursing his lips, "no—we shouldn't regard marriage as a disqualification." Sophie looked expectant.

"There are a number of married women on our staff," he continued. "But it's only fair to say that in our experience marriage is usually—not always, but usually—the end of a business woman's career. You may intend to keep on with your work, but you probably won't."

Sophie rose to go. She had the fact she wanted, and she was anxious not to discuss it with Mr. Blodgett. He was so friendly he might ask her who the man was and when she was going to marry.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Blodgett," she said. "I want very much to keep my job."

"Don't be in a hurry," Mr. Blodgett said. "It isn't every day that I have a chance to give good advice." He laughed. "Of course I know it's too late to persuade you out of it—even if I could."

Sophie tried to smile, but it was a panicky little smile. She wanted to get out of Mr. Blodgett's office as fast as she could.

"And you know," Mr. Blodgett continued, "I like to see young women marry. Some business men are bitter on the subject. They say they can't train a woman for a responsible place before she up and marries and leaves them flat. And that's true. But I can't get mad about it. When all's said, marriage is probably good for women, and if it isn't good for business—well, business will have to stagger along."

"I really mean to keep on working for years," Sophie said.

"As a manager I hope you will," Mr. Blodgett said. "I like what you've done with the book department so far. You've pleased some of our most valued customers so much that they've let us know it." He smiled quizzically at Sophie. "I shouldn't want to fill your place on twenty-four hours' notice, Miss Adams."

"Thank you," Sophie said. "And you have my promise that you won't have to. If I ever do want to leave I'll give you ample notice."

"That's settled then," said Mr. Blodgett.

He turned to his desk. Sophie took a step toward the door. She must get away.

"Just one moment," Mr. Blodgett said. He lifted a typewritten list from his desk. "I've been making out the vacation schedule. It's the last of May now, and I'm late. Let's see—when are you going to be married?"

Sophie had a wild impulse to flee. Sophie felt her cheeks grow hot. What could she say? What if Rodney Sands wouldn't agree to her plan? Mr. Blodgett observed her confusion.

"I don't mean to inquire too closely," he said in the kindliest tone. "But of course the date will affect your vacation, won't it?"

"Why—why," said Sophie, "I—I expect to be married very soon."

"Well," said Mr. Blodgett, "to be a little more specific, I was going to ask you if you could take your vacation early this year. Everybody wants to go in August, and naturally everybody can't. Of course if you're going to be married in August I'd make a point of ——"

He looked at Sophie inquiringly.

"Mr. Blodgett," said Sophie desperately, "I don't know just what to say."

"On the other hand," he explained, "if you could go as early as the first week in June I could perhaps arrange to give you an extra week, or even ten days."

"Mr. Blodgett," Sophie began—she must be purple in the face by now. What would he think? Could he guess that she didn't know when she was going to be married if ever? "Mr Blodgett, I ——"

Again Sophie couldn't find words

Mr. Blodgett smiled. Mr. Blodgett chuckled. "I see," he said. "You want to consult him first!"

"Why—why—yes!" said Sophie.

"That's all right," said Mr. Blodgett genially. "You talk it over with him tonight and let me know in the morning."

Sophie's knees trembled. She had escaped—until to-morrow morning.

"Thank you, Mr. Blodgett," she said. "Thank you so much."

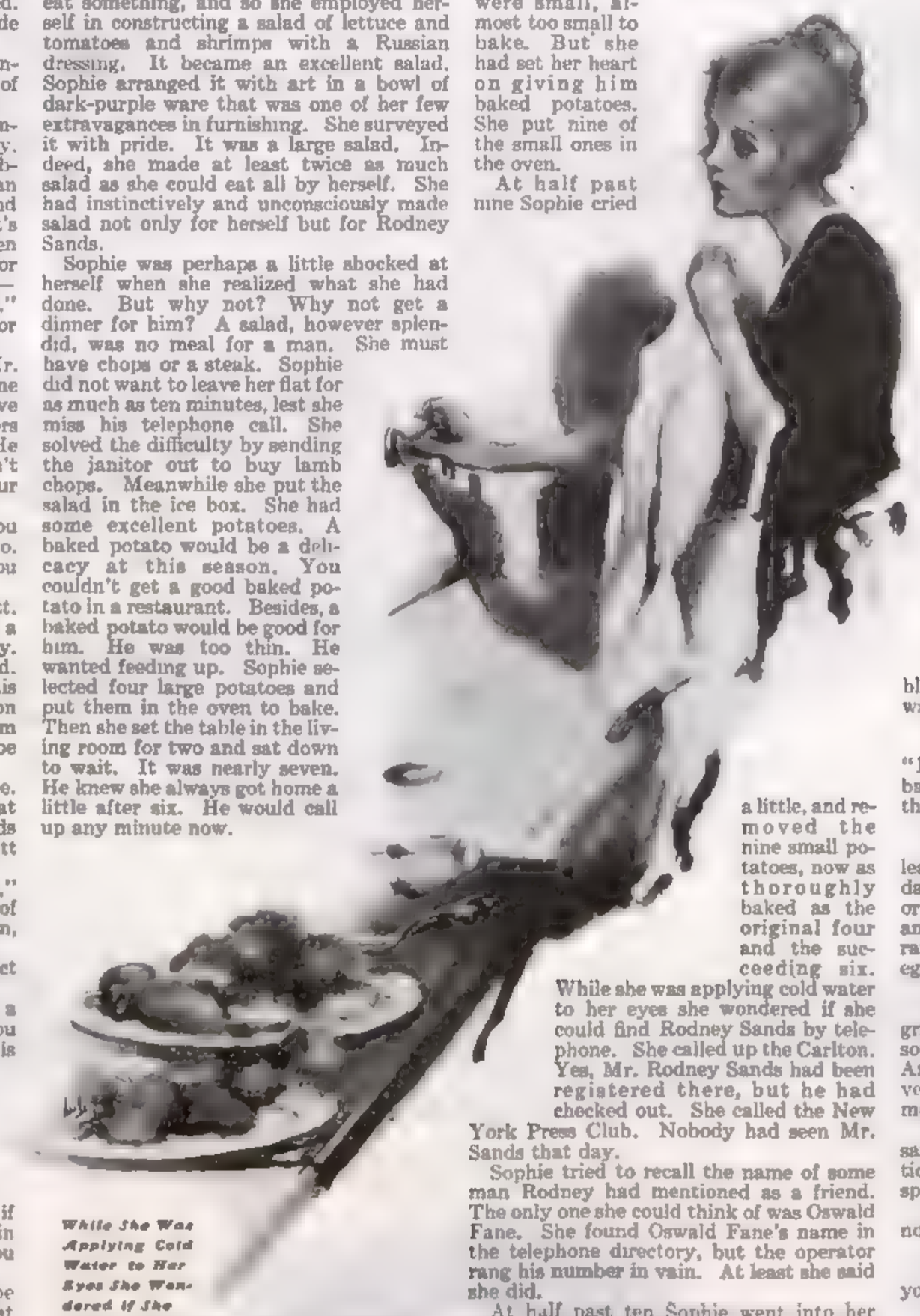
Sophie felt better when she got back to her little office off the book department. After all, everything had come out all right. She could hold her job, and that was the great thing. It remained only to tell Rodney Sands that they must be married at once.

Instinctively Sophie reached for the telephone on her desk, and then she remembered she didn't know where to find him. She would have to wait. The chance was that even now a note from him was waiting for her in her mail box in Thirteenth Street. If he hadn't written he would call her on the telephone as soon as she got home—or he would come. Her immediate task was to clear up an infinity of details in the book department that she might leave it to Miss Snider for two weeks, or even three.

VI

SOPHIE found her mail box empty. But she assured herself that it was of no consequence—he would telephone. She wasn't hungry, but she knew she ought to eat something, and so she employed herself in constructing a salad of lettuce and tomatoes and shrimps with a Russian dressing. It became an excellent salad. Sophie arranged it with art in a bowl of dark-purple ware that was one of her few extravagances in furnishing. She surveyed it with pride. It was a large salad. Indeed, she made at least twice as much salad as she could eat all by herself. She had instinctively and unconsciously made salad not only for herself but for Rodney Sands.

Sophie was perhaps a little shocked at herself when she realized what she had done. But why not? Why not get a dinner for him? A salad, however splendid, was no meal for a man. She must have chops or a steak. Sophie did not want to leave her flat for as much as ten minutes, lest she miss his telephone call. She solved the difficulty by sending the janitor out to buy lamb chops. Meanwhile she put the salad in the ice box. She had some excellent potatoes. A baked potato would be a delicacy at this season. You couldn't get a good baked potato in a restaurant. Besides, a baked potato would be good for him. He was too thin. He wanted feeding up. Sophie selected four large potatoes and put them in the oven to bake. Then she set the table in the living room for two and sat down to wait. It was nearly seven. He knew she always got home a little after six. He would call up any minute now.



While She Was Applying Cold Water to Her Eyes She Wondered if She Could Find Rodney Sands by Telephone

But Sophie was in no mood to sit still. There was a small stock of delicacies on the pantry shelf. She could improve his dinner. She found a bottle of stuffed olives and a jar of preserved quince that her aunt had sent her from Indiana. The quince would make an attractive sweet. It was after seven when these additions were ready to serve. But Rodney Sands hadn't telephoned.

Sophie sat down in her armchair and composed herself to read the evening paper. She had made it rather a duty to read the evening paper. But she suddenly remembered that the potatoes had been baking an hour in an extremely hot oven. They were done. Sophie turned off the gas. But baked potatoes would, she knew, lose their virtue in five or ten minutes. She removed the four potatoes and pierced their skins to let the steam out. If he called immediately they would do. If he didn't they wouldn't. So Sophie got out the bag of potatoes. There were none quite so large or so fine as those she had already baked, but she hunted out six smaller ones that would do, and put them in the oven. They could bake until half past eight at a pinch, and Rodney Sands would turn up before that. But at half past eight Rodney Sands had not called up.

Sophie began then really to worry. She must see him before morning—before she saw Mr. Blodgett. Had she taken all the heart out of him by her cool reception of his love? Sophie removed the second batch of baked potatoes from the oven. The potatoes she had left were small, almost too small to bake. But she had set her heart on giving him baked potatoes. She put nine of the small ones in the oven.

At half past nine Sophie cried a little, and removed the nine small potatoes, now as thoroughly baked as the original four and the succeeding six. While she was applying cold water to her eyes she wondered if she could find Rodney Sands by telephone. She called up the Carlton. Yes, Mr. Rodney Sands had been registered there, but he had checked out. She called the New York Press Club. Nobody had seen Mr. Sands that day.

Sophie tried to recall the name of some man Rodney had mentioned as a friend. The only one she could think of was Oswald Fane. She found Oswald Fane's name in the telephone directory, but the operator rang his number in vain. At least she said she did.

At half past ten Sophie went into her bedroom and lay flat on her back in the dark. She had eaten nothing, but she was not aware of that. She was thinking about Rodney Sands and again of Mr. Blodgett. She had to give Mr. Blodgett an answer in the morning At eleven o'clock the janitor would close the switchboard of the building and then no one could ring her telephone till he went on duty again in the morning.

Sophie heard the clock in a distant tower count out eleven. She might as well go to bed. But she knew she could not sleep. She needed to walk. She could think better when she walked. She could think best when she walked up her beloved Avenue in the dark. Sophie put on her hat and started down the stairs. At the first landing she paused, involuntarily, to listen for her telephone. Then she remembered that the board was closed. It couldn't ring. Sophie stood on the top step. It was here that she had stood the night she had seen the two men slip quietly up behind Rodney Sands and pinion his arms. It was here that she had gripped her umbrella so fiercely.

She looked down the street. There was Rodney Sands striding toward her. Sophie ran down the steps. He was walking with his head down. He didn't see her. He was walking with the swing of a man who is walking a long distance. And now he lifted his head and looked up at her window. Sophie gave a little inarticulate cry.

"Why, Sophie!" he said.

"Rodney!" she said.

He held out his hand. She took it in hers. He stood awkwardly looking down at her. Sophie released her hand. Sophie looked up at him. It was quite dark, but his face looked hurt—she could see that. She had hurt him.

"Rodney—I—I—last night I wanted to tell you ——"

The tears welled up in her eyes. She could not speak.

"My dear," he said, and took her in his arms.

Sophie clung to him. Sophie buried her head on his shoulder. He kissed her hair. He kissed her cheek. Sophie lifted her face. He kissed her mouth.

"I love you," said Rodney Sands, looking down into her eyes.

Sophie looked bravely back.

"I love you, too," she said.

"Last night I thought you didn't care at all."

"But I did," said Sophie. "I was just—just waiting for you to kiss me!"

She laughed in spite of her tears.

"You darling!" said Rodney Sands, and kissed her again.

"Do you know," he said, "I've been walking round this block for the last five hours. I must have walked twenty miles."

"Why didn't you come up?" she cried.

"I didn't dare. I was so sure I had lost you. I was afraid to see you, and I couldn't stay away. I came down here at half past six, but I couldn't ring the bell. I thought if I walked round the block I might get my courage up. I've been walking round the block ever since."

Sophie laughed. She could laugh now.

"And I," she said, and paused to laugh—"I've been baking potatoes for you. I baked three batches for you. I baked all the potatoes there were in the house."

Rodney Sands laughed his rueful laugh.

"I'll eat them, Sophie," he said. "At least I'll try. But I felt so foolish the other day when I didn't know whether I'd eaten or not that I ate four meals to-day. And an hour ago I stopped in that little restaurant round the corner and ate ham and eggs. I'm awfully sorry, really."

"You didn't know," said Sophie.

"But I know this," said Rodney Sands grimly—"I know I can get a job somehow, somewhere. And I'll work like a nailer. And if I do that, couldn't—we could live very simply—couldn't we be married in six months?"

"We're going to be married next week," said Sophie. "I have a three weeks' vacation beginning June first. We're going to spend it in a place I know up on the Cape."

"But I haven't any money or any job—nothing!" cried Rodney Sands.

"I have," said Sophie Adams proudly.

"But don't you see? I couldn't take your money!"

"You must!"

"But, after all, Sophie—I'm a man and you're a woman"

"Rodney," said Sophie earnestly—she took the lapels of his coat in her hands—"I know. But it is a silly, stupid convention. It doesn't fit a case like this. And it's the only thing I'll ever ask you to be reasonable about. It's the one thing I'll ever ask you to give up."

VII

WITHIN a week the little house that Sophie had found was home to them both. It was a weather-stained house of

(Continued on Page 83)

Quaker goes Italy one better!

Milk Macaroni, *Milk* Spaghetti—a wonderful improvement in richness, in flavor, in food value

PERHAPS you have not known it, but macaroni and spaghetti have always been made of wheat and *water*.

The Italians have made them that way for hundreds of years.

And American manufacturers have followed their example, perfecting, mainly, the methods of packaging and distributing these old-time foods.

But we believed that macaroni and spaghetti could be improved in the *making*. We wanted not simply new ways of serving them, ways for *you* to make them better. We sought a way in which *we* could make them better.

From Nature's larder we took two basic foods

We went to Nature's larder, first for wheat. And we found that here in America grew one certain kind surpassingly rich in protein, great golden kernels of wheat. We adopted it, despite its higher cost.

And then we thought of that other basic food in Nature's storehouse—milk, the great enricher.

If we could put milk in macaroni and spaghetti we knew we could make them richer than they could possibly be made with water. Are not potatoes creamed in milk far richer than potatoes simply boiled in water? Are not your gravies and soups, your puddings and cakes far richer in flavor and nutriment when you make them with milk?

Wheat with milk—the perfect food

Dietitians told us that we'd have in milk and wheat a perfect food combination.

Wheat alone, they said, does not supply a certain factor in which the American diet is apt to be deficient. But milk contains this factor—the growth-promoting vitamine—in greater quantity than any other food.

Not only a better tasting macaroni and spaghetti but a more nutritious macaroni and spaghetti then became our goal.

And now, friends, we've reached that goal! In Quaker Brand *Milk* Macaroni, *Milk* Spaghetti.

Such macaroni, such spaghetti you've never tasted!

Macaroni and spaghetti as rich as new potatoes creamed in milk—as tender, when cooked, as that kingly table delicacy, Brussels sprouts—as satisfying and wholesome as home-made bread and country butter.

We offer you the fat o' the land

Thus Quaker has taught Italy how to make macaroni and spaghetti exceptionally rich and good.

Thus Quaker has made for you wholly new food delights, wholly new food values—with milk and wheat, the fat o' the land.

Try Quaker Brand Milk Macaroni or Milk Spaghetti tonight. Until you *have* tried them you cannot fully appreciate how good these foods can be.

Big value packages

We pack more macaroni and spaghetti than usual in each box. By thus saving in packing and other costs, we are able to give you this better, more costly product at about the same price per ounce as ordinary kinds.

The smaller box contains enough for two full family meals. The larger box is an even better value.

Ask your grocer for it today. If he should happen not to have it, write us, giving his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

The Quaker Oats Company, 1605-A-1 Railway Exchange Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends on the Care You Give It

Illustrated by
ALONZO KIMBALL

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

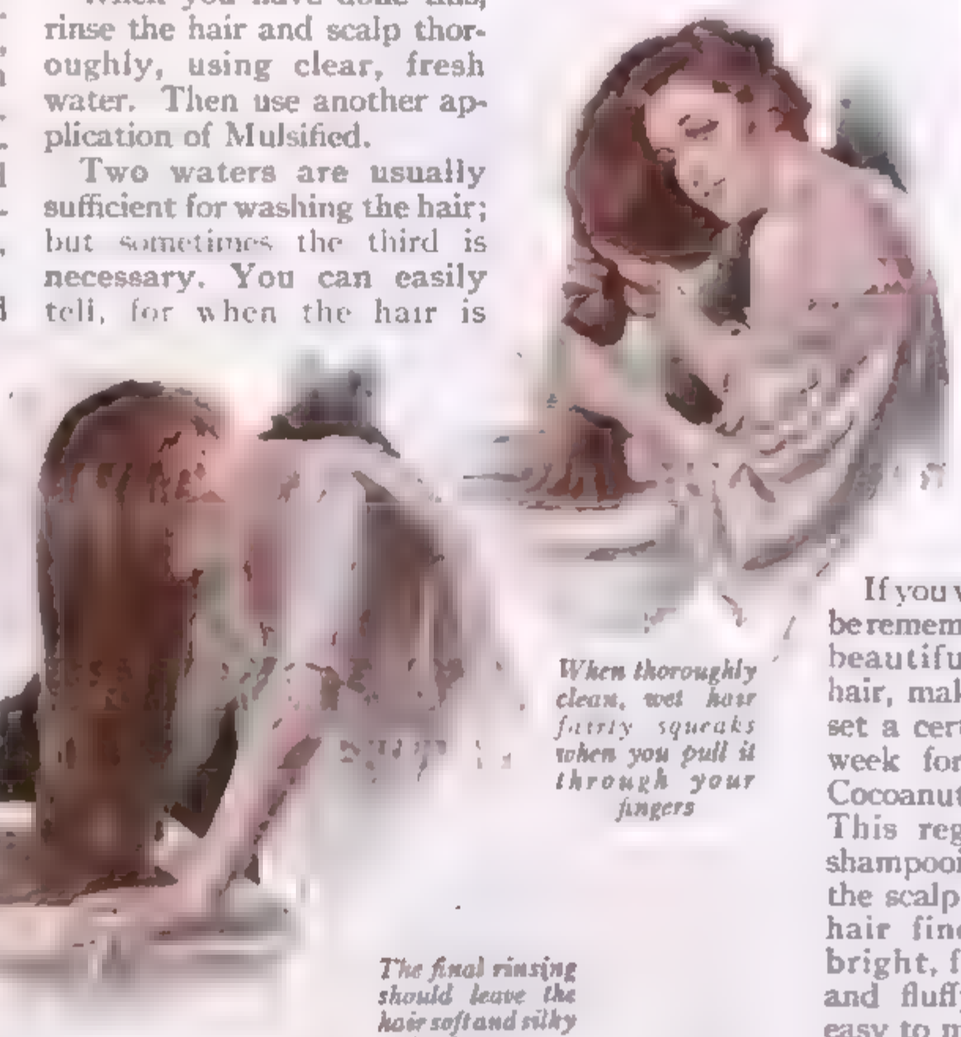
Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water; and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly,

When the hair is dry always give it a good thorough brushing

wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a turkish towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then, give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 80)

shingles, with windows of many tiny square panes, built round a great chimney after the fashion the Cape followed a hundred years ago—the simplest possible house. Within, the fireplaces were set in walls of painted wood, exquisitely paneled, the simple iron hinges and catches of the cupboards showing black against paint the color of ivory.

The house was happily set in the brow of a wind-swept dune, a mile from any neighbor. They saw no one except a clammer or two, save when they walked to the village for supplies.

In the morning they paused for a moment on the stoop and looked out over gray-green salt marshes through which the inlet doubled and redoubled on itself. A mile beyond, the Atlantic boomed on a hard white beach. Morning after morning they dived into the cold, salty water of the inlet. Day after day they sailed a Cape sharpie with a spritsail and an oar for a rudder down the intricate channel. Evening after evening they walked down the beach, the wind in their faces, hand in hand.

Coming back, they would round a small spit of land, and then Sophie would take Rodney Sand's arm.

"Look!" she would say.

They could see dimly the shape of their house against the sky, the windows patterned in yellow light shining through the dark.

"I think it's cool enough for a fire, don't you?" Rodney Sands would say.

And they would run up the path through the gorse and build a tiny fire of driftwood, and talk. They talked as neither of them had ever talked before. It was as if they had newly discovered the possibilities of communication. It was as if talk were no longer a means of concealment.

They were so completely happy that Sophie overcame all her objections to asking an additional favor of the kindly Mr. Blodgett. He had allowed Sophie ten days more than the regular vacation. She wrote after two weeks were gone and asked to be allowed to stay out the month on a leave of absence, and Mr. Blodgett had granted her the leave.

Sophie had a never-flagging curiosity about Rodney Sands—his work, his friends, his life—with an intense eagerness to speak his language and see the world as he saw it. Nothing was too trivial to absorb her attention if it concerned Rodney Sands, not even studio slang. She began with the one word—the word "amusing." She had from her reading some hint of its studio use. Rodney Sands enlarged on it.

"It's the one word for every situation," he explained with irony. "Whenever you're in doubt you say a thing's amusing and know you're safe. If somebody asks your opinion of a full-length portrait in oils or a necktie or the Woolworth tower or a new overcoat or Fifth Avenue or Stravinsky's music or a Sheraton sideboard, you say it's amusing—you've paid it a compliment, you've proved yourself in the know, and you haven't committed yourself to anything you can't back out of later. If somebody shows you his most treasured work, and you don't like it, you say it's amusing. If you do like it, you say it's amusing. Amusing is open sesame and abracadabra in the world of art—the perfect password and the universal excuse."

Rodney Sands couldn't be quite so clear about the words he used himself in praising a drawing—words like "solid" and "fat," for instance.

"They aren't so easy to explain," he admitted. "I suppose it's because they mean something."

"I do want to know," Sophie said. "I don't expect to discuss art with your friends, but I'd like to listen intelligently."

Rodney Sands put his arm round her and drew her close. "Honey," he said, "it isn't necessary to listen intelligently. Among artists it's only necessary to listen."

"But I really want to know the things you're interested in," Sophie insisted.

"Then know," said Rodney Sands sententiously, "that there is only one universal and eternal truth in art, one law of beauty to which there is no exception, one touchstone by which you may know the value of any work, whether it's a pattern in a carpet or a Gothic cathedral—you like it or you don't like it. And the corollary to that is, if you like it you're a bourgeois, and if you don't like it you're a connoisseur."

"The trouble is," Sophie said with knit brows, "I don't always know whether I really like a thing—or not."

Rodney Sands shook his head with mock gravity.

"Ah, Sophie," he said sadly, "that will never do! That's because you're honest. You'll never, never make a studio success."

Sophie raised her eyebrows.

"You're getting bitter," she said.

She hadn't yet observed that he was likely to grow bitter when he talked of art and artists. She hadn't as yet the slightest suspicion that Rodney Sands often hated the artist in himself; that he alternately loathed and loved the idea of himself as an artist.

"I suppose," he explained, "that I'm smarting for all the silly poses of my past. I didn't discover art until I'd been drawing on newspapers for years, and then I got it bad. I'm not over it either, Sophie. I'm still a little sore because I wasn't born to be another El Greco."

Sophie patted his hand.

"I'm so glad you're what you are," she said earnestly. "I wouldn't have you different."

Rodney Sands smiled.

"I wonder," he said, "if any artist ever forgives himself for not being a genius of the first order? I suppose that's the reason so many artists do such queer things. People think they are trying to put themselves over on the public. But that isn't the truth—quite. They're really trying to put themselves over on themselves—to convince themselves that they really matter."

"I didn't know that the really first-rate ones did awfully queer things," Sophie said. "I thought they didn't have to."

"It ought to work out that way," Rodney Sands admitted. "But it doesn't always. Take George Allenby. He's a first-rate painter, if there ever was one, and yet he does the most outrageous things. I met him one morning in Broadway. He was the most dapper little man you ever saw—all tricked out with a monocle and a Malacca stick and mauve spats. He had seen an advertisement of a special sale of blankets—some marvelous bargain at Marcy's. He was on his way to buy four double blankets, and I must come along and help carry them home. I told him to have them sent. But no, we must carry them home. When we found the counter it was being mobbed. It was ten deep with women. I told George we wouldn't get waited on before noon—there were hundreds ahead of us. I tried to argue him out of buying the blankets. But no, he had come to buy blankets and blankets he would have. He kept edging into the crowd and dragging me after him. I kept arguing that it was no use, but he kept on pressing in. We must have wormed in halfway to the counter before he'd admit that we couldn't push any nearer. He stood there for a minute, and then all of a sudden he let out a yell—a shriek, rather—a most terrible shriek. Everybody turned to look, of course. And then George proceeded to put on the most realistic imitation of an epileptic fit I ever saw. It fooled me. One woman fainted and the rest ran. I didn't know what to do, so I stuck.

"The moment the path to the counter was clear George Allenby screwed his monocle in his eye, walked up to the one scared clerk that was left, and said, 'My good man, are these blankets all wool?' The clerk said, 'Why, no, sir, not all wool.' And George Allenby said, 'Then I don't want them, do I?' and walked majestically out of the place, with me tagging behind."

"He must have loved attracting attention," Sophie said.

"Yes. But why that sort? He's had every honor there is as a painter. Why did he have to compete with people who have fits? After all, he can't do fits any better than they can. And he can paint—he can paint like the devil.

"I knew a young chap in Frisco who did almost the loveliest pastels I ever saw. But he wasn't satisfied with that. Whistler was his god. He must not only do pastels that Whistler would have admired—he must look like Whistler. He tried to bleach a lock of his hair so it would be like Whistler's famous white lock. He spilled the stuff and bleached his whole head white, and nearly lost his eyes."

"That was very silly of him, of course," Sophie said. "And yet I can understand it."

"Oh, I can understand it!" Rodney Sands exclaimed. "I understand it quite too well. I'm capable of being almost as much of a fool as that myself."

He got up and paced back and forth. Sophie leaned back in her corner of the sofa to watch him. He was wearing corduroy trousers and a shirt of that old blue flannel they make on the Cape, and in the firelight his tanned face was like bronze. He paused suddenly and faced Sophie.

"Why do artists have to be fools?" he cried.

Sophie clasped her hands and put them behind her head and leaned back against them.

"Perhaps," Sophie said slowly, "because it's so becoming to them."

Rodney Sands laughed and sat down in the other corner of the sofa.

"Of course," he went on more calmly, "I don't admit that artists are half so absurd as the critics of art. You remember Oswald Fane?"

"Of course," said Sophie.

Oswald Fane and Gertrude had been the only wedding guests in the famous little church when Sophie and Rodney were married, and Oswald Fane had insisted on providing a wedding breakfast.

"Well," said Rodney, "Oswald Fane has made knowing about art his avocation. He writes about it occasionally, but mostly he talks. He thinks the artist must be absolutely ruthless. He seriously believes that an artist who permits any human consideration to interfere with his art is untrue to his artistic self. You know the story of The Moon and Sixpence, and how the hero threw up his business and abandoned his wife and children without stopping to explain and went off to paint and never saw them again?"

"Yes," said Sophie. "It was suggested by a living painter, wasn't it?"

Rodney Sands nodded.

"I suppose so. We were all discussing that book one night, and do you know what Oswald Fane's view was? He said that the man didn't have the real stuff of an artist in him or he'd have abandoned his family sooner. And somebody mentioned Bernstein."

"Who's Bernstein?"

"Oh, he's a crazy young sculptor. He does awfully queer figures—figures that look as if they had been starved to death and then flayed. Oswald Fane thinks he's a great artist, and he certainly has got something. Oswald got a wealthy connoisseur interested in him. He promised Oswald he'd buy one of Bernstein's things, but Bernstein didn't like him, and when he inquired the price of a figure he wanted—a little thing about eighteen inches high—Bernstein said it would cost him ten thousand dollars. The man with the money protested that five hundred would be a fairer price. And Bernstein just up and threw the figure at him—smashed it all to bits against the wall.

"Well, this night Oswald got to orating about Bernstein. 'There's an artist for you!' says Oswald. 'Money means nothing to him. You couldn't bribe him to do an inartistic thing—not with a million dollars.' And young Chapman spoke up and said, 'You couldn't bribe him to pay his debts either.' And Oswald roared back, 'What do I care for his debts? The more people he owes the better. He's an artist.' And Margie Patten said, 'Why, he's a regular pickpocket! He'll steal anything that's loose.' That sort of got Oswald, I suppose. Oswald stood up and shouted, 'What if he does? What's that got to do with art? I hope he does steal, and the more he steals the better for art.'"

"What does a man like Oswald Fane do for a living?" Sophie asked.

"You won't ever tell, Sophie?"

"Of course not!"

"It's a dead secret," Rodney Sands explained. "But it's too good to keep. Most people think he has money of his own, but he hasn't. He's a credit man for a hardware jobber in Brooklyn."

Sophie laughed.

"He was awfully funny at our wedding," Sophie said. He said to me, 'Of course an artist has no business to marry, but if Rodney must marry I'm glad it's you.' I laughed, and he said: 'I mean it! The artist has just two enemies in this world. One is popularity and the other is woman. But somehow I don't feel that you'll exploit him as most women would.'"

"That was his way of saying he liked you a lot," Rodney Sands observed.

"I sort of liked him," Sophie admitted. "I think he likes you."

"I'm not sure I liked your friend Gertrude," Rodney Sands said. "She has the kind of eyes that see right through you, and she looked at me as if she didn't see much."

(Continued on Page 86)

GRANITE
DOUBLE END
MEN'S
COAT LININGS

The Daily Grind On Your Coat Lining

THE lot of the coat lining is a hard one. Indoor tasks and outdoor sports, little gestures and big exertions—each plays its part in the rack and ruin of the lining that *looks* right enough at first, but *isn't* right enough to last.

Granite Double End has body as well as looks. It gives service as well as promise. It is heavy as serge, with a finish like an alpaca. A smooth and level weave disarms the play of friction and insures the entirety and beauty of Granite Double End throughout the life of the longest-lasting garment.

Granite Double End is the coat lining standard of America, made in America by American Labor to satisfy the demand of critical American Men. Your clothier will let you see and feel it in the coat you like—in various weaves, many shades, styles and designs. If you prefer a two-tone effect, he has it. Or possibly you'll choose one of the numerous fancy stripe patterns or a brand new exclusive check not to be found elsewhere than in Granite Double End

This Label is Your Guide and Assurance

THE GUARANTEE
This garment is lined with Granite Double End (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) made by Lesher, Whitman & Co., Inc., and we hereby guarantee that if the lining is not perfectly whole during the life of the garment, we will furnish material for a new lining without charge

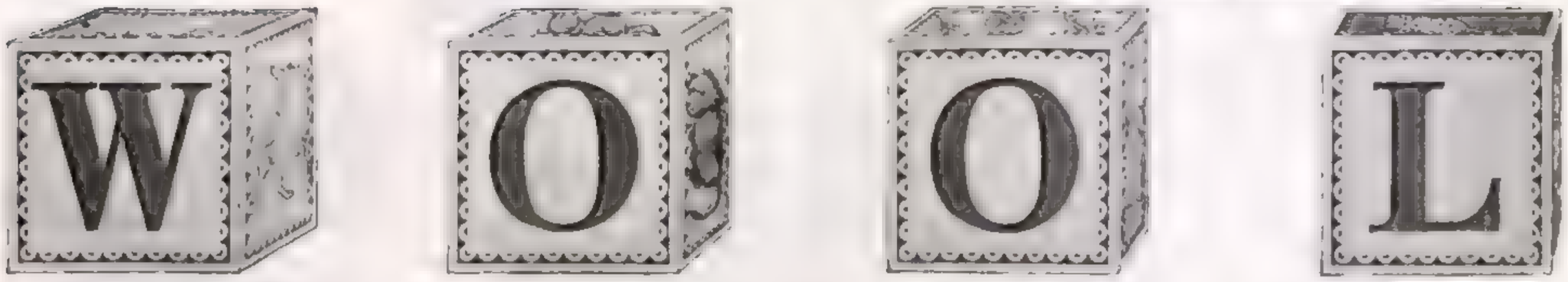
LESHER MOHAIRS

LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., INC.
881 Broadway, New York

A mother and her baby! In the old, old subject, artists have ever found a new, new interest—from the first crude figures on old church walls to exquisite modern madonnas.

The Wool Soap calendar for 1921 is a lovely mother and baby picture by Harold Brett. The reproduction given here but faintly reflects the charm of the calendar in colors.

Fill out the coupon on the opposite page and get this calendar, together with a 3-ounce cake of Wool Soap. You will find in both a new and lasting pleasure.



A Fleecy Lather

What every mother ought to know about her baby's skin

Suggestions given by the Government Children's Bureau

FOR that small person who occupies so large a place in the plan of a home —for Baby—there are just three necessities.

He must have his food. He must have his sleep. And he must have his bath.

Not the least important of the three is the bath. Not, to be sure, is it equally vital to life itself; but equally so to health and comfort.

Keep Baby perfectly clean and you give him the best possible chance to be perfectly healthy. And much of his comfort is determined by the condition of his skin.

Baby's bath must be regularly and carefully given

The skin is one of the means through which the impurities of the body are carried off. It is, therefore, highly important that its pores be kept open by frequent cleansing.

Regular bathing is necessary to keep the skin free from these bodily impurities and from outward sources of irritation and infection that might lead to serious skin troubles.

The extreme sensitiveness of a baby's skin is almost beyond adult understanding. Utmost care and gentleness must be used if its delicate, petal-like beauty is to be preserved.

Suggestions for the bath

Every well baby should have one tub bath daily after it is ten days old. The bathing should be done quickly to avoid handling.

The bath water should be about body temperature—tested by a thermometer or the elbow; never the hand.

After the bath, the skin should be dried quickly and thoroughly by patting gently with soft, warm towels. Never rub a baby's tender skin with anything less smooth than the palm of the hand.

The baby should have its own special towels and wash cloths—very soft and always immaculately clean, to avoid chafing and irritating the delicate skin.

The necessity of pure soap for Baby's skin

A special soap should also be used for the baby. It must be very pure and mild and non-irritating.

Wool Soap is made for just this purpose. Every ingredient in it is so pure and so mild it can well be used on a baby's skin. And *that* the makers of Wool Soap consider the most searching test of soap purity.

Every mother will find in Wool Soap the natural successor of the genuine old imported Castile Soap, now so difficult to obtain. She will surely want to try it.

Our 1921 Wool Soap Calendar —for everyone who loves a baby

Every woman who loves a rosy, soft-cheeked baby —and that's every woman—will surely want the Wool Soap calendar for 1921—a beautiful mother and baby picture by Brett. Fill out the coupon below and send for it today.

For Toilet and Bath

Wool Soap (floats)

4259

Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago: Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps for which please send me the Wool Soap calendar and a 3-ounce cake of Wool Soap.

Name

Address

For Children's Skins

(Continued from Page 83)

"But she did like you," Sophie protested. "She liked you a lot. She said to me—you know her queer way of talking—as if she were trying to get the whole story in ten words—she said, 'Don't approve, Sophie. Can't possibly approve. But like the man. He may be a bad husband, but he isn't a bad egg.'"

"You see," said Rodney Sands, "she did see through me."

"Nonsense!" said Sophie.

VIII

THE next morning Sophie woke at dawn. She wondered what had wakened her, and then she saw that Rodney Sands was gone. She slipped into some clothes and walked up the path to the top of the dune to look for him. He was sitting on the brow of the dune with his hands clasped round his knees watching the sunrise.

Sophie hesitated to disturb him, but she wanted to help him. She slipped quietly through the gorse and sat down beside him without speaking. He put his arm round her and drew her head down on his shoulder. They sat silent for a long half hour.

"What's the trouble, Rodney?" she asked finally.

"Nothing," he said.

Sophie waited.

"I can't stand it any longer," he said bitterly.

"You can't stand being married?" Sophie asked gravely.

He shook his head, and then he looked down at Sophie and kissed her.

"I can't stand not working," he said. "I've been happy. I've been happier than I ever hoped to be, up here with you. But now I've got to go to work."

"Is it—is it that you didn't have any money and we had to use mine?" Sophie asked.

Rodney Sands sat silent.

"After all," he admitted, "I am a man—and a man likes to pay for things."

"I suppose," Sophie said humbly—"I suppose I oughtn't to have asked you to let me do it. But ——"

Rodney Sands patted her hand.

"I don't mind," he said. "At least, I don't mind much. The thing that's really getting me is something deeper than that."

The sun was over the horizon now, and the thick mist that had covered the marshes was lifting so they could see the channel of the inlet for half a mile. A hint of a breeze came over the marshes, blowing the mist into long winding wreaths. The water of the inlet sparkled in the sun.

"You see, Sophie," he said, "I've got to make good. I never have made good. I've never even made a beginning, and I can't wait any longer to make a beginning."

"Don't you call being a newspaper cartoonist at nineteen a beginning?" Sophie asked.

"Look where I am now!"

"Well?" said Sophie.

"After ten years I'm out of a job—I can't even get a job."

"You can get a job," Sophie said. "What makes you think you can't?"

"I don't think I can't, I suppose. But I'm afraid I can't. That's the whole part—I'm afraid I can't, and so I've got to go out and try—right away."

"All right," said Sophie. "But don't get desperate about it. Don't take it hard. I know you can get any kind of job you like. You know you can. There isn't a man in New York who can draw the way you can."

Rodney Sands smiled.

"I'd like to believe that, but I can't. Why, Sophie, I woke up this morning in a kind of terror for fear I'd never be able to draw again!"

"Honestly?"

"Honestly!" said Rodney Sands. "I'm scared—I'm scared I can't draw."

"Then," said Sophie, "the thing for us to do is to go right back to New York and let you find out you can."

"But you got an extra week—you've got ten days more."

"I've got you," Sophie said, and snuggled close against him. "That's all I ask."

"Wouldn't you be disappointed?"

"No," said Sophie.

Rodney Sands took her head between his hands and turned her face so he could look into her eyes.

"You really wouldn't mind?" he asked.

"Oh, perhaps the least bit," she admitted. "Only the other matters so much more."

"I'm afraid you'll be sorry afterward."

Sophie shook her head.

"Don't you remember what I said to you that night? I'd never ask you to give up anything again?"

"I know," Rodney Sands said. "But I feel awfully selfish to ask it."

"You needn't," Sophie smiled. "It won't be a sacrifice. It'll be a privilege."

"I do want to go back to New York," he said, "and there's no use pretending I don't. I want to go back and get a job—a regular job. And I want to paint on the side. I've got to paint. I've got to find myself, and I'll be no good until I do."

"And I," Sophie said—"I am so proud that you told me the truth. It makes me feel that you trust me."

Rodney Sands kissed her.

"You are a peach, Sophie," he said.

"I'm your wife," said Sophie, "and I want to understand."

"Ah," said Rodney Sands, "you do understand."

"You told me once—the first time I saw you," Sophie said, "that women didn't. You said, 'The trouble with women is that they don't understand art.' And I'm so afraid that's—true."

Rodney Sands smiled.

"That," he said, "is nonsense—pure nonsense."

IX

SUMMER is the dull season in newspaper offices. The sporting editor and his staff are busy enough. But business slackens, people are away on vacations, the courts close.

Rodney Sands went religiously to every managing editor in New York and Brooklyn. But none of them wanted either a cartoonist or a sketch artist. Those whose kindness prevented them from saying flatly that they hadn't a place for him asked him to call again in two weeks, and these Rodney Sands visited twice, though he knew what they meant.

And when he had exhausted the newspaper offices he set about finding work in an advertising agency. The man who had given him the six little drawings to do in May was away on his vacation. After two weeks it seemed to Rodney Sands as if all the art managers in New York had gone away for their vacations. It was the first time in his life he had met a series of rebuffs. Sophie soothed his ruffled feelings.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "Things'll be different in the fall. A month or two is nothing."

"I know," he admitted. "But it's awfully galling, just the same."

"It's terribly stupid of them," Sophie assured him. "But don't worry about them. They'll come round."

"But I'm not doing anything," he protested. "I'm a loafer—and a sponge."

"Why not draw anyway?" Sophie urged. "You've told me how you used to carry a sketchbook, and sketch everywhere you went. Why not do it again?"

"But you can't sell odd sketches. I never sold one in my life."

"What of it? We don't need money. We've hundreds in the bank."

"You've got money," he argued. "I haven't."

"Oh, Rodney," Sophie begged, "won't you forget that part of it? Won't you?"

"But I've got to earn at least my own living, Sophie, and there's no use pretending anything else."

"You've got to draw," Sophie insisted. "You draw—the money'll come."

Sophie felt she had partly persuaded him with that argument. At any rate he began to carry a sketchbook. Sometimes he would sit all afternoon in Union Square sketching the people on the benches. If they went out to dinner he was sure to see a person who demanded to be drawn, and he would manage, with Sophie for a shield, to put down the few lines he needed to record his impression. Once they were put out of a restaurant by an irate head waiter who objected to this use of the patrons. But usually it was possible to sketch half a dozen people without attracting attention, and Sophie liked nothing so much as to find a subject for his pencil one he responded to.

"It gives me the illusion of helping you," she said. "It makes me feel as if I counted."

"You'll never know how much you count," he assured her gravely. "If it weren't for you I'd have given up—I'd be a bum. I'd have tried to get to Tahiti or Mexico or Yucatan, and by now I'd be trying to get a square meal by begging it off somebody's cook."

"Why Tahiti or Mexico or Yucatan?" Sophie asked.

"It's the Gaugin dream," he explained. "The dream of burying yourself in some tropical country and steeping yourself in color and painting as no man ever painted before. It's only in the tropics that you see color. In the north everything is drab and everything is small. We don't know what color is. But down there everything is big, and the color is just—just smashing."

"I suppose you ought to go," Sophie said slowly.

"No," said Rodney Sands. "Seeing color isn't the same thing as painting it. I can see color, but I can't paint. I haven't it in me. Any gift I have is for people. I'm always interested in people. Sometimes I think I can really draw people."

Sophie was half convinced that he had given up any idea of being a painter. It was true that he was interested in people. He was enthusiastic about people. He grew lyric over a group of day laborers they saw going home from work in a street car.

"Why is it," Sophie asked him, "that you are so fascinated by poor, ugly, ill-dressed people? Is it that you sympathize with them more than with the others?"

Rodney Sands shook his head.

"It's because it's so much easier to make something out of them," he said. "They reveal the true shapes of their bodies so much more completely than well-dressed people do. If a man's clothes are made by a good tailor and kept in press you can't see the man for the clothes, and it's even more true of women than it is of men. If you want to see what human beings are really like you want to look at them when they are tired—when they're wearing the clothes they've been working in for a month. It is only then that they forget to pose.

"Of course," he added, "I'm talking about civilized people. Savages don't wear so many clothes as we do, and they aren't so self-conscious."

"That's another reason for wanting to go to the tropics," Sophie suggested.

Rodney Sands grinned.

"I've got all the material I want right here in New York, Sophie," he said. "I couldn't draw all there is to see in this town if I lived nine lives."

But Rodney Sands' enthusiasm for sketching the natives of Manhattan Island was brief. He grew more and more irritable. Sophie urged him to set up a drawing table and work up some of his sketches into finished drawings. He occupied himself in doing this for a week or ten days, but it did not satisfy him.

"There's so little in it, Sophie," he said. "I want to draw for publication. A drawing isn't a drawing to me unless it's published."

Sophie considered this problem for two days. She was deep in the affairs of the book department at Millman's from nine to five. But she had cut down the time she had formerly allowed to keeping in touch with the new books almost to nothing. For the moment it didn't matter. Few books are published in August. But September was coming, and with it the autumn flood of books. She couldn't do her job then unless she spent hours every evening keeping up. She had hoped that somebody would send for Rodney and give him a job, but so far nobody had. She was face to face with the fact that he hadn't got a job. They weren't spending any more money than she was earning. She saw no immediate financial difficulty. But the state of Rodney's mind was getting worse. She was already failing in the task of keeping him cheerful, and she foresaw that even if she scamped her job during the fall rush and devoted all her spare time and energy to him she would still fail. He needed work, and he was going soon to need it desperately. She knew nothing of the ways in which artists earn a living except what she had learned from Rodney. But there must be other ways than the ways he had tried. It wasn't reasonable that a man of his talent should want for work. It wasn't credible.

One evening after dinner she sat down in the familiar armchair by the reading lamp with a new novel she needed to skim. But her mind refused to obey her. She sat thinking about Rodney. He was sitting at his drawing table trying out a new pencil and a new kind of paper. Sophie watched him. He had the air of a man who knew exactly what he was doing—the air of the competent workman. It was always that way when he sat down at a drawing table.

"Rodney," said Sophie, "why couldn't you do magazine illustrations?"

He shook his head without looking up.

"You could, of course," Sophie said.

Rodney Sands laid down his pencil and lit a cigarette.

"The magazines wouldn't consider my kind of thing," he said. "They want—I don't know what they want. Illustrating's a trick, and I haven't got the trick."

"Did you ever try?"

"I did once," he admitted. "I took a bunch of my stuff round to the art editor of Stannard's when I was on the Commercial Reporter. He said he liked it, but he didn't give me anything to do."

"Just what did he say?" Sophie persisted.

"He said he didn't have a story in the shop to give out, and that I might come back later. I knew that was just a stall—just his way of letting me down easy."

"Didn't you ever go back?"

"Of course not."

"But perhaps he didn't have anything to give out."

Rodney Sands smiled wearily.

"Perhaps he didn't. But if he really wanted my work he'd have found something—that's all."

Sophie tried again to skim the novel in her lap. It was half an hour before she asked another question, and this time she rose and stole up behind Rodney Sands and put her arm round his neck.

"Do you mind if I look over your shoulder?" she asked.

"Not a bit," he said.

Sophie laid her cheek against his and looked down at the drawing. He had drawn from memory the two of them in the stern of the sharpie they had sailed those weeks on the Cape when they had been so happy—drawn it deftly and pleasantly, with a kind of romantic glamour.

"It makes me homesick," Sophie said.

"I wish we were back there, too, Sophie. I suppose that's why I drew it—to capture again the feeling I had then."

"And now," Sophie said, "you think you'll never be happy again."

Sophie felt as if she were going to cry. Sophie felt that she had failed him.

"No," he insisted. "But I'm most awfully sick of loafing. It ruins me to loaf, Sophie."

"Why don't you try the magazines, Rodney?"

"They'd only turn me down," he said. "And I'm tired of being turned down."

"But I can't believe it!" Sophie cried. "I haven't seen a drawing as nice as that in a magazine—not in a year."

"It is rather nice," he admitted. "But it isn't magazine stuff."

"Why, Rodney," Sophie insisted, "I think a magazine would jump at stuff like that!"

"That's because you don't know."

"But wouldn't you take it round and show it to somebody? Couldn't you do that?"

He shook his head.

"But, Rodney—all magazines aren't alike—couldn't you pick out one that would like it?" Again he shook his head.

"It might do in some very cheap magazine, but I doubt it. Andrew Forrest might like it—he might happen to."

"Who's Andrew Forrest?"

"He's art editor of Crandall's Magazine. It goes in for three-color plates and etchings and that sort of thing. It's artistic."

"Show it to him!" Sophie cried.

"Show him one drawing?"

"Why not?"

"That isn't the way it's done. You go in with a whole portfolio of your stuff. You couldn't sell yourself on one drawing."

"I can't argue with you," Sophie cried in exasperation. "But you're wrong—I know you're wrong."

Rodney Sands smiled a slow, bitter smile.

"I wish I were wrong, Sophie."

"No, you don't. Sometimes—sometimes I think you don't want to succeed."

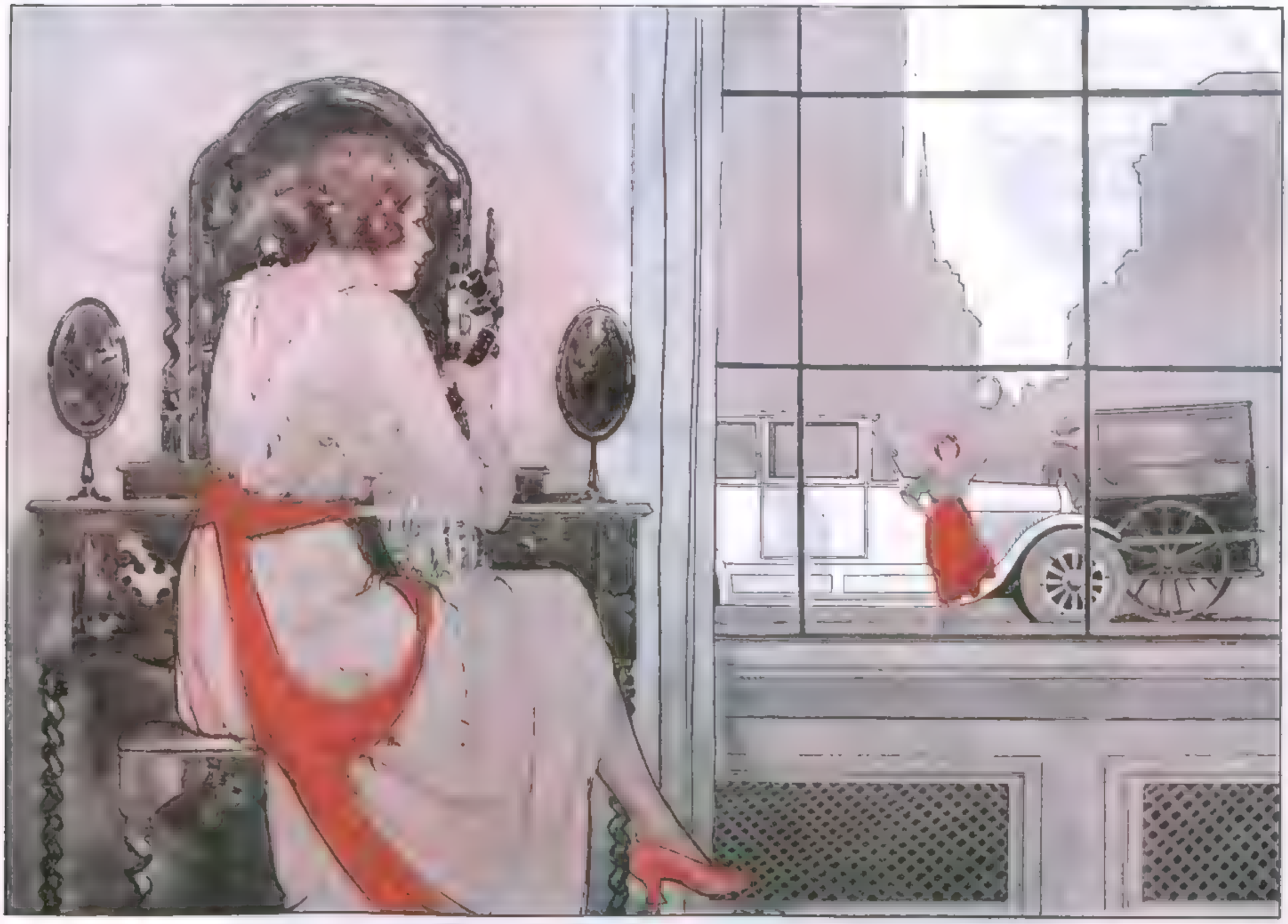
Rodney Sands winced as if she had struck him. They were nearer to quarreling than they had ever been. Sophie could not bear the idea of quarreling with him. Sophie threw both arms round his neck.

"Forgive me!" she cried. "I didn't mean it—you know I didn't mean it."

Rodney Sands held her close. And then the tears came. Sophie sobbed and sobbed, and when she had cried her heart out on his shoulder it seemed as if they were back where they had been in the days on the Cape. It seemed as if somehow they were meant for each other, and everything would come right—it must.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

HERE COMES THE HURDY GURDY MAN



The JORDAN Brougham

Time flies—day comes—night comes—one who was away comes. Winter hours go by. Spring stands expectant, just beyond the distant hills.

In quiet January hours, we seem to hear the muffled notes of songs we used to sing—a hurdy gurdy in a quiet street—a swarthy grinder and a wonder woman with a tambourine.

East side—west side—all around the town—

Then it is we plan the days that are to come.

Busy days of a thousand errands, happily dispatched in a Jordan Brougham. A nimble, light-footed car of economy and ease, snug and protecting in the snows of February and the winds of March. Smart, refreshing, full of life, in the youthful days of spring—a car for bundles and a hurried trip to town.

A practical car with an interesting personality—inspiring a pride of ownership which only a woman's treasures can arouse.

A thrilling something about the wheel—an easy gliding through the traffic press—a compact carriage in a crowded pocket at the curb.

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On an infinite variety of foods
you will find the yellow and black label;
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You enjoy that comfortable feeling of knowing things will be right when they come to you under the Morris Supreme yellow and black label.

Thousands of folks have come to trust this mark in buying. It's one sure way to determine quality.

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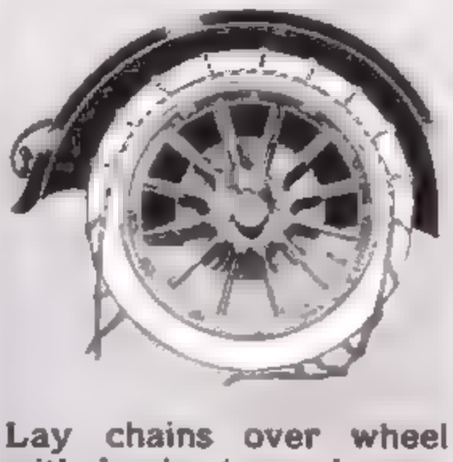
It only takes a few moments to attach them when you know how. No jack required. Study the directions, illustrated on the right.

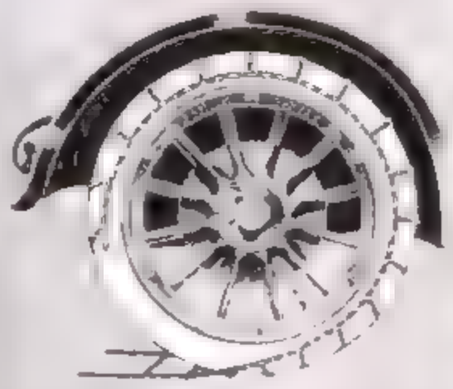
If you have never followed our instructions for attaching Weed Tire Chains, packed with every pair, you probably have fumbled around, got hot under the collar and falsely accused them of being a nuisance. Learn how easy it is to put Weed Chains on correctly—*practice in the garage* and instruct your wife, your sister or your daughter. It will repay you in security, satisfaction and comfort.

Weed Chains are also made to meet the demand for an efficient traction and anti-skid device for trucks equipped with single and dual solid tires or with the very large pneumatic tires. They are so constructed that they satisfactorily meet the requirements of heavy truck service in mud, sand or snow.

Observe these three fundamentals



Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front part of wheel.



Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.

Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

Do Not Anchor

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THE LIEUTENANT OF THE MARBLE VENUS

(Continued from Page 17)

"Hush!" I said. "Don't talk like that, Charles! It's wicked and untrue. Your *maman* loves you with all her heart, I am certain."

"I know," he answered with his childish gravity. "She loves me, but is sorry I was born. Women are like that."

I could not help laughing at that last remark from this philosopher who knew few women but his mother and Madame Bertrand. But as I laughed I had a sense of some tragedy which had cast a shadow over this child's mind, though he knew no more than I did, perhaps, as to the specter behind the shadow.

His girl mother, Madame de Thilloy, answered the bell when I rang at the door of his *appartement*. She embraced her boy and then turned to me graciously.

"You are very kind, monsieur. Will you not come in and take a glass of wine? I have a friend with me who would be glad to meet you."

It was Charles who shouted the friend's name with glee.

"Le Lieutenant Méricourt!"

A faint color crept over the pale skin of Madame de Thilloy as she answered, "Yes, it is our lieutenant."

I excused myself once or twice, but as she pressed me I yielded to an invitation which seemed sincerely given.

She led the way into her little *salon*, poorly but prettily furnished, as I saw at a glance, and with that faint scent of polished wood and black coffee which lingers always in French rooms, and seems—even in imagination, as I write these words—to bring back memories of France. A figure rose as we entered, and I saw that it was a young officer of the *Chasseurs Alpins*, with an empty sleeve and a row of medals, and a fine hard face of southern type, with black eyes and ruddy skin. The boy was hugging him round the waist, but when Madame de Thilloy presented him he stood straight and bowed formally, and gave me his hand with a cordial grasp.

"You have our D. S. O. besides all the others!" I said, glancing at his medals; and he smiled and answered, with just a touch of the south in the roll of his *r*'s: "I am proud of that! I was in Flanders on the left of your troops in the April fighting."

He had his one arm round the boy now, and we chatted a little together.

Meanwhile Madame de Thilloy brought out some wine and filled three glasses.

"Charles, my child," she said, "go and wash your face and hands. They are enormously dirty."

But Charles protested.

"*Maman*, let me have some wine, too, on this day of the Victory March!"

I saw her hesitate, looking at her boy with thoughtful eyes. The French lieutenant laughed and smoothed the lad's hair.

"Why not? It will do him no harm to take a sip."

"The smallest drop!" said Madame de Thilloy, and she poured out a little wine into a fourth glass. It was the lieutenant who raised his first and proposed a toast.

"*A notre belle victoire!*"

We clinked glasses and drank, remembering the years of horror.

"*A la France!*" I said next, and both Lieutenant Méricourt and Madame de Thilloy answered by raising their glasses to me and saying very solemnly, "*A nos Alliés!*"

Then it was the turn of Charles, and drinking before he gave the toast with a great gulp of his little drop of wine, raised his glass like a Laughing Cavalier, and shouted, "*A bas les boches!*"

I laughed at that, and so did the lieutenant, who repeated the words and drank the toast; but I saw that Madame de Thilloy put her glass down and did not drink. She saw that I noticed that, for she turned to me with a quick smile and gave me an explanation.

"Let us not think of the enemy to-day! Let us remember only our heroes, alive and dead!"

I liked her for that. There was no need now to say "*A bas les boches!*" They were down and out, and remembering their own dead and their irretrievable ruin without consolation of any kind. In the hour of great victory we could afford to be chivalrous even to Germans.

During that hour I stayed with Madame de Thilloy I noticed two things which made me wonder a little about the meaning of this girl's life. I noticed—it was impossible not to see so plain a thing—the adoration of the French lieutenant for this lady. There was a homage in his eyes, which followed her about the room whenever she moved. It was indeed more than homage. It was a spiritual hunger. The man desired this woman's love so that the sound of her voice was music to him and every gesture she made was a beauty in his eyes. But he called her always *madame*, and spoke with a reverence and courtesy that disproved any notion I may have had that they were lovers, accepted and acknowledged. The second thing that intrigued me somewhat was the absence of any photograph of this woman's husband. My gaze roved about the mantelshelf for the usual portrait of a French soldier—officer or *poilu*—draped in the tricolor, as in so many homes of France where women waited for their men, or on such a day as this gazed at the image of one of those martyrs who had died for France. It was not on the mantelshelf or in any corner of the room.

While the lieutenant told some story of the war my mind wandered down byways of imagination in that absurd way which most minds have, almost subconsciously, of tracking down a thought to fanciful conclusions.

"This girl's husband is a bad hat," I thought. "Perhaps he ran off with some other woman in the war. Or perhaps he was a coward or a traitor who has disgraced his name. A traitor! Yes, that would account for what the old *concierge* said about the boy. 'It's a pity he was ever born!' That would be horrible. To be the wife of a man shot as a traitor, like that fellow Bolo. Still, of course, it may be the other way round. Perhaps Madame de Thilloy was not as faithful as she might have been, and now is conscience-stricken at the thought of the dead man, who, being dead, knows her guilt. No, that is ridiculous and caddish. What right have I to build up theories about this poor girl? How one's brain busies itself with other people's affairs!"

After that evening on the fête day of victory I became a frequent guest in the little *salon* of Madame de Thilloy, owing to the devotion of young Charles, who shared me in his affection, it seemed, with his heroic lieutenant. Together we fought the Battle of the Marne and many bloody episodes of trench warfare on the polished boards of his mother's sitting room with the little lead soldiers who had astounding qualities of courage and *élan;* and on sunny afternoons we stood watching the antics of Polichinelle—the French Punch—in the Champs-Elysées, or went for piratical voyages on the lake of the Bois de Boulogne which ended happily with rose-tinted ices on the Ile des Chalets. Sometimes the Lieutenant Méricourt joined these expeditions, and I came to like that *Chasseur Alpin* with an empty sleeve. He was a gay-hearted fellow, with something of the spirit of those old troubadours of Provence whose poetry he knew by heart and recited with a tenderness and passion which made it live again. He was always singing little old songs of France, to the great joy of young Charles; and sometimes, but not often, he told stories of his adventures in the war. That was when Charles pleaded hard with him.

"*Mon lieutenant*, tell me of how you captured the château of Vermelles. As a great treat, *mon lieutenant!*"

"No, no, Charles, let me forget the smell of blood and the sight of dead men! War is a dirty business—idiotic!"

"But I want to hear how you fought the Germans with the marble Venus."

"Poor lady! She was a figure of love, not made for such a scene as that. I will tell you the tale of *Le Chat Botté*."

"No, no, *mon lieutenant!* Please! I want to hear about the fat Germans sticking halfway through the ceiling, and how they squealed when your men poked them with bayonets."

The lieutenant turned to me when the boy pleaded like that, and laughed in a comical way.

"Youth is very bloodthirsty! How are we going to kill the spirit of war in the human heart? You see, even now, so soon after the massacre which has destroyed the best blood of Europe, young ears listen to the tales of war as though they were the exploits of Jack the Giant Killer!"

"Better than that, *mon lieutenant!*" cried Charles. "I like the true tales best. Tell us about the château of Vermelles."

So, spilling a little wine on the wooden table under the trees on the Ile des Chalets, that flower-strewn isle on the lake of the Bois, Armand Méricourt made a map of Vermelles, with the French lines round the village and the château in the center of the German stronghold.

"I was here with my company. We had a machine gun behind some sandbags, but we had to keep our heads down, I can tell you, because the Germans had snipers in the windows of the château, five hundred yards away, and killed any man who showed his pate for a single second. I had eight men killed like that, and their bodies lay unburied among us for three days, and we watched their faces go black and their bodies swell out in the heat. Not amusing that, my little one!"

Not amusing, but terribly thrilling to young Charles, who listened with his mouth open, drinking in this tale.

"We were preparing a mine to blow up the garden wall before an assault on the château. You remember I have told you how we fought through the little gardens and from wall to wall before we reached the outskirts of the small *place* in which the red brick château stood. Many of my poor comrades had fallen and at night we could hear the wounded crying and groaning, where many of them lay half buried under piles of bricks and earth flung on top of them by shell fire. Not good sounds to hear at night above the chatter of the *mitrailleuses!*"

Not good sounds, but the boy Charles made a tattoo on the wooden table with his finger nails to imitate machine-gun fire.

"The château was stuffed with German machine guns. All day and all night they swept the little *place*, and I knew that when we made our hole through the wall it was

(Continued on Page 95)

"You, Too," Growled This Chasseur Alpin, "If You Stand in My Way!"

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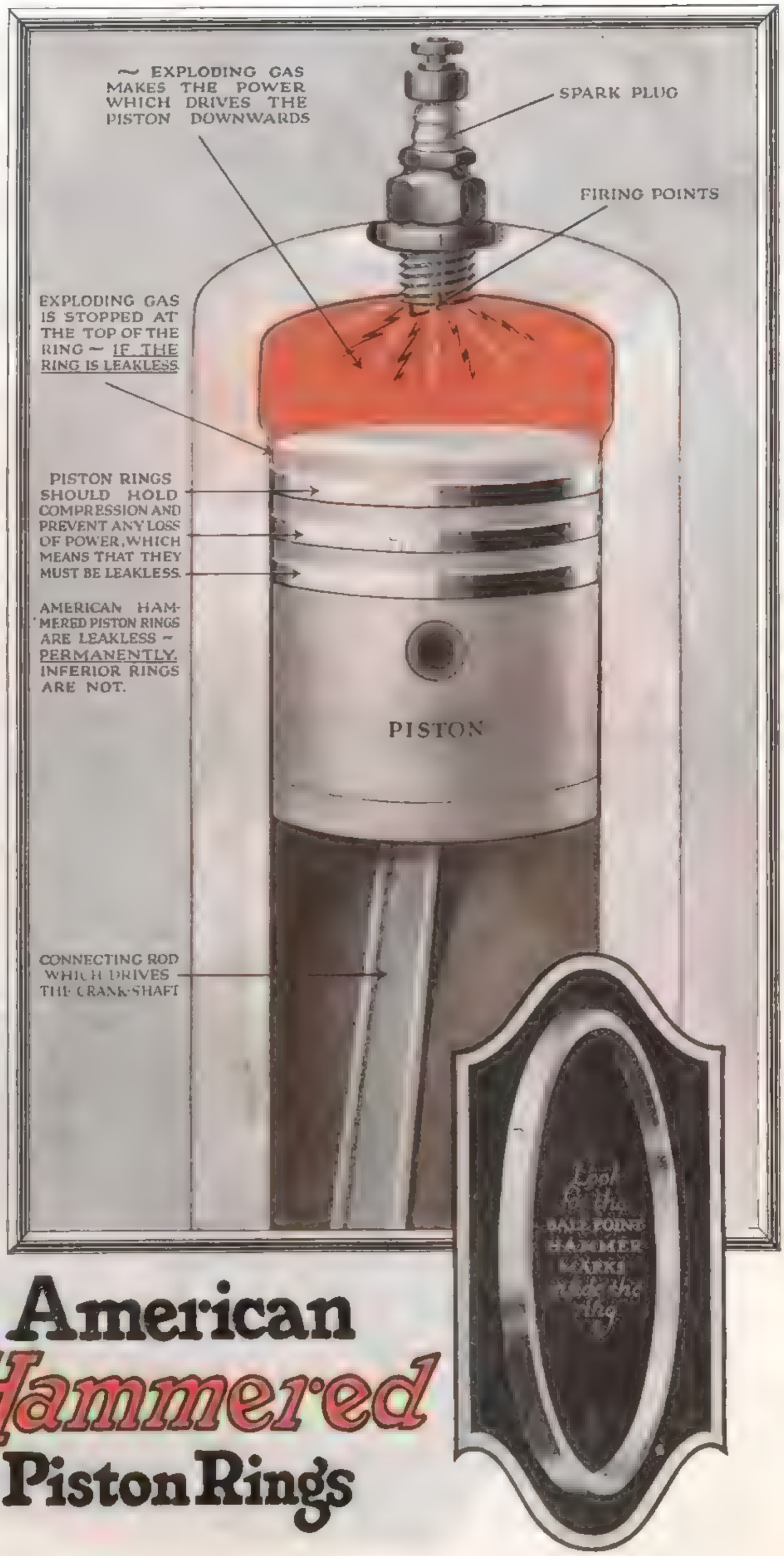
EXPLODING GAS MAKES THE POWER WHICH DRIVES THE PISTON DOWNWARDS
SPARK PLUG
FIRING POINTS
EXPLODING GAS IS STOPPED AT THE TOP OF THE RING — IF THE RING IS LEAKLESS
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PISTON
CONNECTING ROD WHICH DRIVES THE CRANK-SHAFT

American *Hammered* Piston Rings

(Continued from Page 91)

my job to cross that *place* with my company and lead the assault on the château. '*C'est drôle, ça,*' I said to myself a thousand times. 'To-morrow I shall be dead. To-day I am alive. I am very thirsty. These two hands of mine ——'"

"One hand," said Charles.

"Two hands, my little one. It was before I lost my arm. 'These two hands of mine can touch, press the trigger of a machine gun, obey every direction of my brain. To-morrow, when I cross that *sacrée place*, they will be like the hands of that dead body sticking out of loose earth a yard away from where I stand alive—limp, leathery, dead. That is queer,' I thought. 'It is also damnable.'"

"Were you frightened?" asked Charles.

"Enormously frightened," answered the Lieutenant Méricourt, and this confession of a great hero thrilled the boy with a kind of exquisite horror.

"It was at eleven o'clock in the morning that we mined the wall. It went up with a roar and a cloud of red brick dust. 'Come on, you imbeciles!' I shouted to my men—they loved me to call them imbeciles—and, as mad as devils, we made a rush into the *place*, where the red château stood with shell holes in its walls and sandbags in its windows, and *mitrailleuses* lashing the ground about us with wicked little bullets."

"What happened then?" asked Charles, who had heard this story before and knew exactly what happened.

"A funny little thing happened," said the *Chasseur Alpin*, forgetting the boy a little and speaking to me, with somber eyes in which was the memory of a *mauvais quart d'heure*. "A German officer, seeing the mine explosion, came rushing out of the château with some machine gunners to stop our way through the wall, but before he could get his gun into action we were on him with our bayonets. The fool had left the château door open, and that gave us our chance. We made a dash for that open door. I think it was fear that made us make for it, to get cover from the *mitrailleuses*, which were vomiting lead about us. I had a pain like a red-hot poker through my right arm, and I remember cursing with the foulest words. And I remember seeing some of my men bowled over like rabbits as they ran. And after that I remembered nothing until I was inside the drawing-room of the château with half a dozen lads. We panted there like pigs, and there was a strange silence in the room except for that hard breathing. It was a well-furnished room, with a piano in the corner and some plush-covered chairs torn by rifle fire and covered with plaster which had fallen from the ceiling, leaving only the naked laths up there. And in one corner of the room was a wooden pedestal with a figure of Venus on it, in white marble, unbroken."

The boy Charles drew a deep breath and smiled at this mention of the marble Venus. It was the choicest thrill of the story.

"Upstairs there was the noise of men's voices—German voices—shouting and cursing. I think they had found out we were in the house. We let them know for certain. I fired my revolver through the ceiling, and heard the cry of a wounded man. Then my men smashed the laths with the butt ends of their rifles. Two of them stood on the sofa to reach the ceiling better. The laths gave way, and some Germans came through half-and-half, with their legs dangling.

"They were screaming, and my men laughed when they stuck them with bayonets. It was very comical. I was laughing like a madman—you know how it is in war—when the whole ceiling came down, and a dozen Germans fell on top of us.

"It is difficult to remember details, monsieur. It is a little like a dream afterward—a nightmare. I remember that one of my lads had his nose bitten off by a German who was on top of him, and another, a Breton, strangled a big German with his two thumbs on the windpipe, which made a strange, gurgling noise. I had lost my revolver when the ceiling came down, and had no weapon. It was then that I seized the marble Venus with my left hand. You remember, I told you of that pain in my right arm, like a red-hot poker? It was a good thing, that white Venus, hard and handy. I held her by the legs and brained a German who sprang at my throat. After that, two more. Then the Venus broke in half, and I was at the mercy of a German officer who stood by the open door of the little *salon* with an automatic pistol which covered me. I had not seen him before, but now I stared into his eyes and made ready to spring at him. Suddenly he dropped his pistol, and before he could stoop to pick it up I had my foot on it. He spoke to me in French.

"'It is strange to meet here, Armand Méricourt.'

"I stared at him again, and said, 'Who are you, *Schweinhund*?'"

"'Once we were friends,' he said, and I remembered him as a man I had known in Dresden before the war, when I was studying music.

"'Now,' I said, 'we are not friends, and I am going to kill you.'"

"But you did not kill him!" said Charles.

"No, he was too quick for me. He turned from the door and ran down a passage which led to the garden of the château. He was the only German who escaped alive from the château of Vermelles. I am sorry he escaped."

"So am I," said Charles. "But it is a splendid story."

Armand Méricourt touched his empty sleeve.

"It cost me that."

"Queer coincidence, meeting that German at such a time!" I said. "What was his name?"

"I have forgotten his name."

He put his one arm round the boy Charles, who snuggled close to him adoringly, and said tenderly: "Sometimes I wish to forget all those years of war as completely as I have forgotten that man's name. Peace is better, cleaner, more beautiful, here on the Ile des Chalets, with roses in bloom, and boys making love to their girls, and white clouds that are prettier than the smoke of shell fire."

I know now that he remembered the German's name as well as that scene in the château of Vermelles. It was Madame de Thilloy who told me the name a few nights later, when I sat with her alone, after the boy had gone to bed.

We had been playing a game of cards together for the amusement of Charles, and I noticed that the girl's hand trembled when she played, and that once when there was a knock at the door she let all her cards fall, to the great disgust of Charles, and stared toward the door with a panic look.

It was only the postman, but that she was suffering from a sense of fear I knew when I rose to take my leave, as soon as Charles had gone off to his room.

"Stay with me a little while," she said; and then in a pitiful way, "I am frightened."

The confession was so abrupt that I was startled, and more alarmed when suddenly she lost control of her nerve and wept with most passionate grief. I could do nothing but utter silly, soothing words, with the awkwardness of an Englishman at such a time, and presently she gained some self-control and begged me to pardon her for such lack of dignity, such foolishness.

I lit a cigarette and chatted about small things, while she mopped her eyes, and then mentioned Armand Méricourt and his wonderful story of the château of Vermelles, and his strange meeting with the German he had known in Dresden.

"It's a pity he has forgotten the man's name," I remarked to keep the conversation going.

"He has not forgotten," said Madame de Thilloy, "and I will tell you."

She spoke with a curious emphasis which gave her words a sense of tragedy, though why I could not guess.

"His name," she said, with a quick indrawing of breath, "is Franz von Mürren. He is my husband, and the father of Charles."

I confess that I was dumfounded by these words, and could think of nothing on earth to say except some foolish murmur of "Really!" or "Good gracious!" which did not meet the case at all.

"You know his name?" asked Madame de Thilloy more calmly, after her astonishing confession. "He was a famous singer before the war."

Yes, I remembered then. He had taken London by storm at Covent Garden as Lohengrin, on a gala night, when the King and Queen were there. A young, tall man with blue eyes and a handsome, boyish face. His portrait had been in all the picture papers. He had been interviewed a score of times. He was lionized in London society before going abroad again to many capitals of Europe.

That evening in the little *salon* Madame de Thilloy, as she called herself now by her maiden name, told me with wonderful candor and simplicity the story of how this young German had fallen in love with her and she with him. She did not deny her love for him in those days when she had been a pupil of his, or the happiness of their married life when for three years before the war she had traveled with him, and then, before another season of opera which never came because the drums of death played other music in the world, lived with him in a big old house at Auteuil, beyond the roar of Paris.

"That was the house that Charles remembers," I said; and Madame de Thilloy nodded and smiled a little.

"Yes, his dream house with the big clock in the hall and the winding stairs as high as the Eiffel Tower."

"And the man who sang old songs in a voice like the organ of the Madeleine."

I think the most pitiful thing in Madame de Thilloy's narrative was the memory of the love that still came pressing back into her heart for this German husband whom she had abandoned forever. He had adored her, it was clear, and there had been no harsh word between them until that day when she implored him not to go back to Germany and fight against France. They had had a frightful scene. The man had wept more than the woman, cursing war, protesting to God against the abomination that was coming upon the world, and yet giving his wife no hope that he would desert his country.

"I am a German," he said over and over again. "I must go back, and, if need be, fight for my Fatherland. I am a German! I cannot escape from my duty!"

"But you may have to kill my brothers!" his wife had cried out.

"Your brothers may kill me," he had answered. "The boyhood of France and Germany will die in the same shambles."

They had argued, quarreled and wept again. Then Franz von Mürren had to go, because an *agent de police* came to see him in the last train to Basel. He had embraced the baby, Charles, but his wife, Suzanne, had not embraced him in that last moment. She had called him the enemy of her country, and though he struggled to kiss her hands she would not let him until she fell into a swoon. A tragic scene that was happening in more rooms than one in the world that night on the outbreak of war! The rest had followed—the invasion of Belgium, the atrocity stories, the slaughter of French youth; and Suzanne, who called herself De Thilloy—her maiden name—hated the memory of her German husband with the shuddering aversion of all Frenchwomen—or most—for the race that had done such evil deeds. She had suffered in the years of war. Her two brothers had been killed, one on the Somme, one at Verdun, that greatest of graveyards.

"You had one comfort," I said. "You had little Charles."

I think only a Frenchwoman would have revealed another cause of tragedy so frankly and with such an intimate knowledge of her own psychology as this lady did to me. Little Charles had been an agony and not a comfort to her. Her very love for him was like a poisoned dagger in her heart. As he grew older she could see the German in him getting stronger, unmistakable. Nothing would alter his blue eyes and his fair hair; nothing would alter a hundred little traits of character, of manner, even of speech, in which she saw—or fancied she saw, poor soul—the blood and spirit of the German race. He ate his soup like a German—I told her that all children do. He had a habit of sudden rages. He laughed like a German, had a passion for music—"Nothing wrong in that!" I said—and was Teutonic in a way that frightened her.

"Sometimes," she told me, "I see in him a miniature boche, the little incarnation of the German race, and it makes my heart swoon."

"Nerves!" I said. "Morbid psychology, madame. Charles is French to his finger tips, crazy about *la gloire de France*, and the noblest boy for his age I have ever met on this side of the Channel."

She shook her head miserably.

"I should love him better if he had dark eyes, like Armand Méricourt."

I think those words slipped out before she knew she was speaking them, for instantly they left her lips she blushed very deeply. When I rose to go she told me something else which startled me as much as her first confession of a German husband.

"Why were you frightened to be left alone?" I asked.

She hesitated before she answered, and then spoke in a low voice:

"I have told you so much that I may now tell you all. That man who was my husband is in Paris. He is one of the secretaries of the peace commission. It is certain that he will try to find me."

I was silent at this piece of news.

"You will never go back to him?" I asked.

"I would die rather!" she told me, and there was a thrill of passion in her voice. One must have been in France during the years of war to understand the mentality of this lady. One must have seen the flame of hatred in the soul of France for all that was German. I think an English wife of a German husband would have kept her love for him, if she had loved him, in spite of the brutalities of war, and would have seen the tragedy of the conflict with a wider pity for its victims on both sides, with loyalty to England and yet with fidelity to her man and recognition of his own sense of duty and honor. Indeed, I know women of England who had to face that frightful problem of double allegiance, and who rose above the limiting ideal of national hatred. In France, invaded, outraged, martyred, it was more difficult, almost beyond human nature. Yet my own view is that the love of two human beings should be sacred even in the passion of a conflict dividing their peoples to the death, if they are truly mated; though I admit that "if" begs half the question.

During the next few days Madame de Thilloy had no need of my company, I found, for Armand Méricourt, the *Chasseur Alpin*, spent many hours in her *salon*, with the boy as a third party.

I think the lieutenant was pleading with her for a final abandonment of her German husband and for a new scheme of life by which his own dream would be fulfilled. So much I guessed from the prattle of young Charles, whom I met in the courtyard, and who told me that his lieutenant was very angry with *maman* because she would not go and play with him in his house at Tours.

"He thinks it is *idiot* of *maman* to stay here forever, when his heart is hungry for her in that château which is empty. That is what my lieutenant said, though I do not understand how his heart is hungry at Tours while his body is here and quite well fed. I think it is poetry he is speaking."

I thought so, too, and I pitied the poet heart of the man who had been through hell in war and now wanted joy in peace.

Charles spent an afternoon in my rooms while his mother and the lieutenant went driving in the Bois, and it was after a game of dominoes that there was a knock at the door.

"Come with me, Charles," I said, "and I will see what the postman brings to-day."

But it was not the postman. When I opened the door, while Charles held my hand, I saw a tall young man outside, whose face seemed vaguely known to me—a handsome face, blue-eyed and rather English looking. He lifted his hat and spoke in almost perfect French, perfect except for a slightly heavy *r*. He seemed very nervous and agitated.

"Pardon me—does a lady named Madame de Thilloy live here?"

I guessed at once that it was Franz von Mürren. His wife had prepared me for that, though not for this coming to my own door. Before I could answer him his gaze had fallen on the child, and a bright, eager look came into his face.

"Is it possible?" he said in a kind of whisper. Then he gave a queer cry, and said: "Charles! My little son. Oh, my dear baby, grown so tall, so big!"

Before I could speak he had lifted the boy to his heart and kissed him a dozen times greedily, while tears streamed down his face. The boy was frightened. He struggled out of the man's arms and then took cover behind me. Franz von Mürren called to him:

"Charles, my son, do not be afraid! I am the father who went away from you when the war began. I have come back again."

"My father is dead," said Charles. Then something, I think, stirred in the child's memory, some face dimly remembered as in a dream, and he asked a queer question: "Are you the man who sang with an organ voice?"

(Concluded on Page 98)

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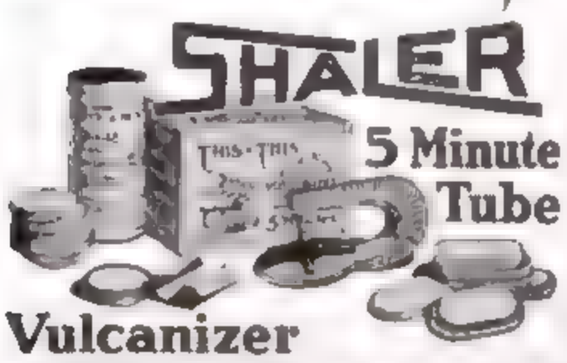

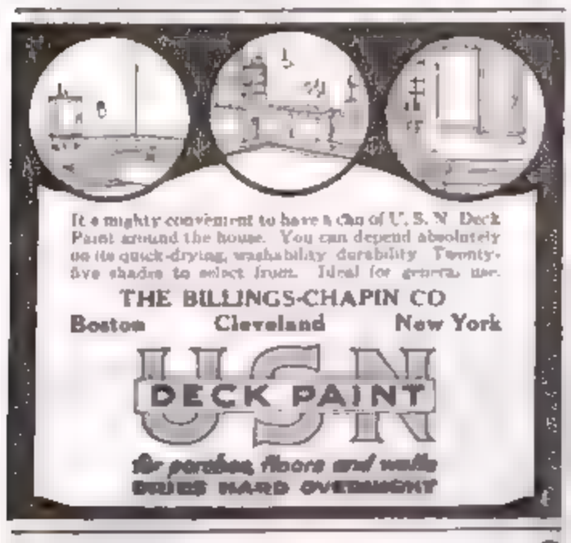

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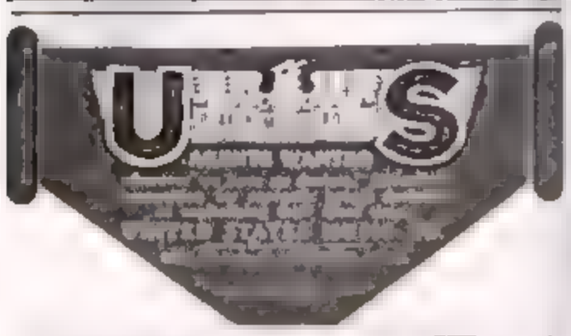

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(Concluded from Page 95)

"Yes," said Franz von Mürren. "The father who sang you to sleep with old lullabies."

It was then that I stepped between the father and son.

"Sir," I said, "this child is in my care for a little while, and his mother has not given me permission to let him talk with—with—visitors."

I remember stammering out the words, afraid of hurting the man, this man who had come back, yet thinking of what Madame de Thilloy would say when she came home again.

"He is my son," said the man simply. "His mother is my very dear wife. I have long been parted from her by this tragic war."

"Are you really my father?" asked Charles. "Have you come alive again?"

"Yes," said Franz von Mürren, "I have come back to life."

How could I keep this man from his son when I could see that his whole soul was stirred to joy by the sight of the child? What right had I to step in between them? None in the world, I thought, and still think.

Yet, knowing the hatred of the boy's mother for this German husband, I was put into a very grave predicament, for I owed some loyalty to her, having been left with her child on trust, as it were.

At that moment I heard the laughter of Armand Méricourt at the bottom of the staircase, and guessed that Madame de Thilloy was with him. I shrank from the really tragic thought that a meeting between this husband and wife should happen without warning, and with the *Chasseur Alpin* and myself as onlookers. I spoke sharply to the boy:

"Charles, run downstairs! Tell the lieutenant I am here!"

The boy was startled by my sudden command, and ran as I bade him, with a cry of "*Mon lieutenant!*" I think he wanted to tell his hero this wonderful news of the father who had come back, but I did not think then of its effect upon that Frenchman.

I spoke to Franz von Mürren:

"Come inside, sir, I beg of you."

He stepped farther into the passage, and I shut the door behind him and led him to my room.

So we stood face to face, and I remember now the anguish in the man's eyes, startled by my action of sending the boy away, and guessing a little perhaps the near presence of his wife.

"You are English, are you not?" he said, speaking in my own tongue. "May I ask what you have to do with my wife and boy?"

"I am a mere friend," I answered. "But your wife has told me something of her life."

"Then you know that I am German?" he said.

"Yes, I know."

He was silent for a moment, thinking deeply.

He seemed like a man who sees all his life outspread, as men say the drowning do.

"This war," he said—and I was struck by the beauty of his speaking voice and remembered his fame as a singer—"this tragic war has not made it good to be a German in France or England. In my case it has been the worst of tragedies, for it made me the enemy of my wife's people. But all through these years I have lived with the hope of finding her love again, of seeing her dear beauty, which is my life, and devoting all the years I may have to her happiness. Do you know my wife well enough to tell me whether the man she once loved may hope for that?"

The wistfulness of these words, their humiliation, touched me poignantly.

"She has not written to you?" I asked.

"For five years I have had no word—nor any of my friends."

"It was difficult for you to hear," I said.

"Difficult, yes, but not impossible."

He waited for me to give him some hope, and I cast about in my mind for some vague, noncommittal words which might give him faint consolation. All my pity was for this German now, and the specters of the war did not stir my hatred. A stricken soul seems to me above all racial enmities. I spoke to him again:

"I don't know your wife very well; not well enough to give you any answer to your question. But if you'll wait here I'll go and see her and take a message, and bring back her reply."

He accepted this like a hungry dog to whom a bone is thrown.

"Tell her this," he said: "'I die without you. My love cries out for you. In the name of God, who made us man and wife, I beg you to see me again.'"

I left him standing there and went across the outside passage to the door opposite my own. When I knocked it was Armand Méricourt who opened it. There was an unusual pallor beneath the bronze of his skin, and his dark eyes were somber.

"Has that *sacré boche* gone?" he asked.

"Not yet. I have a message for his wife."

He swore a frightful oath, but stood by while I passed into the little *salon*.

Madame de Thilloy stood close to the table, white to the lips, and waited for me to speak. Charles held to her frock. He looked frightened and was quite silent. Some tragic scene had happened before I came.

"I have a message, madame, from your husband," I said. "Have I your permission to give it before Lieutenant Méricourt and little Charles?"

She nodded, but did not speak.

I repeated the words of Franz von Mürren exactly as I remembered them.

"He says, 'I die without you. My love cries out for you. In the name of God, who made us man and wife, I beg you to see me.'"

Madame de Thilloy, as she was called, raised her hands and put them up to her face, and I thought she was near swooning.

It was Armand Méricourt who spoke first after my message.

"Tell this boche," he said savagely, "that his Kaiser broke all contracts made by God and man between French and Germans. He is no longer the husband of this lady."

I turned to Madame de Thilloy and spoke to her gently:

"Shall I take back your answer, madame?"

She tried to speak and failed, and then broke into spasms of weeping. Charles stroked her hand, but I think she was unconscious of that touch. It was Armand Méricourt who spoke again:

"There is an easy way and a good answer. I will go and kill the man, and finish what I left undone in the château of Vermelles."

He took his revolver from its case and slouched toward the door. I am certain that he intended to fulfill his words.

"Not in my room!" I said, and stood between him and the door.

"You, too," growled this *Chasseur Alpin*, "if you stand in my way!"

I'm certain he meant that also, and I was very near death that moment. Then Madame de Thilloy spoke:

"I will go and see this man."

She put her hand on my arm, and the *Chasseur Alpin* fell back before her and let us pass. I think he was cowed by the tragedy of her face, so white, so ghostly.

My little door on the other side of the passage was locked by the click of the patent catch, and I remember fumbling with the key before I could get it open.

Franz von Mürren stood just inside the door of the small room, and the light from the gas overhead in the passage fell on his face.

It brought back to my mind the figure of Lohengrin as I had seen him on a gala night at Covent Garden. He took one step forward, with a wonderful look of joy, and then stood still and spoke her name:

"Suzanne! *Ma femme!*"

She answered him coldly:

"What is it you want with me?"

I heard no more than that, for I passed quickly by the lady and turned into a little hall on the left, and shut the door between them and me.

I think she stayed with him no more than ten minutes, though I cannot be sure. I heard the murmur of their voices, the man's voice passionate and pleading, the woman's cold and hard. Then silence. Then the click of the latch and the shutting of my front door.

I went into the passage. Inside the room Franz von Mürren sat at my table with his head on his arms, weeping. I left him there until some time later I heard his footsteps in a stumbling way across the passage. He too went out, and my door closed again with the click of the patent catch, and I was alone with a sense of tragedy.

I have never seen Madame de Thilloy since. She left the house in the Rue de la Pompe next morning early with her boy Charles, and from the *concierge* I learned that they had gone away from Paris. I wondered whether they had gone to Tours, and hoped not. For the sake of the bleeding heart of Franz von Mürren, German as he was, I hoped not, as well as for the soul of Suzanne de Thilloy, who once had loved him.

For her I am sure there would be no real happiness in a château at Tours with that husband's love between her and a *Chasseur Alpin*.

It was Armand Méricourt who told me the end of the tale when I met him a few days ago at Chartres.

He held out his hand and said, "*Comment ça va, mon vieux?*" and then invited me to an *apéritif*.

For some time we spoke of casual things. Not a word about the lady who was in both our minds.

Then abruptly he told me what I wanted most to know.

"Madame de Thilloy—you remember?—went back to her boche husband. They are living in Italy. He fell ill in Switzerland and she nursed him back to life. I think she always loved him, even when she hated him. Women are like that."

I remembered young Charles using that phrase.

"Women are like that," he said once, making me laugh. Perhaps he had learned it from his lieutenant.

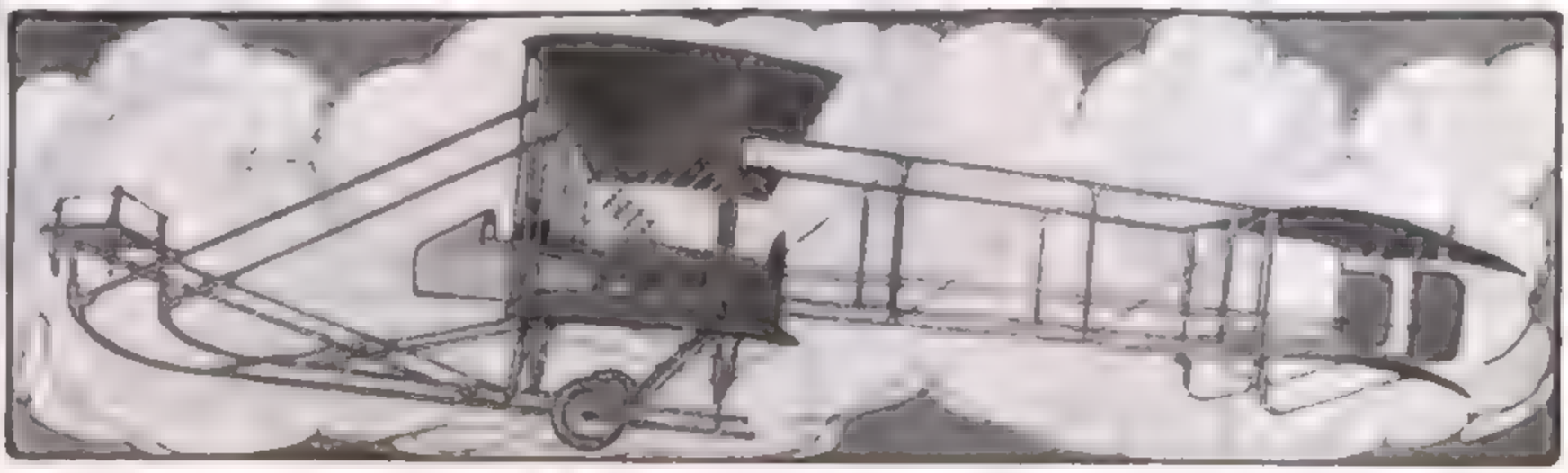
Armand Méricourt took another sip of his *apéritif*.

"It's a pity I didn't kill him in the château at Vermelles," he said in his quiet way.

I was silent, thinking of this man's devotion to Suzanne de Thilloy, and feeling sorry for him.

"Or rather," he said presently, continuing his thought, "it's a pity he didn't kill me. I'm finished—anyhow."

We spoke no more on that subject, but talked of the war and of the peace. The lieutenant of *Chasseurs Alpins* cursed both with very dreadful oaths.



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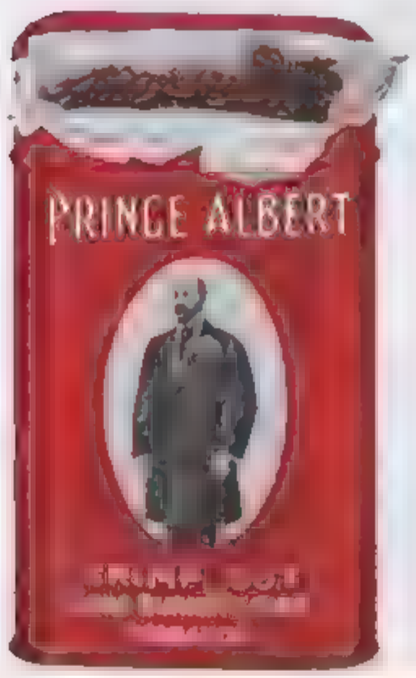

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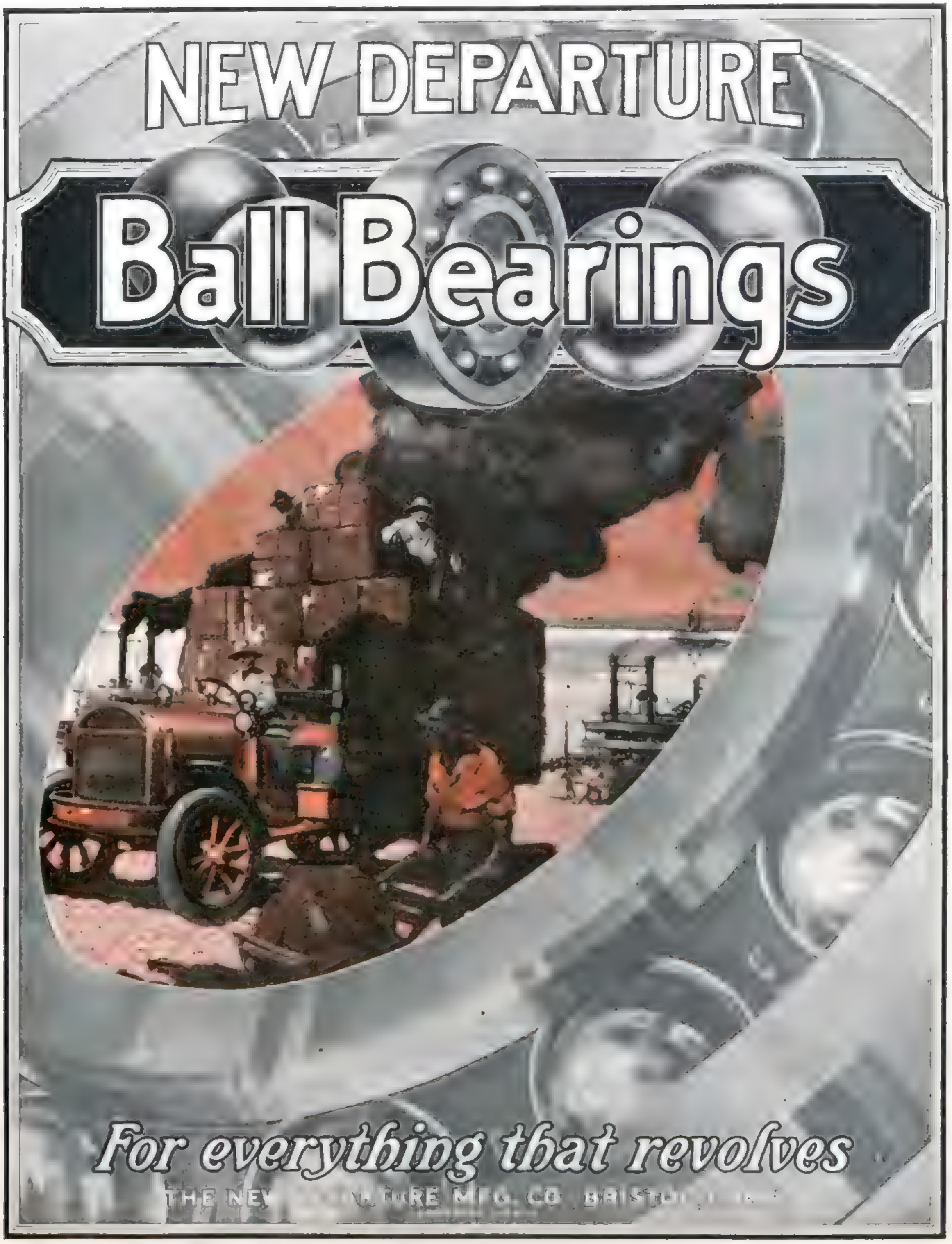
NEW DEPARTURE
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For everything that revolves

THE OLD MAN

(Continued from Page 13)

every primal instinct in the onlookers. A handful of people hissed or yelled "Shame!" Their protests were lost in a whirlwind of shouts and handclaps and in the pounding of myriad feet.

Dizzy, sick, shaken, drunk with the fearful concussion, Cal Benton came to his senses. He found himself lying in a ring-side box, while Bud Kelleher thumbed expertly his supra-orbital nerve, and the weeping Mildred held ammonia to his twitching nostrils. For the best part of three minutes he had been senseless; long enough for Ira to leave the ring and get to the dressing rooms, but not long enough for the bedlam of shouts to die down.

"I'll—I'll go see Iry in his dressing room," babbled Cal when he was able to sit up. "That was a chance punch. I know how rotten he'll be feeling about it. I'll just go say it's all—all right—and ——"

"You'll come home, dearie," contradicted Mildred. "You'll come right straight home and let me put you to bed. As for seeing Iry Mack, you'll never see him again if I've got anything to say about it. The brute done it a-purpose. He ——"

"No, no!" denied Cal fervently. "Not Iry, girl! You misjudge him wrong. Iry wouldn't make so small of me. No white man would. It was a fluke. I must 'a' run into it, or else ——"

"Come on home!" repeated Mildred with great firmness as she signaled to Kelleher to support the tottering man on one side while she held up his other elbow. "Come on home, like I say. That's a good boy. Let mommer fuss over you and put cool things on your poor head. Come on! Bed's the place for you!"

Because he was too sick and wabbly to resist, Cal let his wife and the roustabout guide him out of the arena and to a cab. Yet he was sorry to go home without a word of reassurance to the friend whose blunder had knocked him out.

Next morning, when she had given him his breakfast in bed and bathed his rioting head for the tenth time, Mildred drew a newspaper from her ample blouse and sat down beside her husband.

"I hate like toad pie to read you this," she began. "But you've got to know it sometime, and it'll kind of come easier from someone that loves you like I do. Just listen here a minute, dearie."

She ran a plump finger tip down one of the paper's columns, mumbling words under her breath, until she found the place she sought.

"Here it is," said she. "I can read you the fight story by and by. The Chron'cle ed'tor treats you fine in it; and there's a nice little piece about you, too, where the editorials are. But I wanted to read you this part of the paper now, before Bud Kelleher or anyone can come in and spill it. It'll come easier from me."

Clearing her comfortable voice, she read slowly and impressively:

"Before returning to his training quarters at Wyckoff by the owl train Ira Mack said to a Chronicle reporter at the Union Station: 'I hated to do it, for I used to be very fond of him. I entered on this bout to-night with the clear understanding it was to be a friendly exhibition go. Then just before I stepped into the ring I learned on authority I could not doubt that Benton had been betting heavily at long odds that he would knock me out in the third round. There were only just two things I could do. I could refuse to go on, or I could save my reputation by beating him to the punch. I did not want to disappoint the people of Pitvale who were looking forward to seeing me box. So I did the only other thing left me to do. I ——'"

"It says that?" roared Cal, scrambling out of bed and snatching the paper. "The paper says that? Lemme see!"

Mouthing, shivering, he read and reread the brief interview. Mildred at first sought to soothe his stark fury by motherly clucks and pats. But presently she desisted, for Cal's rage had departed. He stood moveless, cold, masklike of visage. For perhaps five minutes he stood so—oblivious of Mildred's cooing queries and condolences. Then without a word, and ignoring his wife's protests, he began to get into his clothes. Yet, once dressed, he did nothing. He did not go to his studio. He refused to see a reporter and a half score friends who called. All day long he sat wordless and granite-faced by an upper window. At intervals he would pull the crushed newspaper from his pocket and read slowly the interview with Ira Mack.

With difficulty Mildred got him to come downstairs for supper. Scarce had he seated himself, dumb and rigid, at the table when the door burst open and his son Orville came storming into the room. At sight of the twelve-year-old, Mildred cried aloud in horror. Even Cal came far enough out of his stupor to stare open-mouthed.

The little fellow's face was a mask of blood. A front tooth was gone—a new one at that—and his tip-tilted nose looked less like a nose than like a prize tomato which had been blight smitten. One eye was a puffed slit, under which darkness already had begun to gather. There was a bump on his forehead and another on his chin. His collar and tie were gone, his shirt was torn and his once-neat jacket was split from collar to hip. Such clothes as he still wore were uniformly caked with dirt and blood. So was his face. His knuckles were raw. He was an awesome little sight.

"Of all the ——" shrilled his mother, then breath failed her. But heedless of her cry and of his own weird aspect, Orville marched straight up to Cal. Tersely—his words impeded by swollen lips—the lad reported.

"Startin' home," he puffed, "after the ball game. Met Byron Mack. He said you'd never saw the day you could last out three rounds against Iry. Said you quit the ring when you did because you saw Iry was a comer an' that he'd lick you, just like he did last night. Said you was yaller. Said Iry told him so. Says he's goin' to tell all the other fellers what Iry said. He won't!"

The boy stopped long enough to explore with a bitten tongue the hollow where once his best upper front tooth had blossomed. Then he went on jerkily as before.

"He acted like he had a lot more to say, but I didn't wait to hear it. I had to sail into him. Someone had to, and there was only me. Likewise I did."

"Orrie!" gasped Mildred. "Why, that great lout of a Byron Mack is more'n two years older than you! And he's a head taller and ever so much heavier. You don't mean to say you ——"

"Yes'm. That's why I look like I do. If he hadn't of been that much older an' bigger an' so much used to scrappin', he couldn't 'a' messed me up like he did before I was able to get him hollerin' 'nuff! Dad, he lied, didn't he? I told him he did. But I'd like fine to hear you say so too."

"Yes, kid," answered Cal, sinking back into his dull apathy, albeit with a new tenseness of jaw. "Yes, kid, he lied. Let it go at that. Now go wash yourself up. And—if Byron Mack or anyone else gives you the same line of talk again don't you get to fighting with 'em. I—there's better ways—better ways."

Nor would Cal open his mouth again on the theme of Ira Mack's trickery. He did not so much as mention Ira's name. He did not even vouchsafe a word of comment when news came a week later that Mack had beaten the light-heavyweight champion of the East in the twelfth round of a slashing fight, and had won for himself Cal Benton's long-abandoned title.

But Bud Kelleher could have told the world at large that Cal spent something like two hours daily for a while in writing mysterious letters, some of them with checks in them, and in brooding, shut-eyed, for long spells, or in scribbling figures and words on scraps of paper.

At last Benton went into long executive session with Bud. Next week the two closed the studio indefinitely and left Pitvale. Nor did their native town hear of them for many a long day.

Meanwhile Ira Mack was basking and wallowing and reveling in the chaste bliss which awaits a new-made champion. He filled a six-week small-time vaudeville engagement, pulled down a tidy package of cash by working in a motion-picture company's stunt serial, patronized in lordly fashion Don Fancher, his patient manager, and for the first time in his impecunious life spent money as he would. All this, and the worship of fight hangers-on, was golden reward for the hungry years, and Ira's sample-size soul expanded under it.

The best part of the whole thing was that he had barely begun. Richer and richer days stretched out before him. There were juicy set-up fights to loaf through, with a bag of money at the end of each. Later there would be the light-heavyweight champion of the world to challenge—an athlete whose partiality to strong drink and to weak women had ripened him for the first rugged contender he could be baited into meeting. After that ——

But the set-up fights were first in order. They could not begin too soon if the torrential flow of pocket money were to continue as lushly as of late. And Ira bade Don Fancher get busy.

Fancher sought the best location for such a battle, even before he looked for an opponent.

Pitvale was a fight town. It was Mack's home town. It proclaimed him its favorite son, or at least enough of Pitvale to insure fat gate receipts. Pitvale, moreover, possessed a splendid fight auditorium and a supercomplacent mayor and police chief. Pitvale, therefore, was chosen as the site for the set-up.

Next—seeking the right sort of antagonist for his man—Fancher bethought him of Con Fitzroy, the light-heavyweight champion

(Concluded on Page 105)

He Bowed Graciously to the Plaudit-Throbbing Crowd, Smiled Tenderly at the Screened Gallery Box

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP CORD TIRES

Substantial price reductions became effective on Vacuum Cup Tires on November 10, 1920.

Notwithstanding this, we propose to give thoughtful motorists additional opportunity to prove for themselves, in the most economical manner, the fact that

The Vacuum Cup Tread will not skid on wet or greasy pavements!

For the month of January, Vacuum Cup dealers throughout the United States are authorized to give—absolutely free of charge—

One Pennsylvania "Ton Tested" Tube of corresponding size with every regular Vacuum Cup Cord or Fabric Tire purchased!

Start the New Year right. Equip your car with four Vacuum Cup Tires. Know that definite immunity from skidding on wet, slippery pavements which thousands of other prudent Vacuum Cup Tire users enjoy the year round.

If you cannot secure prompt service locally, write to the Factory at Jeannette, Pa., Department E, and your order will be filled, carrying charges prepaid anywhere in the United States.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY of AMERICA, Jeannette, Pa.
Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada
Export Department, Woolworth Building, New York City

FREE *for* January

You pay for the QUALITY —

On August 25, 1920, at San Francisco, Vacuum Cup Tires *withstood the test of rounding a wet, slippery corner at thirty-five miles an hour* in the Safety First demonstration—the feature event of the third annual convention of the National Traffic Officers' Association.

Think what such non-skid *safety* means to *you* and to those who ride in *your* car!

the SAFETY costs you nothing!

Like Rubber Heels

PEOPLE wear rubber heels to lessen the jar of walking on hard pavements. But you walk unwearied on linoleum, for it is naturally resilient and comfortable underfoot. The largest office can be a quiet one if the floor is of this silent, non-echoing material.

Armstrong's Linoleum withstands hard usage. It is made of cork and linseed oil and is elastic and tough. Because it is durable, it is used on the decks of many of the battleships of the United States and foreign nations. An Armstrong floor may be easily installed in your office. Cemented down firmly over a felt-paper lining, it presents a smooth, watertight, sanitary surface.

Ordinary care will keep linoleum spotless. Unlike a wood floor, expensive and frequent refinishing will never be necessary, hence the maintenance cost is low.

Armstrong's Linoleum is an economical floor for public buildings, offices, hospitals, libraries, churches, schools, and stores. Before you plan your new building, consult your architect about Armstrong's Linoleum floors. We can supply him with data and specifications.

Write for our book, "Business Floors," which contains photographs of actual installations, plates of various colors and designs, and recommendations for different uses; also specifications for laying linoleum floors and directions for their care. Ask us to send you the name of a merchant near you who is equipped to furnish estimates and do satisfactory laying.

The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind. The floors in the offices shown here consist of 3500 square yards of Armstrong's Linoleum.

For Business Floors

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT
916 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Armstrong's Linoleum

(Concluded from Page 101)

whom Mack had so recently dethroned. Fitzroy was in a financial slough, owing to heavy bets he had staked on himself against Ira and to the monetary collapse which follows hard upon the loss of a championship. Like Mack, though for more urgent reason, Fitzroy yearned for ready cash.

An hour's chat between himself and Fancher ended in a thoroughly amicable arrangement, whereby in return for twelve rounds of hippodrome fighting and a sensational knock-out the late champion was to be enriched to the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. After their former go, Fitzroy had no delusions of grandeur as to his ability to defeat the redoubtable Mack. So he was quite willing to play fair and to earn his fifteen hundred dollars and take his rehearsed knock-out strictly along the lines dictated by Fancher.

Next, Fitzroy shrieked loudly in every sporting page within reach that he had been doped before his championship bout with Ira, and that in decent condition he could thrash Mack to a standstill. Wherefore he clamored for a return match.

Mack, with true sportsmanship, answered this broadside by saying he did not want to owe his championship to a fluke. If Fitzroy really had been doped or otherwise disabled before their other fight he was willing to give him a return match, and to stake his title on his ability to thrash the man a second time.

Both statements were written by Fancher, and they made a distinct impression on the fight-going public. Articles were signed, a date was fixed for the bout, Pitvale was chosen as the location, and both gladiators went into brief but widely press-agented training. Added heart interest was given to the affair by an announcement that Ira had stipulated that The Girl—heavily chaperoned by his own father and mother and his kid brother Byron—should witness the contest from a screened gallery box.

Mack even waived the championship prerogative of making his antagonist go into the ring first on the night of the battle. Having absolutely no fear of the outcome, and being in no need of scaring or impressing Fitzroy by a long wait, he entered the thronged auditorium ten minutes before the hour scheduled for the event, and strolled with languid grace down the main aisle from dressing room to ring.

The air shook and heaved with applause. It was to taste this adulation and to bask longer in the ring with all eyes admiringly fixed on him that Ira had preceded the gallant Fitzroy into the arena. He bowed graciously to the plaudit-throbbing crowd, smiled tenderly at the screened gallery box and draped himself upon his stool in a corner of the ring.

There he sat while the applause flickered out and while the spectators wearied of staring at the bath-robed figure and began to glance toward the dressing-room door in anticipation of the other warrior. Noting which, Ira shifted in his seat and whispered to Fancher, "What's keepin' Fitz? Send someone to hustle him along."

Obediently Fancher dispatched a handler to the dressing room where fifteen minutes earlier he had seen Fitzroy disrobing for the bout. The room was empty. Fitzroy and his two seconds had departed. Behind them they had left a note in Fitzroy's sprawly handwriting to the effect that the fighter had been assailed by sudden and horrible cramps in the midst of undressing. He was subject to these cramps. They lasted for at least a day before wearing themselves out. He was in no condition to fight, or even to stand upright. Hence his apologies—also his departure.

By the time Fancher and the furious Mack had fairly read and mastered the hideous contents of the note the crowd had begun to whistle. Then it began to clap, then to groan and to catcall. The Pitvale Auditorium manager trotted over to the ring and held a swift and tragic conference with Fancher and Mack. At the conclusion of the council—and spurred by the ever-increasing racket of the spectators—the Pitvale manager walked to the center of the ring and waved both short arms for silence. He got it.

"The management begs to regret," he megaphoned, "that Con Fitzroy has been took with a bad sickness, and the doctor says positively that it'd be his death to set foot into the ring. The management," he went on more loudly, to be heard above a babel of disapprobation from the spectators—"the management begs to apologize. And the management begs to announce that the champion stands ready to take on any p'fessional of his weight who may happen to be here to-night. The management ——"

The buzzing of the crowd drowned his voice. No less than four men jumped to their feet and made for the ring, brandishing their arms to attract the manager's attention. These men were what ring habitués know as waiters—pugilists who make a practice of attending fights in the hope that one of the combatants may fail to appear and that a volunteer chopping block may be called for. There is enough money in this waiter game to make it worth many a third-rater's while.

First of the quartet to reach the ring was a fellow who had started to mill his way forward before the manager had begun to speak.

At sight of him someone clapped. Someone else cheered. The cheer was taken up as hundreds of Pitvalians recognized Cal Benton.

Into the ring clambered Cal, a full twenty feet ahead of his nearest rival.

"First come, first served!" he sang out as he and Bud Kelleher found their footing side by side on the canvas floor. "Hello, Iry! Care 'bout taking me on, for a suba'-toot? Hey?"

For an instant Mack's face went blank with astonishment. Then his quick brain began to work. He himself was in the pink of condition, for set-up fights were still too much of a novelty to him to permit of any chance-taking. He was more than twelve years younger than Benton, and the latter's leisurely studio life had not kept him from a slight softness or from a tendency toward meridional fat.

There could be no doubt as to the outcome of such a fight. Youth, as ever, must be served. The aging back number, in bare semitraining, against the fiery young fighting machine, would serve better for set-up purposes than the cramp-ridden Fitzroy; besides being a local hero who had once received louder and warmer applause than had Mack.

"You're on!" decreed Ira; while Fancher and the Pitvale manager all but embraced the life-saving Cal, and the crowd cheered its fool head off.

Into the ring less than ten minutes later plodded Cal Benton, swathed in his rusty bath robe. The professionally faithful Bud Kelleher at his heels was his only attendant—laden with bottles, pail and towels.

Cal sat low in his corner. He still wore his bath robe when he and Mack came to the ring center for their instructions from the referee. Only when the bell rang for the first round did Benton cast off the shapeless garment. At the same time he cast off the shyly deprecating manner he had worn with it.

A ripple of applause from the initiated paid tribute to the man's physical perfection. Gone was the hint of waistline fat. Gone were the soft curves of the past two years. Cal was granite hard; as rugged as a New Hampshire hillside; as lithe as a cat.

"Took me the best part of three months to get down to this!" he said pleasantly as he and the amazed Mack came together in mid ring. "Takes longer when you're past thirty, but I got there at last. Bud and I did it. And I'm here!"

As he talked he danced back from a left lead, countered a heart punch, danced away again, then flashed a flicking left to Ira's jaw. The blow stung rather than hurt, yet the house cheered.

Still relying almost wholly on footwork, boxing at long range, keeping away except when a rare opening let him in at face or body, Cal Benton continued to talk. He spoke in broken sentences, and never to the sacrifice of his boxing or of the long-range caution he had adopted. As he spoke his face went iron-rigid. His voice took on a queer rasp not unlike that of a bone-gnawing dog that sees another dog sidle toward him.

"Iry," he said, "I won't tell you what a swine you are. It'd be a waste of breath. And if you don't know it, I couldn't learn it to you. But being a swine ain't on the free list, Iry—like you're due to find out. That's why I'm here. Con Fitzroy's got eighteen hundred dollars of my money. That's why he ain't here, Iry. Think it over. It's cost me a sight of cash, soon and late, to corner you to-night. But it was worth a whole passel more—a whole passel more. And I'll get it all back, right in this ring! I'm here to get you, too, Iry! I ——"

The ending of the round cut short his three-words-at-a-time oration. It had been a fast round, with practically not one telling blow scored on either side. As an exhibition of skill and of speed it was a treat. But the crowd had come to see blood flow and men slugged to the floor, and the applause was scant.

Ira Mack went to his corner feeling queer in the head. For the first time in his ring career he was worried. The Grand Old Man, to all appearances, was again at his best. And there was cold, wary hatred in his face and voice. At his best, Cal Benton had been well-nigh invincible. If he were really so now ——

Deaf to Fancher's prattlings, Mack sat blinking across the ring at his foe. In his stout heart a queer feeling was astir. He was not afraid. The champion had no yellow in his cosmos. But there was something in this sudden apparition of a rejuvenated Benton that jiggled Mack's taut nerves.

He knew—none better—the Grand Old Man's one-time prowess. He knew, too, that there was deathless hate and cold bloodthirst in Cal's broodingly puckered eyes. He had heard somewhere a wheeze about bewaring the anger of a patient man. Never before had he seen Benton angry. Never, even in the ring, had he seen the old chap's placidly friendly face transfigured to flinty grimness. And despite himself Ira began to fidget.

As the men came up for the next round Mack made a bull rush bred of nerve rack. Benton stood his ground, first blocking neatly and then running into a clinch. In this clinch he held on and clung close until the referee with some trouble pried the fighters apart. And throughout the long clinch Cal was whispering rapid-fire speech into Ira's ear—to this purpose:

"I learned you all you know. That ain't saying I learned you all I know, Iry. There's one trick I never taught you or anyone, because it's a killer. I never used that punch since I killed poor Spike Meehan with it back twelve years ago. It was a murder punch, and I was afraid of it, not being a killer, or even a cur. But this past few months I've practiced it up a lot. In the fifth round you'll get it, Iry. In the fifth! This is your last fight, son—your last fight! In the fifth, remember! I—excuse me, Mister Ref'ree! I couldn't wrench free of him any sooner. He was hugging. Caution him—not me."

And the fight was on once more.

Having no further need for words, Cal forbore to dance away from his enemy; and all future clinches were of Mack's seeking. With little use of footwork Benton stuck to the aggressive. Wasting no dynamic power in mere spectacular antics, he tore away at his man.

Even the most skeptical of the onlookers could see Benton had actually come back. Whether at his age he could maintain such speed and force for ten rounds or more was another matter. Fondling this one hope, Don Fancher, between rounds, exhorted the bothered Ira to keep away from Cal and to box until prolonged exertion should prove the superiority of youth. It would be time, Fancher urged, to begin the actual slaughter in the eighth or ninth round, when Cal's bolt should be shot and when age should have begun to claim its pay.

To his manager's preachment Ira gave little heed. In his brain were singing the droned words:

"This is your last fight! In the fifth, remember!"

Mack could still hear the odd grate of solemnity in the threat, and he could not make himself think of it as a bluff. For all his squareness, Cal Benton had been the craftiest man in his division, and it was more than just possible that he had evolved some such man-killing punch as he said; a deadly and invincible smash, perhaps, such as George Lablanche's historic pivot had been before mercy tabooed it from the Queensberry ring.

For the life of him Ira could not put the solemnly muttered warning from his mind, and he knew that Cal had enough insight into his mental processes from long association to be aware of this. Yes, Cal must be knowing he had worried his ex-pupil. Ira was certain of that, and it added hopeless wrath to his worry.

If by any lucky chance he could knock Benton out before that rotten fifth round—Cal would keep his word. That was Cal's way. He had said the fifth round, and in the fifth round it would be. Not sooner. Meanwhile ——

Disregarding Fancher's increasingly frantic appeals for caution, Ira flung himself furiously into the fray, hammering, slugging, taking blows unnecessarily, that he might chance a knock-out counter. And thus through the third and fourth rounds the battle slashed on at top speed, full of heavy hitting and of grievous punishment on both sides. The pace could not last long. The fans screeched themselves hoarse.

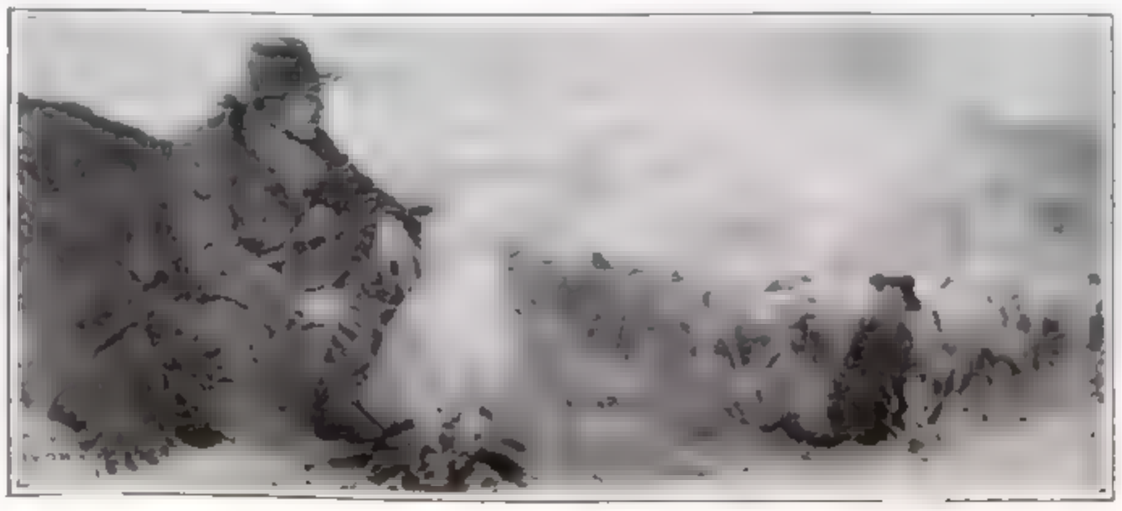
The bell rang for the fifth round. Up came the fighters, with exaggerated snappiness. Ira's tanned face showed a trifle pale under its tan and its bruises. Cal was smiling slightly. It was not a pretty smile.

As they met in the center Benton said quite loudly, but with no bluster at all, "In the first minute of this round, Iry!"

As he spoke his glance strayed as by instinct from Mack's eyes to his stomach. Ira's reply to the threat was a feint for the jaw, followed by an immediate retreat. Nor thereafter could he be induced to stand his ground. He backed away nimbly, warily, forcing Cal to follow him step by step, and always on the go. Plainly he was seeking to ride out the round. Fancher grunted approbation. Several spectators hissed.

Patiently, with no show of haste or excitement, Cal followed his fast-moving opponent, and as he went his glance kept shifting, as if instinctively, to Mack's wind. Whenever this happened Cal would at once change the direction of his gaze, apparently seeking to keep Mack from observing the covert looks cast at his belt line.

Then in a trice the patient pursuit turned into a tiger dash. Forward whizzed Cal, driving Mack by sheer strength back into a corner too quickly and ferociously to permit of side-stepping. As Mack's hip touched the rope Cal made an awkward left lead for the face, his unmanageable eyes flashing toward the stomach in a lightning appraisal of distance, and his mighty right jerked convulsively backward. Mechanically Ira pulled his own head aside from the slow left and with both hands guarded his wind, for there was red murder in the old warrior's glare, and the first minute of the round was near an end.



Mack wakened from deep and dreamless slumber. He woke on the table in his dressing room. Boredly Fancher and a handler were sluicing water over his battered head. The head itself was one egregious and rending ache.

"What—what was the—the fancy new punch he—he got me with?" bleated Mack, the fragments of his brain harking back to Cal's warning.

"Fancy new punch, nothin'!" snorted the manager unlovingly. "He got you with one of the oldest of the lot—an easy right hook to the jaw—while you was a-rockin' your stomach to sleep with both hands. Say, where the blue blazes was you durin' that fight anyhow? You sure made one swell showin' for your home-town folks!"

A great step forward in tire making

MASON JUNIOR CORD

THE Mason Company's newest contribution to economical motoring revolutionizes tire equipment and tire economy for the motorist.

Not only does the Junior Cord offer a real cord model at approximately fabric price, but—

The Junior Cord makes it possible for cord and fabric tires to run side by side on any car without throwing the car off balance.

Consider what this means—especially to the man who buys one tire at a time. Placing an oversize cord among fabric tires throws the car out of alignment and puts all the driving strain on the cord tire. Result—

Damage to the mechanism of the car and speedy destruction of the cord tire.

The Mason Junior Cord, junior in *size* as well as price, has eliminated this trouble entirely.

Compare these prices with any standard fabric and cord prices you know. And remember, there's a Mason dealer near you. If you don't know his name, write us.

A few Mason dealer franchises are still open—possibly one in your territory. A line to the factory will bring full details.

SIZE	*Mason Junior Cord	Mason Grey Tubes	Mason Red Tubes
30 x 3	$22.45	$3.25	$3.75
30 x 3½	26.95	3.55	4.05
33 x 4	44.90	4.95	5.35
34 x 4½	56.00	6.15	6.65

Prices on other sizes in proportion

Plus government war tax *Made in non skid only

Remember, Mason Junior Cords are backed by the Mason Guarantee that knows no mileage limit.

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—junior in price
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MASON CLINCH CORD

Dwelling at Oklahoma City, Okla., with roof surfaced with Sta-so laminated slate. G. A. Nichols, Inc., Builders.

-and in 1941
it will still defy the Sun

IF young Mr. 1921 thinks he is going to fade this roof—or any other roof surfaced with Sta-so laminated slate—he is doomed to disappointment.

The years gone by have tried to fade Sta-so—have tried with all the forces at their command. They have sent the sun with its intense bleaching rays to fade Sta-so's naturally indelible colors of deep Indian red and cool sage green. But Sta-so, unlike other minerals, defies even the sun to fade it!

They have called on Father Time, whose gradual destruction fades most every type of roofing. But Sta-so's colors are impervious to Time itself!

Add to Sta-so's indelible color beauty its fire- and weather-resisting abilities and its moderate cost, and you will understand why 350,000 home owners are convinced that Sta-so'd roofing is giving them the greatest amount of roof satisfaction they can buy.

The manufacturers listed below use Sta-so to surface their slate-surfaced roofing. For your own protection against other slates or *imitations that fade*, look for and demand the Sta-so label on the rolls and on the bundles of shingles of the slate-surfaced roofing you buy.

National Asbestos Mfg. Co. Jersey City, N. J.
B. F. Nelson Mfg. Co. Minneapolis, Minn.
Pioneer Paper Co. Los Angeles, Cal.
Reynolds Shingle Co. Grand Rapids, Mich.
Richardson Co. Cincinnati, Ohio
Standard Paint Co., New York, N. Y.
Union Mfg. Co. Aurora, Ill.
H. F. Watson Co. Erie, Pa.
A. H. White Rfg. Co., New Orleans, La.

STA-SO
NON-FADING SLATE
ROOF SURFACE

SHE DRIFTED TO THE CITY

Continued from Page 11

to deal with trouble. Three months later she was chief operator, and then a difficult PBX problem arose in a new Southern war industry community—the private branch exchange of the corporation that had built and was operating a big plant for the Government. Stella straightened that out, too, and stuck to it until the armistice. All together the original telephone job sanctioned by her father because it was only five minutes' walk from the house landed her in half a dozen states during the war and left her a thousand miles from home.

Katie O'Brien would probably have gone into the telephone service, too, after finishing school—she was three years younger than Stella and had a year's study ahead when we entered the war. Pat O'Brien himself got Katie a job in a gas-mask factory when the 1917 spring term ended, and there was no thought of going back to school when vacation was over. Katie soon developed ability in managing girls. There was a rather rough element in that plant—some foreigners, others who had not enjoyed much schooling, with still another element attracted from domestic service by the wages. There were also skylark recruits from comfortable and even wealthy American families, anxious to help win the war, but green, heedless and lacking the sense of responsibility. Katie's whole soul was in the war, and every operation on a gas mask connected with its ultimate service. School athletics had given her a knack in leadership. A thoroughgoing little human being, she made no distinctions in dealing with people. For the ignorant and poverty-hampered she had sympathy, and for the skylarkers a real wallop inherited from her father—a wallop in a kid glove, perhaps, but landed just as quick and straight where it was needed.

War broadened women's work in factories. Many of the skilled mechanics were drawn into military service, and women were given new tasks. Where they had been employed before chiefly for routine, such as the tending of machines, testing parts, inspecting and measuring materials, now they learned to adjust and repair machinery, teach operations to others, supervise as forewomen, and even design products and master technic. War also gave thousands of girls and women from comfortable homes a taste of business life. Not all the women volunteers could be employed on committees or as canvassers or speakers. Such activities necessitated the keeping of records, correspondence, clerical detail. Thousands of home girls without business experience tackled such jobs, often taking courses in typewriting, stenography, accounting and general office work. The experience frequently revealed latent ability in business and a liking for it, so that when the emergency was over they went into the business world to earn money, keep busy and live a fuller life.

Selling Employment

Employers learned new things about women workers during the war. Recruiting was carried into fresh fields. Instead of waiting at the employment office for girls who applied for jobs, the home and high school were canvassed, personally and through advertising. Employment became a selling proposition. Factory and office conditions were made attractive to nice girls, and recruits were more closely fitted with work adapted to physique, ability and temperament. The high-school graduate or college student might excel in light tasks requiring speed and accuracy, because she was quick and ambitious. On the other hand, the sturdy girl recruited from domestic service had the strength and stolid patience to run a heavy machine on repetitive work.

A knitting mill in the Middle West made good a serious shortage of girl operatives by reversing the drift to the city. Situated in a country town of a few thousand people, very few of its operators came from near-by farms. These were chiefly country girls from large families, attracted wholly by wages, and living at home, going back and forth from work every day. A few more operators came from near-by towns. So it was necessary to draw upon the feminine labor supply of the nearest cities—Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul. Small classified advertisements in the Help-Wanted columns of city newspapers attracted chiefly floaters—girls who drifted from job to job, attracted by the prospect of an immediate increase in earnings, regardless of larger ultimate wages through increase in skill.

This company built a residence hall for girl employees on the lines of a college sorority house, provided meals at cost, and a big social hall, and then advertised "More than a Living" in the big city newspapers. The hall was described in pictures in display advertisements. Girls were told about working conditions in the factory, which is thoroughly modern, and how they might themselves select congenial tasks. The dormitory is governed by the girls who live in it, but with the supervision of the company's employment manager, a woman, to whom applicants were invited to write. This policy not only brought applications from a fine class of girl workers, eliminating the drifters, but soon gave the company a waiting list from which to fill vacancies.

Broadened Opportunities

An Eastern silk mill, finding the supply of typical mill help dwindling, took pains to explain modern mill work to high-school graduates who might prefer to earn good wages immediately rather than go through normal school and become teachers. Factory work stands only a peg higher than domestic service in the estimation of many girls who would consider an office or mercantile job congenial. Factory work brings up a picture of grinding machinery, noise, foreigners, the seven-o'clock whistle and the loss of individuality in a system. But factories nowadays make countless products that are interesting, dainty, feminine. Individuality is essential both in the product and the promotion that keeps the organization alive. Wages of factory girls begin to compare very well with those of skilled mechanics a generation ago. Modern factory plants include restaurants, lunch rooms, libraries, dormitories, technical training, social gatherings.

Even the grade-school girls of fifteen and sixteen were recruited during the war by Eastern factories and given vacation jobs suited to their years—measuring, testing and inspecting products and parts. The factories needed them to piece out labor supply during the peak of war production. Opportunities of earning money while helping war production were welcomed. Arrangements were often made whereby schooling and factory work dovetailed into each other.

There were other factors brought by war, such as the cutting off of immigration, which made it necessary to make work more congenial and profitable to American girls. But the upshot of the whole situation was that feminine opportunities in industry broadened greatly, along with feminine trend to industrial centers. Whether they go to the cities or seek employment in the nearest town, nine girls out of ten nowadays regard work for the three, four or five years between school and marriage as the normal scheme of life; so it comes down principally to what kind of work, and where, and the opportunities to earn money, acquire knowledge and skill likely to be useful in an emergency, and add a little excitement to existence.

As a boy's love of excitement is supposed to bring him to the city, so love of fine clothes and spending money and excitement are assumed to be the chief attractions for girls. But while girls commonly work for a short period, where the boy must shape up a life career, their motives are seldom flutter-brained. Work is frequently the readiest escape from a dull, limited life at home. It offers independence, a solid interest and purpose in life, a chance to grow and a sense of worth—and many girls value these more than excitement and nice clothes. As with the boys, so the girl who has gone to work in a near-by factory or found employment in a city office or store writes back to her school chums, drawing them to town on the same endless-chain principle.

The business world never seems to get enough girl workers. It can take them the moment they are legally employable, or use part of their time while schooling is continued. Hundreds of light tasks calling for little skill or training are found in factories, and many more in offices.

(Continued on Page 110)

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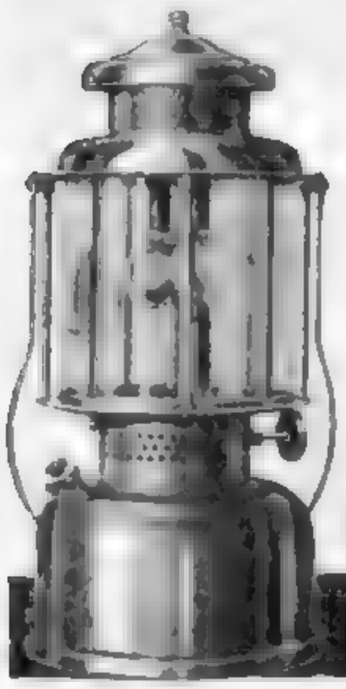
The Quick-Lite Lamp is handsomely designed and attractive in appearance. An ornament in any room. Thousands of owners say it is the finest reading lamp ever invented. *Guaranteed 5 Years.*



The Coleman Quick-Lite Lantern is a regular day-light maker. It's certainly the farmer's friend. Lights up any job, anywhere, at night. Supplied with special bracket for use on tractor for night plowing, for motor truck or wagon. Storm proof and bug proof. Mica globe. Can't blow out. Made of brass and steel, heavily nickeled. Will last for years. A Quick-Lite Lantern in the henhouse for longer feeding hours, morning and night, increases egg yield.

15,000 DEALERS sell Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants. If yours can't supply you, write nearest house, Dept. P-I.

The Coleman Lamp Company

Largest Manufacturers of Gasoline Lamps in the World

Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas Los Angeles Chicago

(Continued from Page 108)

The demand for typists is an excellent illustration. Many an ambitious girl studies stenography before seeking a position, as the best preparation for a business career. Proficiency can hardly be acquired under six months; but with two weeks' steady practice in typewriter operation alone the same girl could qualify as a typist and land a job. It would pay only about half the wages of a capable stenographer, but for every stenographer employed to-day there are at least five typists—girls proficient in copying, writing combination form letters, entering, billing and like work.

Chicago hires typists by dozens and hundreds, because it does most of the paper work for half the West. A great mail-order house receives hundreds of thousands of orders and letters daily from customers who are served by a girl behind a typewriter instead of a counter. Every step in filling an order or supplying information is reduced to rigid routine, and hundreds of girls are employed for the copying, entering, accounting, checking, addressing, and so forth. Good crops, harvest money, or even an early spring that makes the little red hen begin laying two weeks ahead of time, will fill the mail-order store with invisible customers, creating a demand for several hundred additional typists. Even in dull times, when stenographers may have to seek work, typists are pretty certain to be needed. So while stenography gives girls its special advantages for advancement, plain typing is good equipment for the beginner. She can be earning money within a month, and support herself while learning stenography.

Ingenious Office Machines

Even simpler jobs have been created the past ten years by the increase in office machinery—machines that add, address, make out bills and checks, punch holes in cards for statistical and accounting purposes. Bill Smith, telephone lineman, goes out into the field and does a repair job, turning in his report. A girl puts a card in a punching machine, and by jabbing eight or ten keys records everything Bill Smith did on that job. One hole represents his badge number, another the district in which he worked, another the time he spent, and others the kinds and quantities of material used, the kind and condition of damaged material replaced, the cost of the job, the account to which it is to be charged, the date. Another girl takes these cards and puts them through sorting machines, and still another files them. In the files they repose until certain routine information is compiled to show the month's activities. Then other girls take the cards out and run them through tabulating machines, which give information in dozens of ingenious combinations.

Tabulated one way, the total repair work for the month appears in figures; and in other ways the month's repair work in each district, the cost, amount of material used, amount of material scrapped or anything you please. The system will report upon Bill Smith for any week or month in the year, or furnish a complete inventory of that plant any time it is needed.

The quantity production of automobiles is wonderful, but not a bit more wonderful than the quantity production of information by which business now does its office work and supervision. The bank clears its checks and balances individual depositors' accounts by machinery; the trolley company tabulates its fares and counts its nickels by machinery; the newspaper and magazine keep track of subscribers by machinery; the pay roll is made up and wages handed out in machine-made checks—and the human equation is ninety per cent feminine.

Were it necessary to do such work by hand and brain, instead of key and carbon, there would be no two-dollar magazines or dollar gas or ten-cent kilowatts or five-cent telephone calls. A rigidly limited amount of accounting, tabulating and billing would have to be done by trained men, intent chiefly upon preventing errors; whereas with machinery and the minimum of training and special tasks, Jennie and Lizzie, just out of school, run machines, and the machines check and cross-check Lizzie against Jennie.

The demand is ever for girls, girls, girls—schoolgirls, farm girls, home girls; girls of fourteen, sixteen, twenty; serious girls, giddy girls, ambitious girls; plain, pretty, plodders, clock watchers. With new devices constantly increasing the quantity output of routine work and information, and the average working career limited to a few years, it sometimes seems to the office manager as though there were not enough girls in the world.

War opened up many new office jobs for women. Until bank employees were drafted it was exceptional to see women in tellers' cages checking deposits on adding machines, counting cash, verifying balances and doing other bank chores. But the girls were tried and trained and made good—and in many cases stayed. To-day it is the bank without them that is exceptional. Girls were enlisted for clerical work in government service, not merely in Washington by the thousands, but in war organizations all over the country, dealing with food, fuel, munitions, shipbuilding. Scarcity of experienced clerical workers led many a home girl to take a government job, and in most cases to keep on working afterward In Washington, when one organization such as the Food Administration reduced its forces, new places were available in the Census Bureau, Internal Revenue Department, the War Risk Insurance organization, and other places where Uncle Sam was hiring instead of firing; or they sought jobs where their experience could be applied in the business world.

War also made more factory jobs, and better. There had always been a psychological dead line beyond which women were seldom allowed to go in most industries. Sometimes a given class of work seemed too complicated for the feminine temperament; too heavy, exacting, dangerous. Occasionally a superintendent or foreman admitted that girls could master such work with proper training, but doubted whether it would pay to teach them in view of the short period spent by the average girl in industry. In far more cases girls were not thought about at all in connection with tasks beyond the dead line. But the general scarcity of workers forced cutting and trying along new lines, with the outcome that girls made good nine times in ten, and to-day are holding their own in many new factory occupations.

Women's jobs in department stores and retail business generally are nothing particularly new. Yet a good deal of misunderstanding concerning them still exists, both as to the nature of the work and the opportunities for advancement. Shop girls are popularly supposed to be giddy, poorly paid, under constant temptation, at the beck and call of finicky customers, with little skill or technical knowledge and few chances to rise as business women. Investigation of a good department-store organization would dispel such notions.

Department-Store Work

One of the most representative stores in the country is a Chicago establishment. Its sales force is largely recruited from the nice home girls, who on leaving school apply for positions with the consent of their parents, because dad does business with that concern and knows its people and standards. One of the first persons the new girl recruit gets acquainted with is the store chaperon, officially its welfare manager, a middle-aged woman, herself the mother of girls, with a consulting room, a secretary, and wide experience of a store's girl workers and their work in different departments, backed by detailed records. Acquaintance probably begins with a personal chat and suggestions about clothing, diet, health and opportunities. Then the new girl goes to work, learning to sell goods, keep stock in order, wrap purchases, handle cash or records. Whatever her work, there are ways of scoring her efficiency, initiative, accuracy, energy. Through report sheets the welfare manager can see how that girl is getting on, noting progress and shortcomings. Progress may materialize in the shape of a good sales record or a high percentage of accuracy in some other field.

The shopper in a department store sees chiefly its sales people, and has practically no contact with the much larger body of employees who are out of sight, in the buying, receiving, accounting, checking, cash, wrapping, packing, delivery and shipping organization. Shortcomings may show up in tardiness, carelessness, an unsatisfactory sales record. In either case the welfare manager invites the girl to her office for a talk. Producing a praiseworthy sales sheet, she finds out what the girl likes in her work, asks about her methods in selling,

(Continued on Page 113)

NOTE:—This announcement answers two questions that big employers repeatedly ask, viz: (1) What makes LaSalle men so practical? (2) Why don't more men train with LaSalle for the high pay positions in business?

The LaSalle Problem Method

—and how it successfully condenses a lifetime of experience into a few months of study

A question has blocked action on the part of many thoughtful men who were and are sincere in their desire to qualify in high salary fields. They have asked themselves whether training gained at home by correspondence might not prove to be mere "book-learning"—impractical—unmarketable.

We have no fault to find with this question—it is a natural one. The burden of our criticism rests on the man who permits the question to be its own answer, and to block and stop him in his upward climb without seeking further enlightenment.

For, when nearly a quarter of a million men have trained with LaSalle and found bigger, better things through this training, there must be sound reasons for their success.

There *are* reasons. They lie in the LaSalle Problem Method of imparting—not "book-learning" but real, practical, usable business experience.

A knowledge of principles is one thing. The ability to apply and use principles—actually do the work at hand—is another, and the gap between the two is bridged by one factor and one only—EXPERIENCE.

That's why business men place such a premium on experience—it safeguards them against costly experiments.

Suppose you decided to take up as your life work—accountancy, say.

Now stretch your imagination a trifle.

Suppose that through the offices of an influential friend arrangements were made for you to step in and immediately occupy the position you intended training to fill—right in the organization of a big corporation, with a complete department under your orders.

Say that by your side were placed, as your instructors and guides, several high grade accountants—men of national reputation—their sole duty being to train and equip you.

With these men instructing you in proper principles—then you yourself exercising your own judgment in handling transactions and solving problems as they arose in your daily work—do you get the idea? You would be acquiring *experience* right along with the bed-rock fundamentals of the profession.

Sitting in the chair of authority—dealing with actual business—learning by applying what you learned—with experts correcting your errors, commending good work, guiding you aright through the ramifications, routine and emergency situations of the entire accounting field and making you make good every step of the way—mind—not in a class room, but right in a business office where you would be actually doing the work you were training for—

—wouldn't you, at the end of a year or so in *this* situation, be much farther ahead than men who had spent years seeking the same knowledge in the old, hard, "find-out-for-yourself" way?

The LaSalle Problem Method places you in the position you are training for. Big executives coach you in your exercise of judgment and initiative in the actual handling of real business problems. Self-confidence—practical, usable knowledge—all the things born of experience come to you from and thru the LaSalle Problem Method because it makes you an experienced man.

You can answer these questions—your good sense tells you that the situation described would make you a practical man—sure, certain and confident—able and capable of holding down any situation the accounting field offered.

And that is why the LaSalle Problem Method makes practical men. Simply because the procedure outlined above is followed—exactly.

True, you do your work at home. True, the experts who help you are located here in Chicago.

Nevertheless, under the LaSalle Problem Method you are actually occupying the position you are training to fill, whether it be in the accountancy field, or traffic, or business management, or law, or correspondence—irrespective of what you are studying, you are acquiring principles and applying them in actual business under the watchful eyes and helpful guidance of men big in your chosen field.

And when you have completed your LaSalle work, you can truthfully say that you are not only a thoroly trained man, but an *experienced* man—you know the bed-rock principles and you have *used* them all—they are familiar tools in your hands.

A LaSalle man can walk in anywhere with confidence. He does not feel the uncertainty and fear that arise when one faces the new and unknown. Under the Problem Method he has explored his chosen field on his own feet. The questions, the problems, the difficulties—he has met, faced and conquered them all.

His experience makes him know that, altho he may be assuming a new position at higher pay, the duties of that position are an old, familiar story.

Experience is cash capital in business.

There are only two ways to get it:

One is the old, slow, uncertain way. The man who chooses to learn a branch of business by picking it up bit by bit as he goes along, finds the years slip by faster than he thought and sometimes his progress not as sure as he had anticipated. For, all the "bits of knowledge" he sought may not have come his way.

The other road is short, sure and certain. It lies through the Problem Method, exclusive with LaSalle Extension University. This way condenses into the months, experience which it takes most men a lifetime to gain.

There is food for serious thought in the literature that comes when you send the coupon at the bottom of this page.

J. H. Chapline

President LaSalle Extension University, of Chicago, Illinois

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

If you are in earnest when you say to yourself that you must do something to permanently increase your earning capacity—then—check the coupon below in the square opposite that training which appeals most to you. It is a step you will never regret. And it is a step that is one hundred times as hard to make tomorrow as it is to take today. Where's that pen—never mind, a pencil will do just as well.

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Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

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- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ EXPERT BOOKKEEPING: Training for Position as Head Bookkeeper
- ☐ COMMERCIAL SPANISH: Training for positions as Foreign Correspondents with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ COMMERCIAL LAW: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ PERSONNEL AND EMPLOYMENT MANAGEMENT: Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
- ☐ BANKING AND FINANCE: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions
- ☐ BUSINESS ENGLISH: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT EFFICIENCY: Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.
- ☐ BUSINESS LETTER WRITING: Training for positions as Correspondents, Mail Sales Directors and executive letter-writing positions.
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- ☐ C. P. A. COACHING FOR ADVANCED ACCOUNTANTS: In preparation for State Board and Institute Examinations.
- ☐ MODERN FOREMANSHIP: Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Foremen, Sub-Foremen, Contractors, Shop Superintendents, etc.

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Listerine Tooth Paste! Made by the makers of Listerine! It ought to be good, from all you know about Listerine.

And it is good. Good because it's made by the Lambert Pharmacal Company, the makers of Listerine. Good because it contains a pleasant fruit acid—and because a slightly acid paste is best for your teeth.

An acid dentifrice, it is now believed, best maintains the normal flow of saliva. This normal flow of saliva is itself of the utmost natural benefit.

You can understand this easily. Think of lime juice or lemon juice. Your mouth waters copiously; even the thought of these familiar fruit acids "stimulates" your saliva.

Could you have any simpler explanation of why Listerine Tooth Paste is slightly acid? To make your saliva flow freely, and help Nature take care of your mouth.

When the Lambert Pharmacal Company offer you a tooth paste as good in its line as their famous Listerine is in its line, then it's time to try it!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY ☆ SAINT LOUIS U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 110)

and perhaps transfers her to some other department where her ability can be utilized to better advantage. Shortcomings shown up by her record, on the other hand, may bring out a tale of misunderstanding and trouble—the other girls have all the best customers, the department manager does not give her a chance, and so on. In which case the welfare manager begins with punctuality, sensible clothes, regular meals and hours, and helps her to better health and a better psychology.

Wild girls show up in the organization. Their wildness may be largely excess energy, which if properly directed can be transformed into useful work. Through close acquaintance among older girls in every department it is possible to form combinations whereby the ambitious girl, the careless and the wild ones are supervised, helped, trained and developed by their companions. There is also an educational department, where girls study sales methods, merchandise and the technicalities connected with their jobs.

Retail opportunity is really fivefold. Handing five-and-ten-cent-store merchandise over a counter might be considered the very beginning of sales work, the lowest rung in the ladder. But it is a real beginning. The rung is accessible to the merest novice, and the ladder goes high. Through experience with people as they come to the counters and sections of retail stores many a girl has learned to sell other things, in different fields, in bigger units. The next opportunity in retail work is the buying of merchandise, with all that means in technical knowledge, appraisal of values, materials, manufacturing methods, fashions and novelties. Third comes management—the handling of a single department or a big retail business, recruiting an organization of employees, directing policy, finance. Fourth, there is advertising, nowadays a branch of business in itself, and one peculiarly attractive to women. Finally, there is the side of accounts and records, in which the simply typing or filing job may lead to good positions in accounting, credits or the creative record keeping which is becoming more vital to business every day.

For the boy the city has been made attractive and his path there easier by the expanding success and how-to literature of the past fifteen years. For the girl, however, there is not nearly so much written along these lines. Even though successful in business, reporters and magazine authors still regard her as a crowing hen and qualify their accounts of her success by carefully explaining that she is still feminine—which is about as soothing as a red rag to a turkey gobbler. A boy's career in office work, factory supervision, salesmanship, engineering or any other line is blazed with guideposts, each step being explained in a copious technical literature. But girls still go it blind, more or less. Authors seem to pay scant attention to their opportunities in industry—how a girl is to land a job, do her work, and the why and wherefore generally which would enable her to grasp principles and advance by brains as well as dexterity. Her average working career is short.

Advancement Must be Earned

"Even the best of them up and marry" is the skeptical attitude toward feminine ability, borne out by the disappearance into home life of yesterday's conspicuously successful business women. Therefore a woman must fight harder to rise to executive positions.

The business world still insists upon teaching her detached tasks and routine jobs, paying little attention to the broad technical principles that would help her rise and perhaps persuade her to stay longer. If she becomes a forewoman, superintendent or office manager it is probably because she demonstrates unusual ability; whereas with men advancement is often a matter of time and seniority.

A girl can often beat a man, not simply in routine work requiring dexterity and patience, but by bringing her own ability into some field which has been regarded as peculiarly masculine.

In the introduction of electrical conveniences into homes, for example, a public-service company found that its salesmen were thoroughly effective in placing electric ranges, washing machines, vacuum cleaners and other apparatus of considerable cost, because these devices carried the best profit margin with the highest salaries and commissions. But they neglected the small conveniences, like flatirons, percolators and toasters, selling for a few dollars; it took a great many calls and sales to roll up a good week's income, and the kind of salesman satisfied to plug along on small appliances was seldom capable of selling anything else. These appliances were grouped separately, and girls and women hired to push them systematically. The community was divided into districts for house-to-house canvassing. Each member of the feminine sales force got a moderate weekly salary, a sales commission for each appliance placed and so much percentage on additional current consumption resulting from her work.

Starting out in the morning with a pack of record cards showing past and potential customers in given territory, she patiently went from house to house, sticking to routine as she would have stuck to a gauging job in a factory. It was practically a gauging job, because investigation of electrical appliances already in use and reports upon those which were not working satisfactorily came ahead of actual selling. But this straight plugging and feminine patience with small things showed results far beyond anything that had ever been attempted by the male sales force, and acquaintance and confidence developed thereby led to many installations of larger appliances.

The Value of Patience

Psychologists have diligently sought for differences between men and women, measuring intellectual faculties, vision, taste, smell, hearing, color perception and the like. Mighty few have been found; it is a daring psychologist indeed who will say of a given human trait "This is a feminine trait" or "That is distinctly masculine—women never do it." Scientific tests of motor ability show that men have greater muscular strength, more endurance, are able to move a little faster and make movements slightly more precise. But women have finer discrimination in color and musical tone. Men are probably more ingenious, and women possibly superior in memory, and perhaps in associative thinking—and so forth. Probably, possibly, presumably, perhaps! The more science investigates the more carefully it hedges.

But in the world of woman's work sex differences have become as definite as black and white, and utilized to the advantage of business and herself. If science would drop its motor-ability apparatus for a while, and hold the stop watch on some such trait as patience, it would be verifying results long ago arrived at by business, and perhaps indicate broader lines along which business can apply characteristic feminine abilities.

The first telephone operators were boys, with voices at about the cracking age. But boys were distracted by the heavy traffic pressure and sassed the indignant subscriber. Then girls were substituted. They were not only patient and soft-spoken themselves but the public became more patient and soft-spoken with them. Women are supposed to be tensely personal—unable to handle things in a detached, impersonal way. But telephone experience has demonstrated that they manage the public more impersonally on telephone switchboards than male operators, carrying out day by day, without a lapse, no matter what the pressure or provocation, the standard telephone operating routine, which confines them to half a dozen phrases, like "Number, please?" Men make the routine, but women carry it on.

Patience as a stop-watch faculty could unquestionably be measured and women found superior in places like complaint departments, adjustment bureaus, information booths, ticket windows and similar departments of business organization. A big city bank began advertising for new savings depositors some years ago, centering upon factory districts and foreign quarters. Men taken from tellers' cages in the commercial department were distracted by the kind of people who came to open new savings accounts, for a five or ten dollar deposit often involved detailed explanation of banking methods and rules. The new depositors drove men crazy, and men tellers awed depositors or aroused their suspicion. When women were substituted on that side of the bank, with their patience, sympathy and attention to small details, everybody was happy; depositors were handled more quickly and, most important

-does he go out?

Would you concede the game to him if you had bid "three" and needed "three" to go out?

THERE is only one way to verify your opinion on card questions—refer to "The Official Rules of Card Games"—Hoyle up-to-date. Gives rules for playing 300 games, including the new code of Auction Bridge.

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Their air-cushion finish makes shuffling easy, dealing accurate. Their large indexes eliminate eye-strain. The quality of material used in their manufacture enables them to stand hard usage. Neither care nor expense is spared in their production. Our enormous output makes possible their low cost to you.

Congress Playing Cards, finished with gold edges and full color art backs, are designed for festive occasions. They are ideal for prizes and gifts.

Give a Revelation Card Party

At gatherings where guests are not well acquainted, nothing produces animated conversation more quickly than a fortune teller. Everyone begins to compare prophecies with his neighbor and build fanciful plans for acquiring great fame and wealth. You can learn quickly to "read the future" with Revelation Fortune Telling Cards. Two styles, one color back, 75c; full color back, gold edges, $1.00. In Canada, $1 and $1.50. At your dealer's or postpaid.

Learn "Auction Bridge" in one evening

You can learn Auction Bridge easily by reading Mr. R. F. Foster's new pamphlet. He tells the rules and points of the game very simply. We will enclose it free, to anyone sending 20 cents for the revised edition of "The Official Rules of Card Games."

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9091—What Will You Do With Jesus. Ethel Toms and Robert Carr. Contralto and Baritone Duet—Orch. Acc.
Hold Thou My Hand. Robert Carr, Baritone—Orchestra Accompaniment $1 00
4648—The Hula Blues (Fox Trot)
Annie My Own (Novelty Fox Trot) Ruderman's Orchestra . . . . . $ 85
4649—Broadway Rose. Sam Ash, Tenor—Orchestra Acc
Rose of My Heart. Ernest Davis, Tenor—Orch. Acc $ 85
2588—One Day Nearer Home. Helen Tobin and John Perry, Contralto and Tenor Duet—Orchestra Acc
The Ninety and Nine. Robert Carr, Baritone—Orchestra Accompaniment $1 25
2584—Grande Overture "1812" Part I (Tschaikowsky)
Grande-Overture 1812 Part II (Tschaikowsky)
His Majesty's Scots Guards Band $1 25
2510—Selections From Faust, Part I (Gounod)
Selections From Faust, Part II (Gounod) His Majesty's Scots Guards Band $1 25
4647—Feather Your Nest (Fox Trot) Joseph Knecht's Waldorf Astoria Dance Orchestra
I Love The Land Of Old Black Joe Medley. Overture—Intro. My Little Buckeye Yankee Jazzarimba Orchestra . . . . . $ 85

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of all, new savings accounts showed subsequent growth, indicating satisfaction with and confidence in the bank.

A woman's capacity for loyalty is so definite that the business world often gives her positions of trust without security, where men in the same places would be bonded. The defaulting and absconding woman employee is exceedingly rare. Not all business contingencies can be insured with a fidelity bond. No such protection is possible with confidential business information, for example. Business leaks through the disclosure or sale of correspondence, records and secrets are common in the news of the day; but that sort of faithlessness is exceedingly rare among women—almost invariably the treacherous file clerk or private secretary is a man. Women have better memories than men, greater capacity for feeling, greater stability, closer concentration on familiar routine, a sure-fire sense of humor when a cloud passes over the sun, better judgment of people, and other faculties which business recognizes and utilizes, though it may be intuitively.

These faculties are constantly widening feminine opportunities and creating whole fields of employment characteristically feminine.

From the first spear-carrying job of the green miss just out of school and short dresses to an executive position, or a business for herself, there is open to woman not merely a road but a constantly growing highway system through all industries. The number of lady blacksmiths and stone cutters at the last census was limited, but we had a few. Women had not yet appeared in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, police force, fire department, a locomotive cab, structural iron crew or boiler works; but that was ten years ago—probably the new census will show them in all these occupations, just because no woman was doing it.

Woman is not only drifting to the cities but setting them in order and making a new environment therein for herself and arriving sisters. The boy who drifted to town any time these two past generations has been elaborately taken care of, with clubs, gymnasiums, entertainments, night classes and organizations for making friends, finding playmates and getting on. But girls' needs along the same lines have been rather neglected until recently.

Housing the Girls

Philadelphia's experience during the war is a handy illustration. There were thousands of Quaker City girls and women at work before the war in offices, shops and factories; but they lived at home, had their own friends, interests, church and social connections, recreations, sports, meeting places. War picked up green country girls by handfuls, along with clerical and industrial workers from other cities, and dropped them into the town's expanding war activities. Stenographers, typists, clerks, secretaries, shop assistants, mill and factory operatives arrived on every train. Uncle Sam's shipbuilding organization was moved up bodily from Washington in army trucks, setting its files and typewriters down on a magic carpet, between Saturday night and Monday morning, with the filing girls and stenographers. Boarding houses and furnished rooms filled up and overflowed, restaurants stood people in line at lunch and dinner hours, theaters were crowded. Quaker City women drawn from their homes into war work suddenly discovered that the town lacked living quarters, meeting places and facilities for these newcomers to get together.

There were institutions like the Young Women's Christian Association, maintained with some vague idea of providing for strangers, but when the war workers poured in, these institutions were swamped and did not come within a hundred miles of meeting the situation.

Two immediate needs were imperative—not theories, but crying conditions—decent places for the girl workers to live, and teamwork in bringing them together so they could develop their own recreations.

A big, old-fashioned residence near the downtown section was vacant. This was leased by a group of society women and turned into a Y clubhouse. Bedrooms were fitted up on the upper floors and let at reasonable rates, while the ground floor was turned into a restaurant and lounge, with books, music, magazines. Brought together on the primitive basis of shelter, food and companionship, the girls quickly began to do the rest. Little knots and groups formed along lines of office acquaintance, sports and common interests. When a crowd of that sort came together spontaneously, it was encouraged to organize, electing officers and planning recreations. It might be the Sunday Hike Club, the Maple Leaf Guild, the Seven Seas Sorority—any live interest sufficed. With regular officers and by-laws, the girls could choose their own associates and interests.

In a little while these clubs inside a club, with hobbies ranging from outdoor sports to highbrow things like books and music, were so effective in providing interests that the startled society women found the girls were living too much to themselves, seldom seeing young men. So dances were organized, and a parlor set apart for Jill to receive Jack. Housing congestion not only in Philadelphia, but practically everything that draws girls into industry and business life, has made this problem of meeting places acute. Formerly the boarding house had its parlor where young people could meet, but rising rents and the overwhelming demand for rooms have practically abolished this institution in most cities. The parlor, too, contributes its revenue, and so is rented, and young people are practically driven into the streets.

Recreation Places Needed

Places where young men can get together are fairly plentiful in our cities and industrial centers; but places where girls can have their sports, feasts and talk fests are still lacking, along with places for dances and other gatherings of both sexes. The girls themselves are taking hold of this problem in many cases, providing their own recreation; but they need leadership and help in financing.

Several of these clubs were established during the war, and have been continued as permanent institutions. The war-working girl who drifted to the city has remained in industry. These clubhouses are necessary and are rapidly growing in number and size throughout the country wherever working women need them. Apart from rooms, meals and associates, there are other attractions. First of all in popularity come sports, the gym and especially the swimming pool. After-work school facilities come pretty near being second, and the girl who goes to work suddenly finds practical uses for education, making good shortcomings in the three R's, and studying stenography, typing, accounting, foreign languages. Plain English is one of the courses in greatest demand, while a knowledge of Spanish or French added to stenography may mean promotion as private secretary to an export manager or profitable work in translating letters.

Wild oats are rather a common crop among the girls who drift to cities. But the crop is economic, seldom moral. Leaving home and restraint, earning her own livelihood and living her own life, with not very much in the way of standards to guide her, the country grub begins turning herself into a city butterfly. However, there is seldom anything very wicked about such extravagance. More often it represents the desire for a broader and more interesting life and appreciation of pretty things, without the balance of perspective and experience.

In practically every big railroad terminal through which girls pass on their road to the opportunity and excitement of the cities a National Travelers' Aid organization maintains representatives day and night, ready to deal with anything out of the ordinary. Runaway girls as well as boys, hardly in their teens, turn up on their way to the Indian hunting grounds of the West—to the girls the West now means moviedom and its alluring careers. Older girls, lured to the city on some suspicious quest, occasionally need help in untangling themselves. Girls of weak mentality wander to the city occasionally, and not long ago a runaway girl of eighty-odd years turned up in an Eastern city, bent on freedom and a career—she had escaped from a lunatic asylum. But one year with another, the proportion of runaway and moonstruck girls drifting to the cities is small. The great normal tide passes without incident or interruption, enters business and industry in constantly increasing numbers, learns its job, does its work and gains experience that is afterward useful. For these are Grandma Witt's bright girls—they are not being left behind this generation!

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THE MOTHER AND HER BOY

(Continued from Page 10)

Even without the female replica of button-nose and sway-jaw, you knew the other mother belonged to Peter. By the anguish in her wretched, wabbly, teary face, the tremor of her black cotton gloves, by the fanatic adoration she turned on the window aperture when Peter's buckwheat stubble filled it, by the ditto of primal loathing directed there when Mabel blushed instead. She was so completely a spectacle of dole and woe that I felt like getting out to comfort her. For after all there was comfort to offer. She had had Peter to herself longer than any other mother in history. The longevity of modern boyhood is without parallel. In Sparta she would have lost her son at six; her pioneer grandmothers lost him in the later teens, boys of eighteen and nineteen striking out on their own, marrying, beginning family life. Her great-great-grandmothers of the dark Paleolithic times lost him utterly at puberty. At fourteen years he was initiated; he dwelt apart for a space, was painted with stripes and emblems befitting manhood, had sundry of his teeth knocked out to proclaim his estate, and thereafter his mother had as much claim and influence upon him as an aged barnyard hen has upon the proud new cockerel that salutes his first sun. The mother of to-day—especially of the moderately well-to-do class, where he is protected from a too-early contact with the pay envelope, where the college career is a natural conclusion—has very special privileges if she chooses to exercise them. She can keep her boy to the limit of the biological possibility, if she wishes, and bring to the finest flower such influences as are properly hers. What these influences are is meat for much careful thought.

Unchangeable Clay

My personal platform in this matter is stated in a paradox. I believe a mother cannot do very much for her boy and I believe she can do a great deal. The first half of the paradox represents her reaction to his heredity, over which she has no control whatever; the second is, of course, his adaptation to environment—that adaptation which we all of us make if we are to live in and with society at all, and in the making of which the mother is of invaluable assistance to the son.

Woman is the world's greatest sculptor. The thing she sculps, by preference, is a man. When she has a son she sculps him; if not—or perhaps also—she sculps a husband. Most men will verify this. She has accomplished some wonderful things by this predilection for the molding thumb. She has molded civilization to a large extent; has given it handkerchiefs, napkins, plumbing and religion; and she has done wonders with her plastic human material. At least men tell her so.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

"All great men have good mothers."

I am willing to concede that I and all other mothers can perhaps shape and mold. But we cannot alter by a scintilla the clay in which we work. This was mixed for us in the beginning of time, and offers set and rigid barriers to our interference. When we overstep or ignore these we become not sculptors but meddlers. Here are two verses from a poem by Hilda Hall that exactly fit the question of the boy to my mind:

He, though in making, still
Is in himself complete;
An elemental trill
Echoes behind his feet,

Inviolate even after
Ages of dissenting tongues;
He is incarnate laughter,
Lifting from Time's deep lungs.

In order to know how far we may impress—at what point impression becomes cutting or gouging—we must give some thought to this matter of a son's fundamental qualities and composition. In order to avoid rushing in where angels fear to tread, and invading a personality whereby we make the havoc of a bull in a china shop; in order to know when to lay our hands on him and when to lay off and let him alone, we must take definite account of the mysterious limitations offered to us in his heredity.

Mothers seldom think very far along this line. They do not consider the problem of a boy's inheritance except in terms of his parents or grandparents. If he has blue eyes, they are "like mine"; if he stamps and cries and refuses to yield, "John is so bull-headed"; if he is acquisitive, "Uncle Will was so saving"; or if he has an angelic disposition, "I was never any trouble to mother." If he is given to a liking for solitude or fits of brooding, "I can't understand where he gets it, neither of us is like that. You'd think he was somebody else's child."

She forgets that the little bundle of energy she holds in her arms and which she fondly believes she has created, is the whole human race, with the history of its struggle and evolution on its back. That it is a bundle of separable and dissociate personalities which must try to live in one human house—and whom here and there, along the line, she will meet cropping out occasionally; not necessarily Great-uncle Henry, who was a saint in the church in a boiled shirt and gold fob, but perhaps one Sieur Guillaume, a swashbuckling, footless adventurer who fought for Henry of Navarre; or one Viretti, an Italian killer whose dirk was for sale in the fifth century and who died on the gibbet. "My child! I guess not! We were always respectable!" Or Ossian, a scrambling red-bearded poet of the Celtic moss bogs; or Tintagl, newly got up off all fours in a cave in Finland, who fought his enemies with a club of mastodon bone.

I think I can safely state that she will meet Tintagl rather oftener than any of the others.

But at any rate her boy is somebodies' darling—a whole flock of 'em. She cannot alter this. The predominance, the interplay, the synchronization of his heredity is predetermined for her, ruled by the chemistry of his being; his choices along temperamental lines are all fixed, deep-laid within him, like hidden mines; and she must accept and exercise a wise noninterference here.

It is just this that is so difficult for some women. They cannot let their children alone and accept this fact. No woman can make water flow uphill. No woman can make a fiddler son out of a mechanic, nor a sanguine lad from a nervous type; no woman can make a sissy out of a fighter—sissies are born and reënforced, not made; and finally her most common error—no woman can make a son fall in love with a blonde if his love image is a brunette. She may accomplish these things in semblance, but in reality she effects only tragedy.

She will cause "concert" and "curse" to sound like the same word in a son's ears; she will drive a nervous temperament to repressions that will take toll in a hidden neurosis; she will make miserable a boy trying to stifle his natural impulses for valor in obeying her foolish ladylike inhibitions; she will accomplish a son's marriage to the wife she picks, but marital fidelity will be a lifelong secret burden to him.

Intelligent Guidance

She has in reality altered not one least fundamental quality of his composition.

I repeat that she cannot do anything with the contour her boy's heredity assumes—that her only field of success in molding or shaping lies in adapting this heredity, this essential composition of him, to the demands of the world he is living in.

How will she do this? She will not do it all. She will teach him to do it. She will help him to help himself.

I believe this is the only way in which a mother can intelligently shape a son's life. He has come to her, full of curious undeveloped potentialities, without conscious memory or knowledge of life. His mother is to be his guide. She has been over these paths before—up to a point her experience in life coincided with the paths his feet will take. Beyond that she can offer him vicarious experience, through her imagination, her contact with literature and history. She has evolved out of her experience and observation a sum total of expediency. She has learned the interrelation of cause and effect. She has learned that fire burns; that honesty is the best policy; that you've got to think of the other fellow.

These things she must show him—not merely in a sort of patina, a veneering made out of a lot of precepts and an eternal milling of talk. He is from Missouri! He must

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see them for himself. I believe the arbitrary imposition of ideals, of fixed principles and rules, is meaningless. The appeal must be made through a boy's reason. A mother must give his budding intelligence the proper food, answering his questions—and there will be one or two!—to the extremest reach of her human capacity. He is a newly arrived visitor, and is full of interest in the customs of the country he has come to.

She must acquaint the boy with certain forces he carries in himself—with, principally, the three that will carry him to and through a successful career: his will power, his bodily vitality, his courage. She should let him understand by simple, practical demonstration on his own part, that his will is something that grows strong with use; that it may be an instrument to befriend or rend him; that it is like a small plant germ intrusted to him, which he can cultivate to a strong stalwart growth. I think the development of a boy's will power and the line of its growth lie largely in a mother's keeping.

She must teach good body ideals—a standard of health and cleanliness, of respect for his physical well-being; that violation of this standard in any way will undermine him in all his powers.

She must teach him the principles of courage—to draw on his reserve fund of nerve—to believe in himself and his own strength. That like old Cyrano de Bergerac he must wear a white plume on the top of his hat, that others seeing it in the fray may know he is of high heart and good spirit.

These issues, ultimately of vital importance, are laid over a long trail of little inconsequent daily happenings. The dose of ugly-tasting medicine —

"Now which one of you two is going to thrash the other? Can you conquer this medicine and swallow it, bad as it tastes, or will it conquer you and make you yell and run?"

"You've had enough cake, but you can have more if you're willing to take a chance on being sick for the picnic to-morrow." Or "The boy is only bullying you. Don't be afraid to pass his house. If he rushes out at you, stand up to him. You can let him have it. You're as strong as he."

With such prosaic bricks is a boy's character built and the best tone given to his morale. He can be let to understand that he is like a car—assembled of different parts; that according to his manner of assembling them he will be a beautiful, strong, high-powered racer reaching any goal; or a fussy, panting, second-rate also-ran. In short, a mother sets her boy an ideal working pattern of himself. It is a platitude to say that this is her job. It always has been, it always will be. He may not approximate it—being a finite human thing like herself—but if she doesn't give it to him the chances are no one else will.

The Cult of the Child

A crime very commonly committed by mothers is the attempt to live a son's life for him. This was even commoner a generation or two ago than to-day. This was a period when boys ran away from home, when parents spoke of breaking a child's will.

Visitors in the plush and horsehair glories of Victorian parlors surveying modest little flights of graduated progeny talked quite over the child's head. When the little maids had had their chins chucked and the little men—there were no little boys—had had the shape of their heads admired, it was the parent who was asked next—"And what are you going to make of Charles or Loren or Dick or Harry?" And the parent was usually ready.

"We are thinking of letting Charles study for the ministry," or "Loren writes a very good hand; we shall probably make a lawyer of him."

All Charley or Loren had to do was to look pleasant. There was no juvenile referendum or recall. Parents worked under a me-und-Gott complex

To-day the pendulum has swung the other way. There are a number of us who will say that when Victorians went out and children came in, we got the lid off too far. We set up the cult of the child with such fury and ardor, and repudiated so violently everything our grandmothers believed in, that he is by way of riding us with a high hand. It is true that we think our grandmothers knew very little about children. They underbathed them and fed them pie and rocked them to sleep and let them wear their adenoids, and were generally quite shocking. On the other hand they paid attention to certain things we do not bother with. They worried a lot about their children's souls and thought a great deal about a child's manner—his ideals of courtesy, reverence and consideration for others the very bed rock of the word "gentleman" in the finest sense. We are not so concerned with these things. We go in for a rather Greek worship of the body.

We formula and protein and serum and orthodontia and tonsil and sleeping-porch our boy. We don't bother greatly about his soul. Our ideals tend toward his more material success, and we are content with the manners the dancing school may teach him. We have swung the pendulum almost to complete reverse, and indeed if the Boy Scout movement had not called our attention a few years ago to certain neglected salt-of-the-earth ideas of the past—this same courtesy, thoughtfulness, kindliness to others—we should have gone on placidly letting self-expression in our young godlings turn them into as pretty a lot of unlicked noisy young cubs as ever was. Mothers are beginning to realize that not everything they rejected was despicable, and more and more they will attempt to modify their ideas of what is necessary to well-rounded development for a boy.

But there is one point where many mothers are still closely if unconsciously allied with very old-fashioned ideas, and that is on the question of vocational or avocational choices for a son—in their willingness to live a son's life for him.

A Persistent Fallacy

This occurs especially often where a parent has been denied certain greatly desired things in his youth and has now the opportunity to compensate himself vicariously by presenting them to his son. "I always wanted to study music, but couldn't. So I'm starting Alfred right in at six. If I keep at him he can do all the things I couldn't." It makes no difference that Alfred is a heaven-born naturalist with a passion for toads, spiders and hellgramites; he will have to writhe his way through endless scales and arpeggios to materialize a lost maternal dream. "Ever since Floyd had the influenza," a mother said to me lately, "he has turned against his violin. He is crazy about reading and doesn't want to practice at all. But I tell him he's got to put himself down to it; it means too much to me."

The last clause covers the whole philosophy of this type of mother.

"I never got less than ninety in history, but Ralph does dreadfully in it. I can't see why. He's forever making something with wires and strings and wheels." Here the naturalist, the littérateur, the mechanical engineer will no doubt triumph. They will rebel and find themselves, as the phrase goes, but what a lot of energy is wasted forcing them meanwhile to a futile peonage to adult desires.

If my boy has no taste for music or is tone-deaf, what does it matter to me that Mrs. Other-Woman's little Garfield can perform In a Little Cottage Near a Wood on the piano or cello? Let him. I'd as lief force my son to become a proficient on the jew's-harp. I'd get better results, I think. He will have something to balance this shortcoming. Let me find it.

"Ah, but that's the point!" a mother cries. "I can't find out what Stewart's talents are or what he is tending toward. He hasn't any talent. I might as well make him do something."

It is quite true that it is simpler for some mothers than others. Very easy, for example, for Hercules' mother, finding the choked serpents in his baby hands, to surmise that he would head the strong-arm squad; or the mother of Handel, lighting her lanthorn at night and discovering her son at the spinet, to predict his musicianly qualities.

But even the boy without the sharply defined talent or bent will offer straws to show which way the wind blows if he is given the chance. I believe it is the mother's part to offer it—through tolerance, patience, respect for his individuality.

Some time ago Sonny traded in for a wonderful brass horse. It had pawed and snorted for many a year on somebody's onyx clock, and had lost its rider's arm. It was dear and beautiful and sparkling, and presently convoyed by him to that special

(Continued on Page 121)

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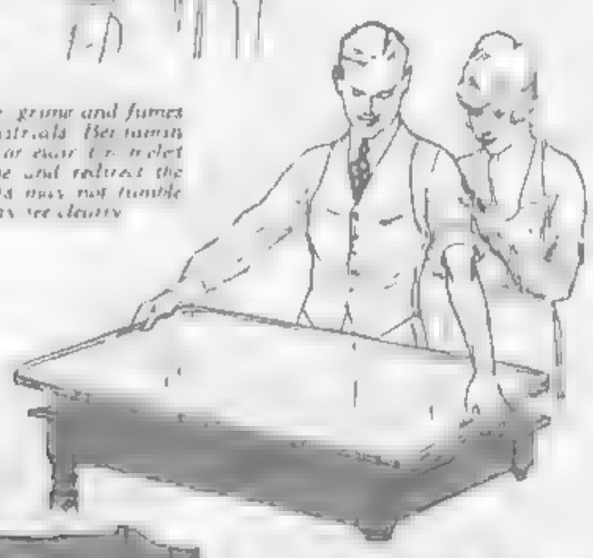

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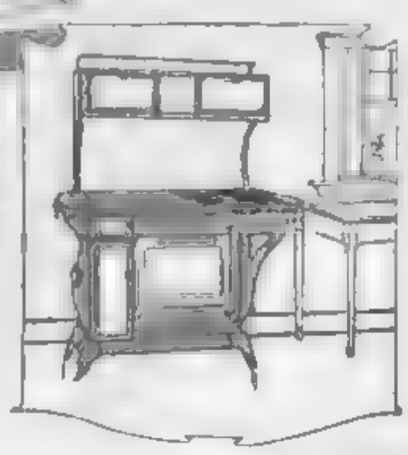

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(Continued from Page 118)

sanctum where, under the collector's complex in which we are living at present, he keeps an Eden Musée of strange, anomalous objects, arranged according to his own ideas, in a hair-raising violation of female order.

An innocent charwoman, misunderstanding her instructions, ventured to lay sacrilegious hands on this collection and arrange it to something a feminine mind could understand. Sonny entered the room as she was finishing. His reaction was instantaneous, instinctive and universal to all males, similarly outraged. He released Tintagl from his Finnish cave, and with a cry, part sob, part scream, part battle cry, seized the brass horse and fell upon the offender.

It was, of course, a shocking affair. We had to use a firm hand and drive Grandpa Tintagl back to his lair. We had to show him that ladies, however offending, must not be beaten with brass horses; but on the other hand we had to concede the violation of certain sacred rights.

It is this sort of arbitration that whitens the maternal hair and qualifies her to wear the legal woolsack, but I believe it pays her enormous dividends in the end. I might add that in my own family the filial straws point to a junk-dealer's career at present. I have no objection in the world. Did I not painfully carry but last spring the precious, moss-covered, time-blanched skull of a long defunct bullock over better than two miles of rubbly hill country road, and only yesterday dismount from my car to assist in looting an aged mashed tin Lizzie, extracting therefrom two rusty piston rings. I have no objection to a career in junk or museum pieces.

The Home Complex

I am reminded of the Greek philosopher who asked his son, "And what dost thou wish to be when thou art a man?"

"I will clean the streets of Athens," the little fellow answered.

"See then that thou clean them better than anyone else has done."

If we concede that a mother can help her son lay the foundations of a good character, establish a strong and healthy body, develop an ideal of gentlehood and let him bring forward freely those personal and mental traits which will indicate his future vocation, the question arises, For how long shall she attempt this assistance? Shall she carry her work forward through his adolescence or turn it over to another—to the head master and the preparatory school?

Economic pressure settles this question for a wide range of mothers, for whom the vocational school or the industry becomes the final molding influence of her son's youthful life; but where the college or university impends for the son of the house the agitation of this question becomes exceedingly relevant.

For a parent too indifferent or too busy to keep closely in touch with a boy passing through the delicate adjustive years of puberty, for a parent who is an awful example or who has failed utterly to help the boy make the first necessary adjustments in self-knowledge I have mentioned—a boy who has, so to speak, become a handful—the preparatory school is the logical solution. It stands in such cases *in loco parentis*, and is the best remedy for these conditions.

But for the family with an ideal of self-control, consideration for others, respect for true American culture and an appreciation of genuine aristocracy—those finer personal qualities that do not impinge on birth or place—I believe the preparatory school has nothing to offer.

I hear dissenting cries.

"Break the home complex," says the psychoanalyst. "Cut the apron strings; get the boy on his own," says the self-made man who slept in a packing box and peddled newspapers for his start. And admirers of the British Empire cry: "How could the British ever have colonized the world without the initiative and daring developed by the breaking of early ties through the boarding-school system?"

I will not debate the last question, though prepared to suggest certain irrelevant facts as to geographical compression, the inspiration to imagination of a small country surrounded by the sea; but if the home means an apron string or a sheath of cotton wool I agree with the first two. Home is not a place in which to tie up a boy or unduly to protect him—it is a place merely to prepare him. The right sort of home will do this. I do not agree with the psychoanalyst anyhow. You can break "a" home complex but never "the" home complex. It is an abiding symbol to man and accompanies him to the last years of his life, when, like a tired child, he reaches out for something to go home to. I notice that men who slept in packing boxes and peddled newspapers are apt to pity themselves, and it was a man with no home at all and consequently no complex who wrote the greatest song about it of all time—John Howard Payne, who wrote Home, Sweet Home. The instinct for home life, for the family relation, is an inherent, deep-laid one, and indestructible in its general aspect. Why then attempt to destroy it, untimely, in the particular image? That this is a needlessly painful and cruel process is borne out by the sort of letters young lads write home; by the revelation highly organized, sensitive boys will make:

"*Dearest Father and Dearest Mother:* I pray to you to let me come home. I have cried for three days. I cannot study. I am sick."

"*Dear Mother:* Well, here I am at school. I am not very well. How is the dog? I wish I could see you and father. The teachers are nice, but I do not like it but I will try to study. I wish I could see you and father."

"*Dear Father and Mother:* I am writing to ask you to let me come home. There is nothing wrong with this school and the people are nice but I would like to of waited another year before going. I can't seem to get my mind on my lessons or to sleep well."

These are, of course, reactions from boys sent away very young; but even at an age when the emotions are concealed and phlegm and stoicism courted there is often a bitter dose of an entirely unnecessary anguish, not the less profound because so often covered under a jaunty, casual, even gruff exterior.

And the break once thus made is definite and final. The boy returns, but things are never quite the same. He has learned to live a life apart from his family. He has had his horizon suddenly, abruptly expanded, and is aware that his family is merely an unimportant integer in a great social sum, instead of the whole proposition. This, of course, is a truth and not to be ignored, but in the normal course of things he would acquire the knowledge more gradually. The sending of a boy away to school is frequently analogous to the setting of an undeveloped plant in the warm blast of a hothouse. It is like the forcing process of horticulturists, and entirely antithetical to the slower developing processes of Nature.

The Preparatory School

What he has theoretically gained, of course, to offset any such disadvantage, is self-reliance.

But his reliance is not so much on himself as on the views and theories and presentations of his schoolmates. It is true that, called on for judgment, he cannot run to father or mother for advice, but there is nothing to prevent his running to his chum, his nearest associates, his dormitory mates, supplied through proximity or the unpruned expression of his own green taste.

A boy undoubtedly gains in *esprit de corps*, a knowledge of sporting tactics, of the thing to be done in a manly way, of masculine group conventions, by being in a preparatory school; but are these not balanced by the coloration of his ideas and the knowledge of life facts he secures in dormitory conversation with his contemporaries?

"Why, dormitory conversation is no worse than the conversation on public-school playgrounds, on street corners, and the like; than any such conversation which is admittedly normal and a part of masculine development."

It is not; but the boy who gets it on the street or temporary playground has something to come back to while he is making his evaluations. He can compare and test the validity of the new philosophies offered him. If he is in the confidence of his parents he can question. He sees the family group, a solved problem morally and socially in the face it presents the world; he sees the pattern in which things have been worked out by other people—of which he must presently be part.

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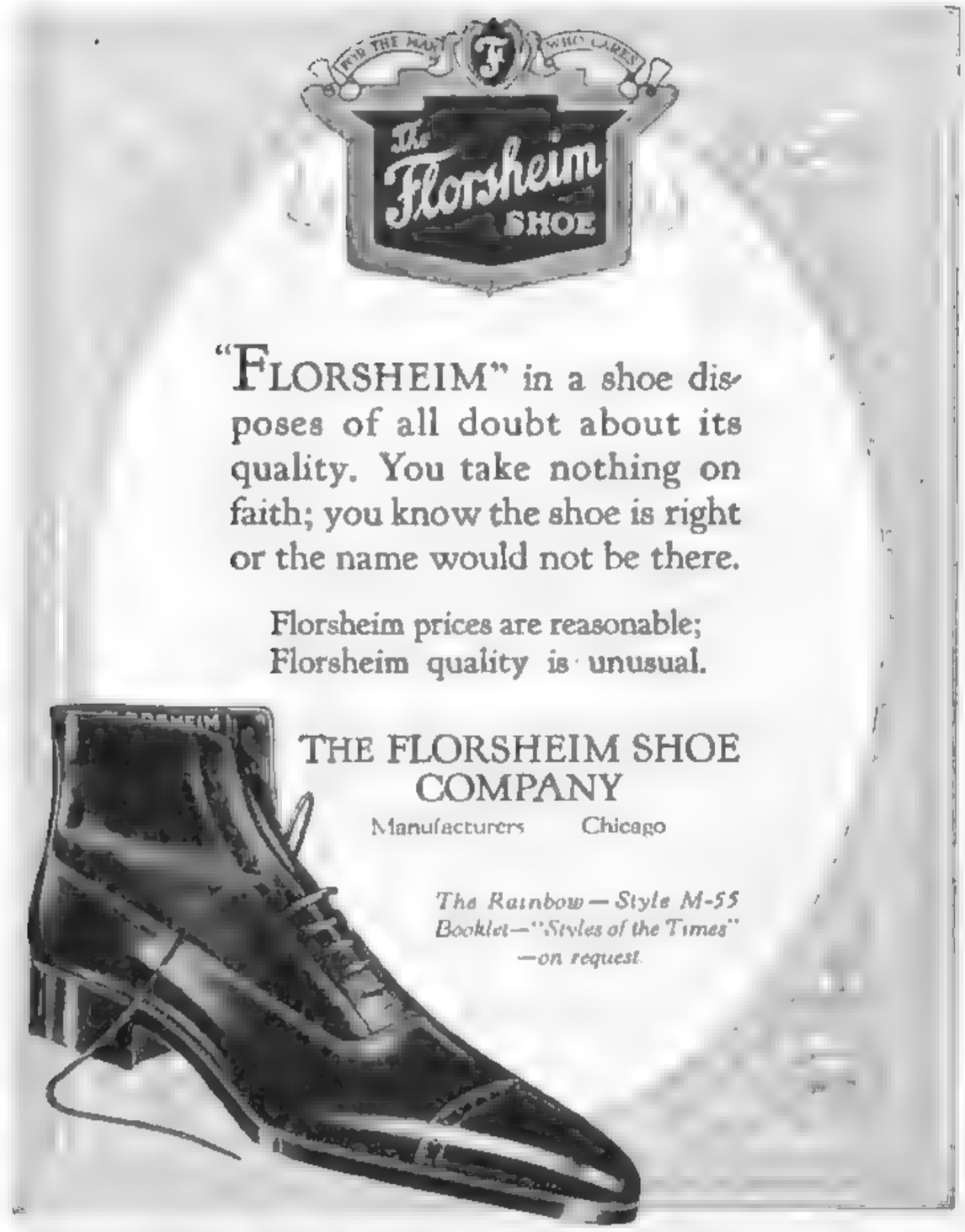
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The Florsheim SHOE
"FLORSHEIM" in a shoe disposes of all doubt about its quality. You take nothing on faith; you know the shoe is right or the name would not be there.
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All healthy youth is fundamentally lawless and every school of boys of any kind is subconsciously a stream of energy organized against authority. Is it better that life from any angle be learned by a boy in a continuous association with this implicit organization of youth than in interrupted intervals, where there is still opportunity for intimate interest in him on the part of those who have called him here, and which will never be felt by anyone else?

I believe that self-reliance and *esprit de corps* are as well learned in the home as anywhere, by giving a boy a share in its responsibility, by asking his opinion on matters touching it, by giving him a chance for personal experiment, for the earning of pocket money, for little forays into life. A boy should have a certain amount of street education; he must run with the gang, mates of his choosing; must go out after his own experience. To try to prevent this is to mutilate him. He will make some sad mistakes, in your judgment, but the best corrective you can offer him is his home organization, the sum total of his father, his mother, their associates, the line of talk he hears, the books they read, the ethical principles they practice. If your average is below seventy-five, don't hesitate. Off with him!

"But," one mother cries, "we have a good home and have tried everything, but Bill is insubordinate. He is insolent and contemptuous in his home. He behaves very well for his teachers, for outsiders, but we can't do a thing with him."

It is a deplorable truth that outsiders can often do more for a boy than a parent; in fact, in a boy's adolescence there comes a period when he reacts against his parents, quite unconsciously. The intensity of this reaction must govern the parent.

There comes a time when any boy must readjust his world. He finds out his father and mother, discovers they are fallible; yes, even frauds.

One boy of thirteen, pale and passionate, cried to his mother, hearing some social white lie: "Why, you and father are nothing but liars. The whole world is nothing but lies. I hate it. I don't want to live in it."

This feeling often comes from the compromise demanded in his ideals. Nothing is at once so absurdly idealistic and so hideously primal as this woolly young male biped of the adolescent period. The clash and crash that is going on within him demands a patient understanding and tolerance. In fact, understanding and tolerance, and a strong sense of humor, are the only things that will carry the parents through. Usually they can get through without any serious trouble other than the Willy Baxter problems of seventeen furnish. But here and there a boy, bitter, arrogant, defiant, derisive—even hating his father and mother—arises. There is no solution for him but separation. He will get toned down and will appreciate his home, his parents better.

Yet here, too, however excellent the intention, I believe that there has been some slip; that his state is not so much an indictment of Bill as of Bill's parents.

The American Idea

Unquestionably the prep school has many superior qualities. It is conducted by gentlemen who, in all situations where a gentleman can impose his standards of good breeding, will do their best for your boy. It offers an exceedingly fine classical flavor in its curriculum, less and less often made use of in the high school with its elective opportunities. It offers, as a beautiful theory, certain standards of gentle living and contact with carefully reared youths, by being restricted to membership from that class that can afford to pay for such restriction.

But even if this theory proved up it is, for a normal ideal of American living, founded on fallacy. It postulates a class distinction which does not exist in this country beyond, possibly, the college graduation. For the man who must inevitably take his place in a business or professional life later on, in contact with all manners and types of men, in the majority of cases deriving his livelihood from their patronage, it may prove an actual stumbling block and an encumbrance.

His best adjustment and reaction to the world he must live in, the world he must conform to, are got in his youthful plastic period by actual contact with the boys who will make these men. If he enters public school he associates with the son of Pat Grogan, the teamster; and Julius Rosenfeld, the little tailor's son; and Paulos Constantine, whose father runs a candy store; and Hegob Bendir, the lace merchant's son; with the sons of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. They are a job lot, a hit-or-miss batch of boys. They enter school and take their places without preferment, and in athletics or in study the best man wins. This is the American idea—a proper respect for individual merit and energy; and considering our common and unaristocratic human ancestry hereinbefore mentioned, the only rational basis of classification. A boy thus associated learns that he must compete for the prizes of life—they will not be presented.

Presently these boys will be out in actual life, the makers of their contemporary America. Surely that man who has learned in his youth to speak their language, to work and to play with them, will be the better equipped to understand them later, when he directs the big factory or the hospital or the department store or the operations of a court room.

A Boy's Rights

The gift of handling men is the greatest practical asset in the world. It is possessed only by people who understand the common ways of thinking. The preparatory school does not teach this to the boy. It is incompatible with the ideal of restriction. It stands for a more limited, insulated culture as against that broad, sweeping kind that embraces a knowledge of all sorts of men and conditions.

I repeat that these paragraphs are set down in all modesty as the conclusions of a maternal Uriah Heep. They are the philosophy of a woman being personally conducted by one small boy, but who has had a close contact with many hundreds of lads, and who loves their tribe. Out of these experiences, real and vicarious, has been evolved a creed offered here in conclusion:

A Creed for the Mother of a Boy

I believe in the inalienable right of little boys:

To have mothers who are good pals;

To get dirt on their hands and clothes, to ask questions, to make a healthy racket, to shun parlor tricks, to express themselves and have a place in the sun, to be busy about the affairs that are peculiarly theirs, to bring their clutter into the house and fill their pockets with marbles and nails and acorns and corks and chalk and cuds of chewing gum, and so on;

To have taught to them at home the meaning of patriotism, honor, truth, courage, respect for others' rights, the use of good English, that two times two is always four and the price of money;

To learn to laugh at themselves and to take a joke and a hard knock or a disappointment;

To know the world of outdoors—the brooks and trees and birds and flowers—personally, and in the books of Henri Fabre and such men; to meet those daredevils Tom Mix and Bill Hart, and also the best people of history and literature—the Knights of the Round Table, Sir Philip Sidney, Arnold von Winkelried, Nathan Hale, the brave Crusoe and his parrot;

To play at all hearty games and sports—pirate and Indian and coasting and ball and skating, and to go swimming in the old swimmin' hole;

And to be indulged in half holidays and red roast beef and pink ice cream and circus parades; and to be spanked—or the equivalent of justice administered, when necessary—and to be permitted an occasional green apple.

I believe in the inalienable right of little boys to be greatly loved and cared for, and to have mothers—and fathers too—who are good pals.

It all comes back to that—it's the foundation of everything for a boy.

TO GRACE A WATCH CASE— "THE LEAF THAT NEVER DIED"

Exemplifying the Wadsworth art of fashioning cases for the leading watch movements

It chanced one day in the fifth century B. C., that Callimachus, a famous Corinthian architect, passed by a maiden's tomb and noticed thereon a tile over which an acanthus plant had spread its foliage.

Pleased with the beauty of the leafy contour, he copied it, and upon erecting columns at Corinth shortly after, capped them with his newly discovered design. Thus, according to tradition, was the Corinthian capital conceived.

Adorning classic friezes, vases and bronzes, traced upon the works of gold and silver smithcraft, the acanthus leaf has lived through the succeeding ages—it is "the leaf that never died."

Today, in the men's and women's cases shown above, Wadsworth artists have adapted this rare design so honored by the ancients.

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Watch cases and watch movements are scarcely ever made by the same manufacturer.

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Movement makers seldom make cases

Thus it is that for thirty years leading manufacturers and importers have turned to Wadsworth for their cases. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and have him "dress" it in a Wadsworth case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest in material and workmanship.

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A merchant may well ask himself whether he always merits such implicit confidence!

The typical stock of mixed brands and lots and qualities can not do it. Nor anything else but concentration on a *standardized line*—the same all through the range of weights and sizes; always the same in quality, wear and comfort, no matter what the market conditions.

There is such a service.

It is more than *thirty years old*.

You can find it in thousands of stores.

Its sign is the label of "Allen A"—the new mark of the *Maker's* identification and responsibility on the celebrated *Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear* and *Black Cat Hosiery*.

"Allen," the name of the Makers; their personal pledge of responsibility to you. And "A"—the standard mark of first and finest grade.

These famous lines come *straight* from the Mills to the Merchant.

He deals with the *Makers direct*. He knows what he is offering you, and merits the confidence he asks from you.

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Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear and "Allen A" Summer Wear for Men and Boys—all weights and fabrics for every season of the year.

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The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

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FOODSTUFFS AND FINANCIAL THRILLS

(Continued from Page 15)

"'Look here, Tom,' I replied, 'you have had four different motor cars in four years, each costing two thousand dollars or more. Your boy has driven them up and down the country roads every day and night; I know, for I have seen him. It costs at least fifteen cents a mile to run that kind of a car. You bought a thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, fixed up your house, took a trip to Ohio——'

"'That is enough,' he exclaimed; 'I didn't think of all those things.'

"That is the trouble with many producers—they fail to take into account the purchases and expenses they have been responsible for in these active days and which have no connection whatever with their crop raising. This is not saying that all farmers have made money, but I do contend that many exaggerate their situation."

The fact remains, however, that there is less interest in the back-to-the farm idea than a few years ago. The Government has in the 1920 census looked into the farm ownership and has just published its findings. The United States has 6,449,998 farms, a "farm" meaning "land which is directly farmed by one person by his own labor alone or with assistance of members of his household or hired employees." The increase since 1910 is 88,496, or 1.4 per cent. In the decade preceding, the increase was 624,130, or 10.9 per cent. The decrease in the number of farms in the leading agricultural states is startling. Illinois lost 14,719; Indiana, 10,361; Iowa, 3732; Kansas, 12,554; Nebraska, 9369; Missouri, 14,120. The South and the Pacific Coast, including the far Northwest, made the gains. This means that land in the leading producing states is passing into larger holdings, with fewer residents directly dependent on the production of the soil. Farm tenantry increases and urban population grows. The younger generation evidently sees greater profit in going to the city and working in industrial or business or professional life.

State Aid for Farmers

In an effort to overcome this some Western states are undertaking on an extensive scale the financing of the landless farmers. Kansas at the November election adopted an amendment to its constitution authorizing the legislature to issue bonds or make appropriation for the purchase of land to be resold on long time to farmers who have no means. It is expected that thereby the tenantry of the farmlands, now reaching to practically one-half the tilled area of the state, will be lessened. Oklahoma, through a statute "to encourage and promote land home ownership" becoming effective July 1, 1920, has created a revolving fund of $250,000 to be loaned in sums not exceeding $2000 to those not owning more than forty acres of land to assist them in securing larger farms, payments to run over twenty years on the amortization plan. That state has since 1907 loaned its school fund on farmland security, with a maximum of $2500 to a borrower. It is placed at five per cent interest, a total of $14,484,387 having been loaned, with only ten foreclosures and no losses, according to the secretary of the fund. When the new revolving fund was available more than 6000 applications were on file, indicating the desire of the tenant and the landless to obtain a foothold. South Dakota began in 1917 with a revolving loan fund on a similar plan, but limited only by the amount of bonds that could be sold. It has loaned at six and seven per cent $26,232,250, according to the board in charge; has 6254 loans outstanding; and 487 applications pending. The board states that it has met with no losses.

These state movements indicate an earnest appreciation in the agricultural sections of the menace of increasing tenantry and the desirability of having a larger farm population. To one conclusion have all come: An easier method must be provided for the skilled young farmer to procure a farm of his own. Available acreage is not lacking, not necessarily acreage now untilled, for there is little such remaining, but farms now worked poorly by tenants and producing less than they should and could. Concretely, this means the provision of capital at low rates for the purchase and equipment of such farms, opportunity for ambitious land seekers to operate farmsteads. It is accepted that tenant farmers, speaking generally, represent a much less capable class than these farm-reared young men, educated under their fathers' tutelage, and are less likely or able to cultivate the acres according to the best methods or handle them in a businesslike manner, bringing the soil to a more productive state. Even if capable, there is for them little inducement to overexertion on another's property, such as would exist were the land their own.

Broader Markets Needed

Undoubtedly the increased efficiency of the producer enables him to-day to care for more acres than in the old era of land and horse labor. He can with a tractor do the work of three teams, and there is a corresponding tendency to take on a greater acreage. It used to be said that every farmer wants to buy all the land that joins his farm—and that is not much changed in these days.

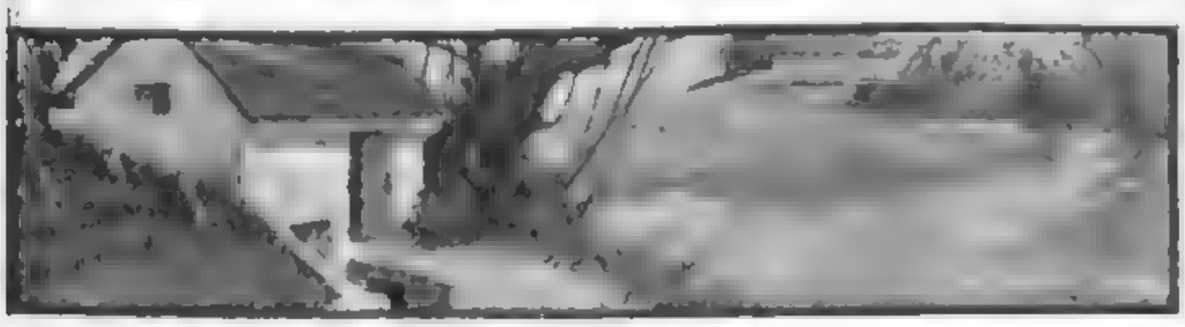
Idle acres are not visible; somebody must be tilling the soil, and the argument is sometimes heard that it is better to have a smaller rural population to support and so give a greater supply for the manufacturing of raw material into commodities for the world's use.

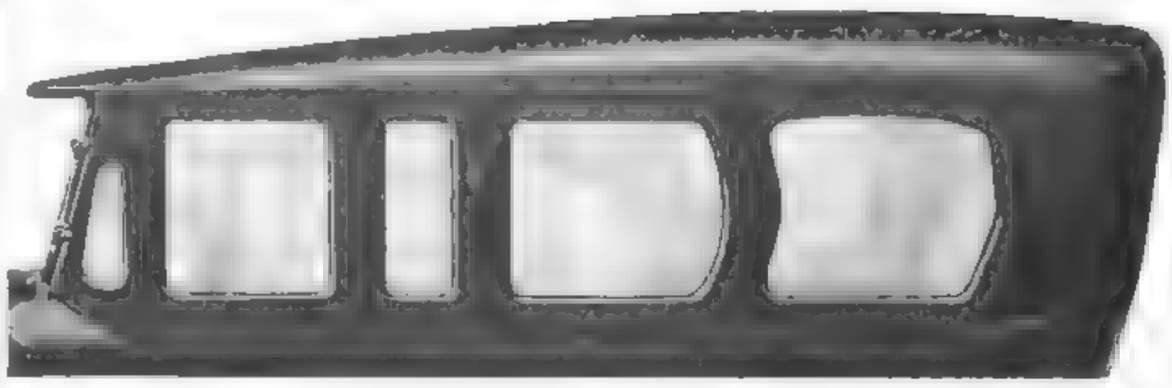
This, of course, checks back immediately to the need of a world market, and the producing country is intensely interested in the development of our trade overseas. The producer has learned that the market for our products cannot be confined to our own shores, that the worker in the factory at Schenectady or Lynn must have a larger output field for his activities than America. The financial interests of the farm country are willing to help to the best of their ability to develop this market if they can be shown how. Their criticism has been for the past year that they were not certain just what could be done.

Flour mills in the interior make shipments to Belgium, Holland, England, South America. They wish to enlarge this trade, thereby furnishing a demand for the products of the land, and seek methods of accomplishing it.

The producer is commencing to realize that a large part of his output must move to distant lands. He is visualizing his load of wheat as it passes to the elevator, thence to the mill, then bumping for hundreds of miles in freight cars to seaboard, and finally on board ship bound for the far corners of the earth. The experience of the past year has taught him to think in terms of freight cars and to some degree in terms of ships. As this larger horizon extends it means a firmer grasp on the principles of price establishment and better understanding of exactly upon what his crop return depends.

Though the halting progress of foreign trade has not been wholly responsible for the "producers' strike" because of low price levels for his output, it has been a factor, and he concedes it. The farm country is in a more receptive mood to-day for taking up the problem of establishing foreign trade than at any time in its





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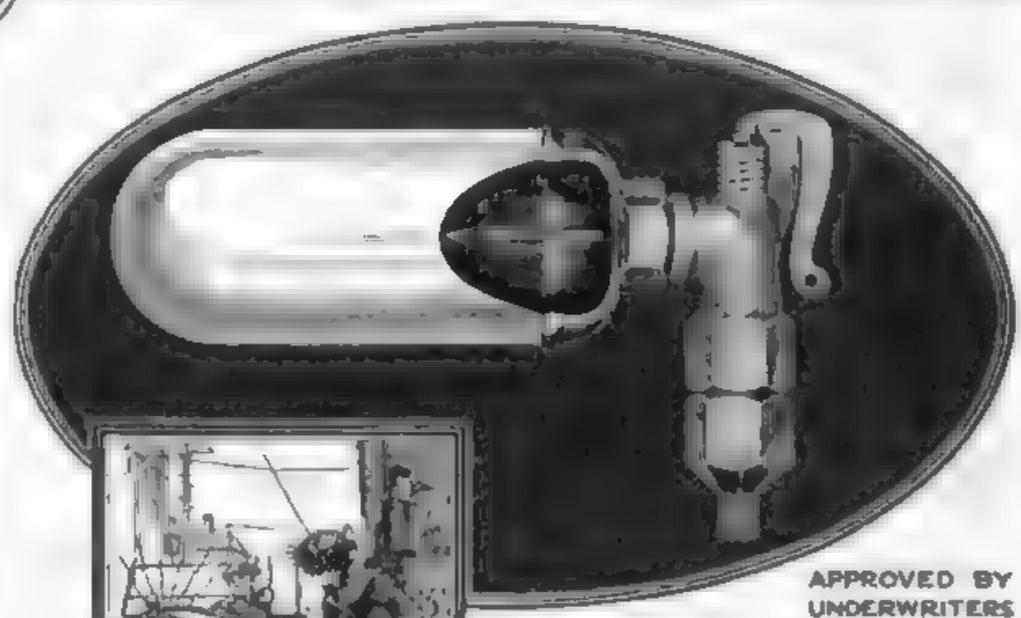

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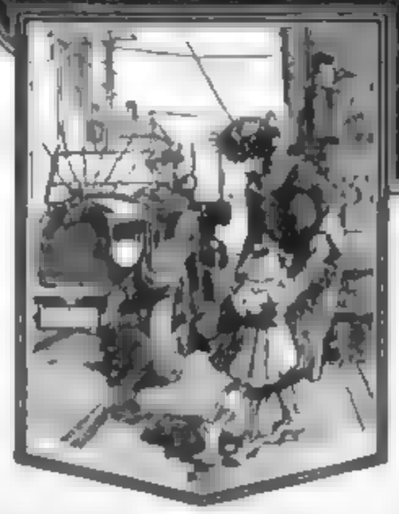

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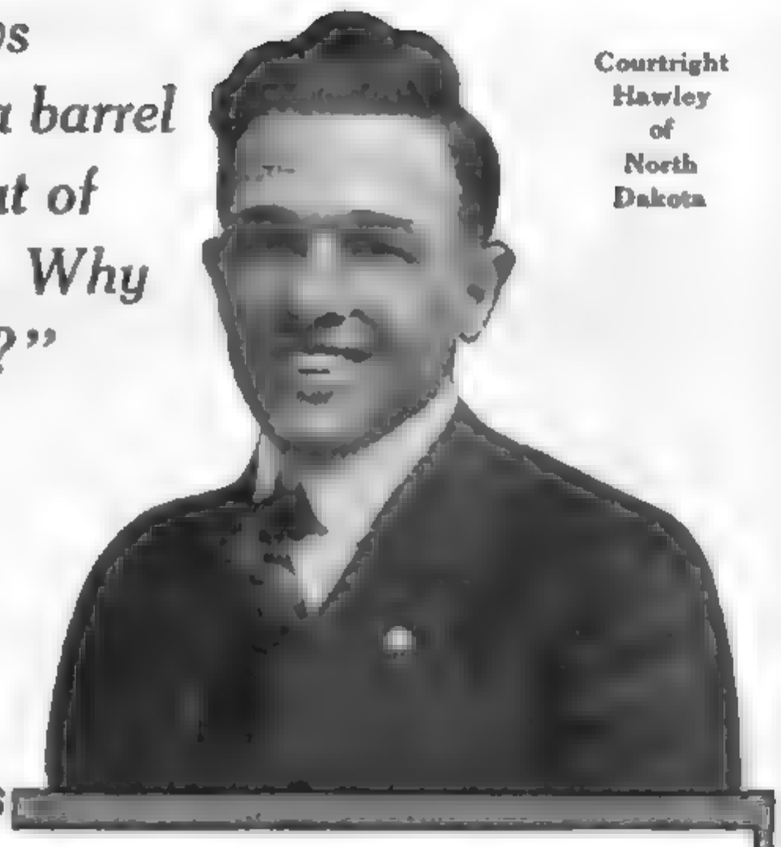

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history. That it has confidence in the recovery of Europe is evidenced by its willingness to invest in foreign securities—to an extent felt by many bankers to be detrimental to our own industries, which so grievously need additional capital. However, the effect may in the end be beneficial, if it will aid in bringing a larger trade area and in securing a foreign business revival. The insularity of earlier days has passed with the average producer; his vision has been enlarged by the events of the past four years and he sees not only his own community but the broad field of human endeavor as an influence in the progress of his own dreams.

As we enter on the new year the producer is yet uncertain of events. Another wheat crop, aggregating practically as large an acreage as that of 1920, is coming on; spring will bring its call of the field. The old adage of the Western settler, "Times will be better in the spring," always holds good—so far as its psychological effect on humanity is concerned.

But foresight is far less certain than hindsight. On December 31, 1919, twenty-three eminent financial authorities contributed to a New York financial paper their opinions in answer to the query: "What will be the course of commodity prices in 1920?" The answers read rather curiously in the light of events. Only two or three predicted a general and extensive decline of prices in the year; some foresaw a further rise; the highest authorities limited their views to the opinion that "no further great rise is probable." Two eminent economists thought that "prices should begin to recede" and that "fluctuations around the present level" would prevail. Not the least remarkable was the idea of those who forecast a decline that it would come by reason of probable contraction of European currencies. But Europe's paper money has expanded enormously and our own Federal Reserve bank circulation reached late in autumn the highest point in its history, nearly half a billion dollars greater than the year before. Yet the price level of commodities declined more than twenty per cent from March to November.

The limit of the public's endurance and the forced liquidation of loans in order that the banks might have funds with which to finance daily needs did what economists and financiers had not foreseen—brought determining influences for deflation.

Carried over from the past season is a vast store of foodstuffs, the greatest ever known, all yet to find its way to market. Basic wealth, the real largess of the soil, is waiting for the consumer's table. Whether it move slowly or rapidly, it must eventually move—and when it does will begin the liquidation of the farm debt and the improvement of the financial condition of the agricultural states. Bankers generally believe that early spring, at latest, will see a change, especially if the growing wheat crop then promises well.

Knowledge of this is the stabilizing influence holding steady the hopes and confidence of merchant and financier. Both have been disappointed in the trend of business, both have felt that they were carrying too great a portion of the burden and that it should have been more equably distributed between producer and business interests; but faith that eventually there would come a return to normal conditions has been maintained.

Three facts have been impressed on the producer by the events of the past few months: That the economic law of supply and demand cannot be overcome; that the Federal Reserve system exists not for one class but for all; that after-war deflation must fall upon him as well as upon others. Perhaps this last experience came to him earlier than it should; but that is a matter beyond the regulation of any class.

Doubtless we shall see many changes in the methods of marketing of foodstuffs. Coöperative selling is gaining ground. The producer, like the average retailer, can make his greatest profit by elimination of unnecessary expense, not by artificially forcing upward the price of his commodity.

With it all will be a clearer vision on the part of the consumer of the position occupied by the producer, growing out of the publicity in the campaign for a fair return in providing foodstuffs. Continuous wartime prices for food are as impossible as wartime prices for other commodities—and this is being understood by those most concerned.

The saving grace is that all through the farm country has continued a firm belief in the ultimate righting of things—either through bringing the price level of the farmer's products up to the producer's idea of fair return or through the lowering of his living expense to compensate for the decreased income. It is unlikely that we shall see in the coming year any such financial thrills as have accompanied the irregular marketing of the foodstuffs of 1920; nor do the business or financial interests desire ever to experience them again.

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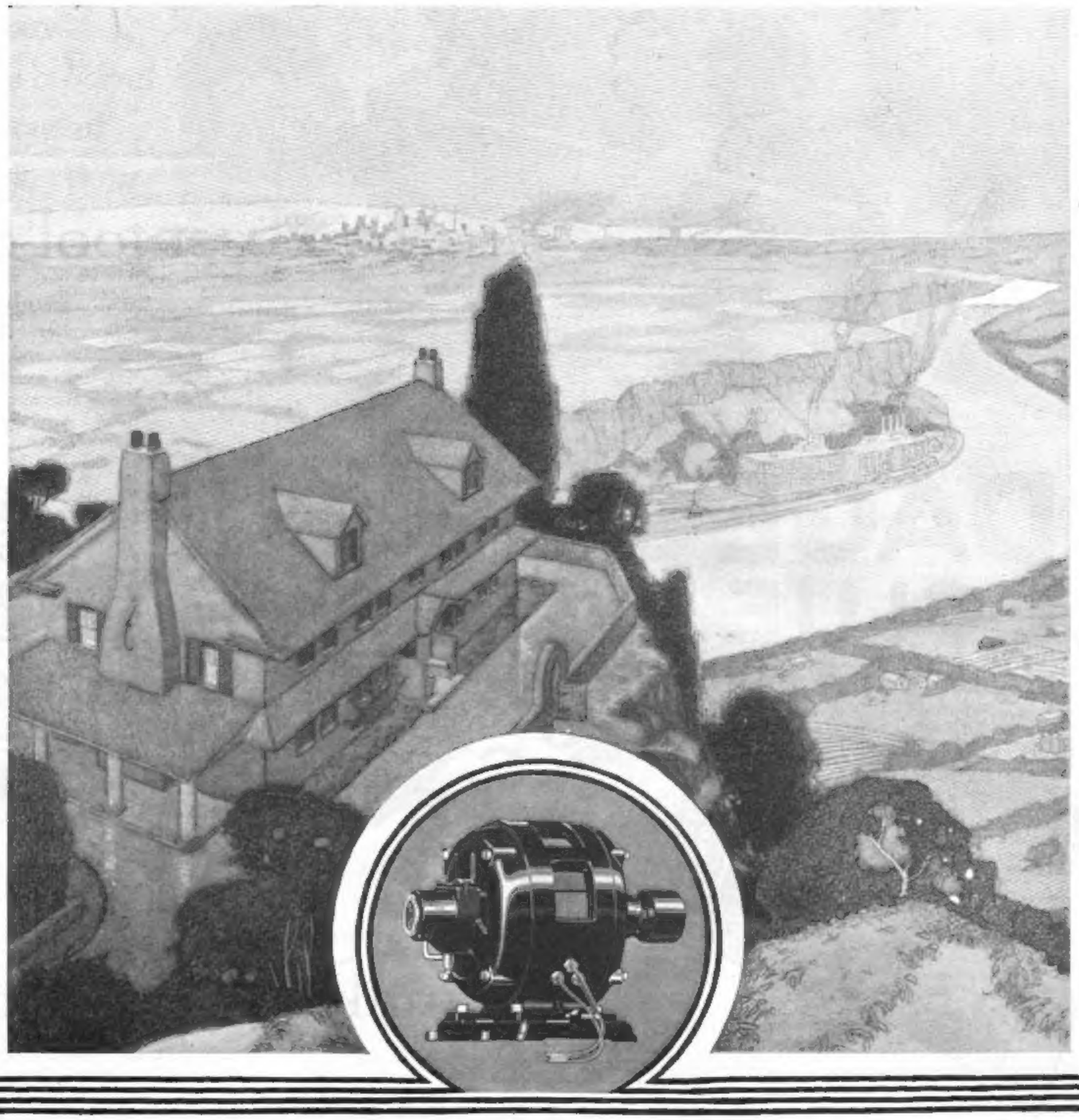

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